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HIGH TIMES

SEPTEMBER 1984

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HIGH TIMES

No. 109 September '84

FEATURES

Cover photograph • Steve Cooper

Symposium: The Aspen Criminal Law Seminar, Part II: Stings

"My father was born in Italy. When he first came over here, he used to sell heroin on the street corner in Brooklyn. That was in 1912 and he worked in a pharmacy and it was legal to sell and distribute heroin and cocaine. And we often discussed, why not legalization? He didn't feel there was any problem. He says, 'You know, a couple of years using heroin, a guy dies. And there's no problem.'" —Special Agent Ron D'Ulisse of the Drug Enforcement Administration. More revealing things inside

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Give Peas a Chance by Steven Rosen

In 1961 the *Journal of the American Medical Association* reported that "a vegetarian diet can prevent 90-97 percent of heart diseases." So, 23 years later, how come Americans still consume more meat per capita than any other nation on the earth? Established dietary patterns obviously die hard, but, as we find out this month, there is a way to beat the meat habit

54

"Pallinghurst Barrow" by Grant Allen

Every year on the night of the autumnal equinox an eerie light could be seen emanating from the forlorn summit of the "Old Long Barrow." Superstitious tales abounded of it being the subterranean passageway to an ancient place of savage worship, where human sacrifices were offered up and other unspeakable acts committed. But nobody really believed such nonsense—after all, Queen Victoria was on the throne and it was almost 1878

58

One White Tab, Part II by William Meyers

On the first acid trip of his life, Gene found himself lying on the beach at three o'clock in the morning. Gazing out into the vasty deep he suddenly began to feel his mind "atomized and absorbed by the foggy night sky." But not to worry. Walt, his friend and an experienced tripper, was keeping an eye on him. But who was keeping an eye on Walt? Fiction from our typesetter . . .

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

Colombian Assassination Shakes up Dope Traffic . . . Peru Checks In . . . Drugs & Alcohol Alter Sex Roles over Long Term . . . Spain Drums up Dope Scare . . . Coke Mobs Invade Brazil's Jungles . . . Women Can't Resist Coke: Docs . . . Commie Quack Cure Bites It

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38 Greenhousing by T.L.

There are manifold advantages to growing plants in a properly constructed greenhouse. For instance, you can extend your growing season, which will enable you to achieve multiple harvests and produce a much more potent plant. This month a veteran West Coast greenhouse grower shares his experience and know-how with HIGH TIMES readers.



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44 Kings with Straw Mats by Ira Cohen

You thought Woodstock was far out? How about a festival held once every 12 years in India where 12 million pilgrims fall over each other to bathe in the holy water at the confluence of three rivers (one of them invisible) while gurus galore bury themselves alive and lift enormous weights with their penises. Welcome to the Kumbh Mela.

62 "R"'s Sixth Annual Connoisseur Awards

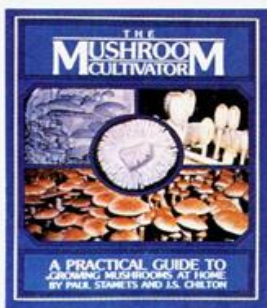
What with our Connoisseur so down lately on the quality of cannabis, we seriously wondered whether he'd be able to find any grass worthy of the coveted Herbie. In fact, in light of his recent declarations on marijuana abstinence and the salutary effects of prayer, we seriously wondered whether there would be any award ceremony at all this year. Luckily—and at the last minute, too—our Connoisseur found something that changed his mind.

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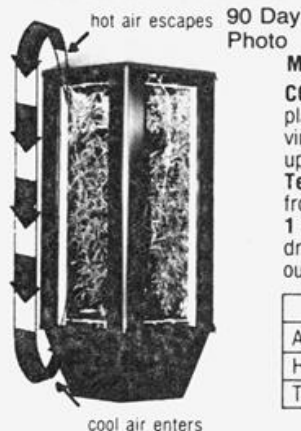
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THOMAS KING FORCADE, 1945-1978

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	(IF)	(CF)
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NO ₃	08*	18✓
TOTAL N	78*	1389✓
P	119*	1292✓
K	134*	2020✓
Calcium	97*	5380✓
Mg	10*	534✓
Ph	6.3*	7.1✓

*Available ✓Unavailable

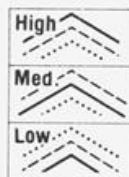
CANNABINOID PROFILE OF MARIJUANA*

THC is the psychoactive ingredient of marijuana. CBD and CBN determine how THC is metabolized.

HIGH THC — psychoactivity is active, intense, shorter
LOW CBD — psychoactivity is less intense, longer lasting
HIGH CBN — The older the plant, the more "dopey" the effect.

THC increases with high Phosphorus medium Nitrogen
CBD increases with high Phosphorus high Nitrogen

	Orchids	Roses	Violets
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Phosphorus	High	High	High
K-Potassium	Med.	Low	Low



THC —————
CBD -----
CBN



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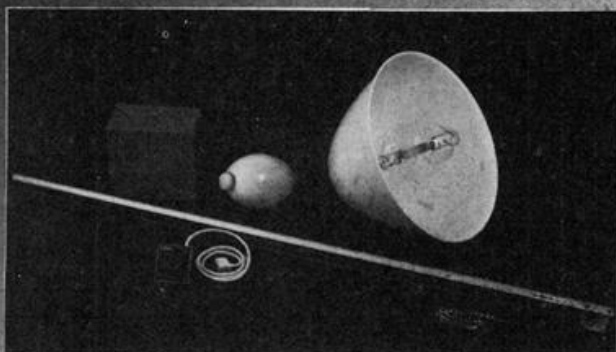
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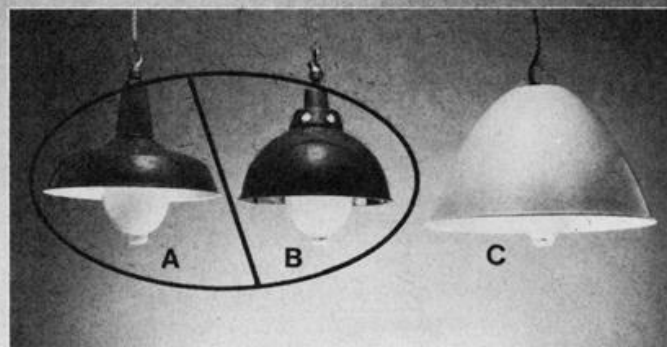
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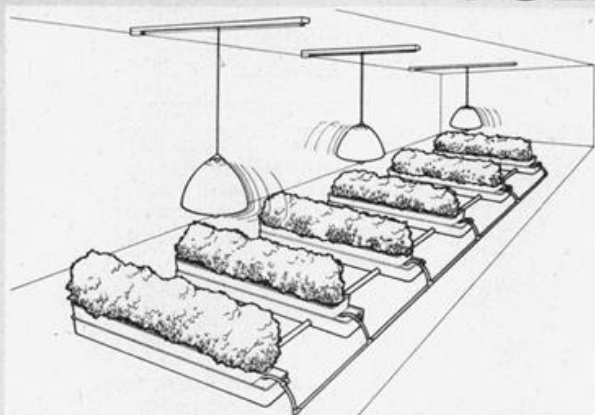
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The Lazy Nickels

Editor:

I just found this piece of artwork in my closet. It dates back to '77. I thought you might like to take a look at it. Even better, I thought you'd like to publish it in your magazine, for at least a year—indefinitely, really. It doesn't give a name, address or phone number, anybody to contact. It's like it's a political statement. It should run for at least a year. But on second thought I'd say you'd better plan on running it all through the '80s, into the '90s too—on to infinity. You can keep all the monies that come your way because of it. That is how things are in the Nickels. You get your opportunity to join, you have your own sphere of influence. This is why it is important for HIGH TIMES to run it for nothing. How else is marijuana going to get liberated? The "Lazy Nickels" are what we call it. It is the name we use for people who enjoy dope. We need to make our name visible—the Lazy Nickels. We will be what NORML isn't—a mass movement. Think of it as a public-service announcement. You'll be doing your part for the revolution.

—Evan M. Eyerick
Address withheld

Right on, and in the mag it goes—for a month at least.—Ed.



The Real Thing?

Editor:

There's only one problem with Dr. Woodford's cokearoma [HIGH TIMES, March '84]: it doesn't smell like cocaine unless you are told it does.

As an acquaintance of the good doctor years ago (Hi, Jimmy!), I was given a sample of the aroma and, somewhat skeptical myself, took it around individually to the half-dozen or so people I knew who regularly abused or dealt cocaine. Without revealing to any of them what the stuff was supposed to be, I held it up to their

respective noses. Not one person even vaguely recognized or responded to the scent. When I told them what it was, no one was impressed. Several argued that, to them, the stuff didn't smell like cocaine at all.

Whoever wrote the article apparently accepted the stuff at face value. Perhaps the author was swayed by Dr. Woodford's subtle, persuasive, self-serving charm (as many of us have been), and let objectivity slide. Also, it is easy these days to get caught up in the false glamour of cocaine and the syndromes associated with it. Still, that's no excuse for your failure to point out an obvious flaw behind this entire phenomenon, the role that suggestion plays in the olfactory function.

—Peggy Leggy
Address withheld

Your point about suggestion is well-taken, especially since you prove it so prettily yourself. To you, people can only "abuse" cocaine—unless maybe they're just "dealing" it—which communicates a distinctly hostile attitude on your part to the drug, and to the people who enjoy it. After you'd communicated your suggestion to these people, no wonder they weren't impressed with the smell of the stuff.

As for the charismatic Dr. Woodford, he says: "I don't remember any Peggy Leggy offhand, though I probably ought to. All I can figure is that she's one of those overtechnological people who aren't making proper use of the super-sensitive olfactory neurons in the superior turbinates."—Ed.

A Word from Down Under

Editor:

Here in Australia we have an anti-histamine which is sold over the counter to anyone from any chemist. The main ingredient is known as pheniramine. About 750–1200 milligrams of this preparation produces severe hallucinations (comprised mostly of spiders). The drug produces a state that's worse than the worst case of the D.T.'s. The psychedelic episode is only for the strong, for this drug makes belladonna seem like a Bambi cartoon. I thought I would bring this to the attention of you Americans, as you have the same preparation in the States—but I can't reveal the brand name.

—Penglis
Sydney, Australia

Actually, we have plenty of over-the-counter pheniramine nostrums here in the States. From the looks of it, the liveliest ought to be Triaminicol decongestant cough syrup, which besides pheniramine contains phenylpropanolamine, pyrilamine, and the ever-popular synthetic opiate dextromethorphan. But y'see, mate, ordinary people in this upper latitude don't ordinarily like "delephant" highs like pheniramine, which is one of the reasons it makes for such a top-notch antihistamine. Few ordinary people who ever take one-gram doses of this stuff, and wind up seeing and hearing things that aren't there, will ever willingly do it again. Still, if it gets you through the antipodean night...—Ed.

Bugged

Editor:

Every month you only write about the human point of view, no matter what. When are you going to open up the magazine to the rest of us?

—Gregor Samsa
Traveling salesman

First Gentleman Blues

Editor:

Though I know you don't do many political stories anymore, I just thought I'd remind you that we have a presidential election coming up in a little bit and it would really be a good thing if Ronald Reagan was defeated. In only one term he's managed to do serious damage to our country's domestic and foreign policy, not to mention bring the world closer to nuclear confrontation than it's been in twenty-five years. And let's not forget about the 259 marines that were killed in Beirut—though the rest of the country seems to have. Ronald Reagan was responsible for every man that died over there—he said as much himself. But for some strange reason most Americans have been unwilling to hold the president accountable for his actions. Whether it's appointing unfit candidates for high office, initiating patently unfair—and in some instances blatantly racist—legislation, alienating our European allies—whatever the situation, Ronald Reagan has escaped the consequences of all his crude, clumsy, Neanderthal policy decisions.

/ continued on next page

Reagan is a dangerous incompetent. He's a shallow man given to mouthing hollow slogans and catch phrases rather than thinking deeply about the issues. Four years ago, using his actor's bag of tricks, he deceived us into thinking that simple answers worked best and that all it took to be a great country was a will to outspend the Soviets in the arms race. Please let's not make the same mistake again.

—John Doe
Anytown, USA

First Lady Blues

Editor:

I thought the photograph you ran in your June issue of our First Lady sitting on Mr. T's lap and kissing him on the head was really in bad taste considering the fact that Mr. T was nowhere to be mentioned in the accompanying story. Taking on the Reagan team for their position on the issues is one thing, but any gratuitous maligning of the First Lady is to be deplored. I guess you thought you were being funny when you printed the picture in question, but take it from me, you weren't.

—Richard L. Simpkin
San Diego, Calif.

Latimer Praised Roundly

Editor:

A long time overdue, your June interview with your own Executive Almighty Editor Dean Latimer. I've been reading his stuff in HIGH TIMES for the past five years and the fact that this man has not been awarded a Pulitzer prize for journalism boggles my mind. His coverage of the marijuana urinalysis issue alone should have won him that distinction. I would, though, like to take issue with one of the points he made in the interview, namely, that of pot becoming "unchic" as a result of the Paraquat Panic of 1978. By 1978 young Republicans were smoking dope along with hip investment brokers and enlightened clergy. Exclusivity was gone, and a subculture that had previously defined itself pretty much by who turned on and who didn't had to establish new criteria for recognizing the cognoscenti. In many cases, oddly enough, not smoking pot became one of the variables of this new criteria.

Maybe it was out of sheer perversity, or embarrassment at the hippy-dippy fatuousness of the Love Generation, of which being high was a potent symbol—who knows. But I do think that, even without the paraquat scare, pot would have eventually become unhyp. Anyway, thanks again for the interview with Dean and be sure you put him to work on a big story real soon. Who knows, maybe those old farts on the Pulitzer committee have started getting high too.

—Jeff Miller
Los Angeles, Calif.

Latimer is currently working on a sure-fire Pulitzer prize winner. "I got a set of five-year-old Siamese twins I'm interviewing. One's strung out on heroin and the other's recovering from cocaine addiction under Mark Gold at Fair Oaks in New Jersey. Those Pulitzer chumps ought to give me the prize two years running for this little opus," Dean says smugly. —Ed.

But the Bitterness Lingers

Editor:

When is "R" going to quit beating the indica horse to death? As a "Gone to California Kentuckian," I can assure "R" that indica is, and will remain, the Northern Californian's drug of choice. We would not even consider smoking a lower-grade sativa because we have made the progressive evolution to higher-grade marijuana. Indica is grown here because it is the superior weed—there is no doubt.

But further, I challenge "R"'s credibility. A person with a single digit IQ can distinguish which pot gets him higher, so why is "R" wasting his time writing about such a subjective topic? Apparently he's just a street waif who can come up with nothing better to write about. And please, don't proclaim sativa superior because JFK or Bob Marley smoked it. Abe Lincoln used a quill pen—is it therefore superior to a ball-point?

I travel back to Kentucky and other points down South twice a year. I guarantee you, the majority of my friends there continue to be amazed with California indica because they, and the rest of the nation, have limited opportunities to experience such extraordinary pot.

"R," in deference to you, maybe

/ continued on page 15

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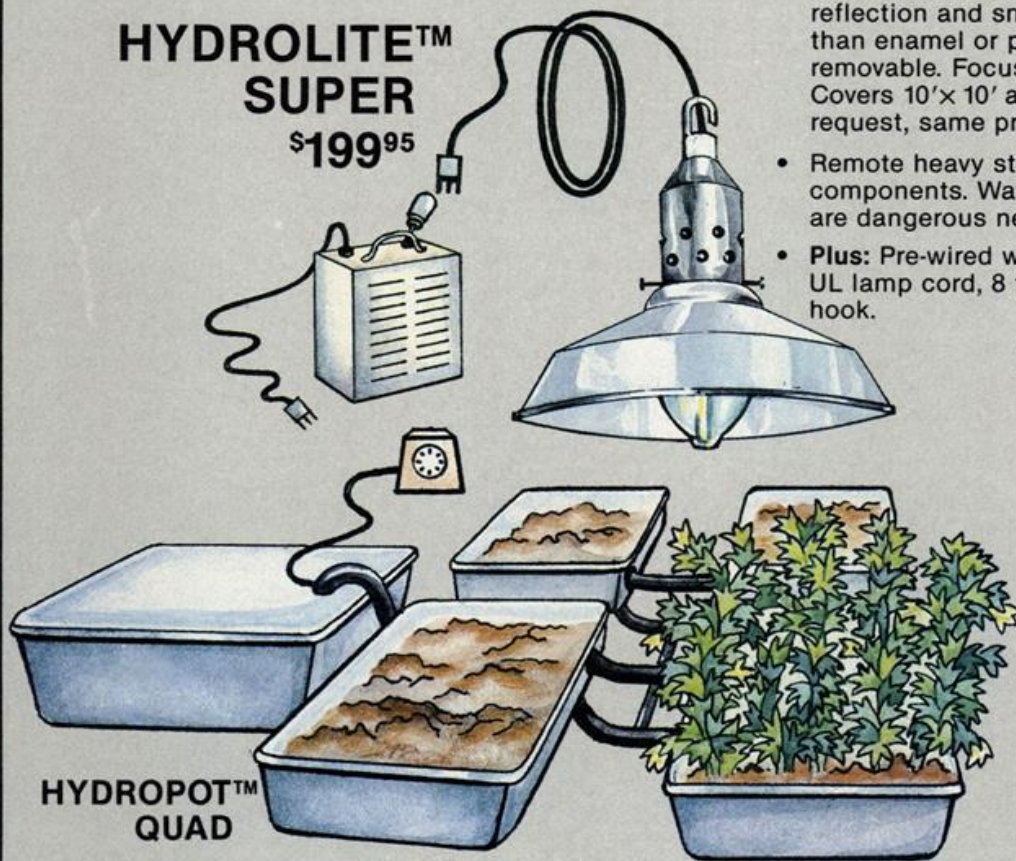
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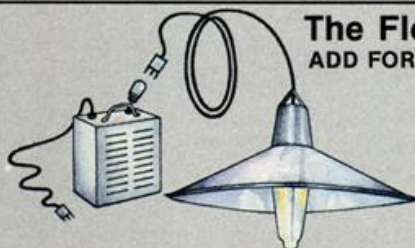


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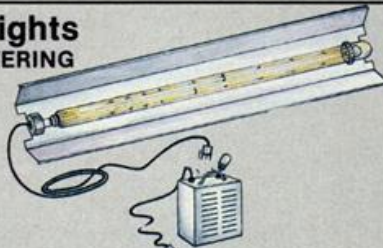


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Way, Way Down Memory Lane

A catalog from a shop called Cape Ann Antiques, is it? Peabody, Massachusetts, eh? Well, I have to do *something* with all these miscellaneous 20- and 50-dollar bills... Maybe buy some old whaler-captain gear: a storm lantern, a brace of harpoons, a sculptured figure-head, and wait for the price to appreciate or depreciate before I resell them. So let's see what these nice little old ladies in Peabody have for sale.

The Hasheesh Eater? An original edition, inscribed by the author: "To Mary C. Osborne, from her loving brother, Fitz Hugh Ludlow, May 12, 1859." What? *The Harvard Review*, 1963: the very issue that had all the original dope essays by Leary, Alpert, Weil and Zinberg. I thought Harvard had burned the whole print run by now. Hey, looky here: *The Reign of Law: A Tale of the Kentucky Hemp Fields*, 1900, hardcover, good condition—now, there is a story I'd thought never got told, the history of industrial hemp in Kentucky.

They sell old drug bottles from the patent-medicine heyday, too, huh? **Owl Corn Remover:** contained ether, alcohol and cannabis, did it? You rub it on your corns and set your feet on fire and snort the smoke! Wow! **Kickapoo Indian Cough Cure**, it says here, "is embossed on this six-inch-tall bottle whose company was founded by Nevada Ned Oliver, who became addicted to his *Cocaine* powder through nightly medicine-show demonstrations." A tragedy! Poor Ned! Gee, and they've got **Mrs. Winslow's** whole notorious line of opium-sodden soothing syrups for cranky infants. **Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry:** Is that the same Wistar who bred all the lab rats they use in dope experiments today? **Mexican Mustang Liniment**, sure. **Dr. King's New Discovery**. I bet!

Oh my, they even have old medicine bottles with the contents still in them, 78 years old. These nice little old ladies in Peabody have gone and bought up the entire lines of two different patent-medicine merchandisers: "Munyon's Medicines" and "Humphrey's Medicines," it seems. Wonder what **Munyon's Nerve Cure**—"Cures Nervous Exhaustion and General Debility"—was like? ("Nervous exhaustion," circa 1900, referred to too much jerking-off or screwing.) Then there's **Munyon's Diarrhea Cure**: "Cures looseness of bowels, thin, watery, greenish, yellowish, bloody, mucous stools." How long is the shelf-life of morphine, anyhow? Then there's **Munyon's Blood Cure**: "Cures Syphilitic Afflictions." Probably straight mercury, injectable up the urethra...

And there's more: **DeWitt's Little Early Risers**, that's interesting. **Neu-Rol Anti-Pain Pills**, is it? What's wrong with *pain*? **Parke Davis Adrenaline Chloride Solution**: probably better'n *speed*, 70 years ago. **Bismuth Betanaphthol Powder**:

a precursor for betorphanol, possibly? **Chamberlain's Tablets: A Pleasant Physic**, I bet not! **Smith's Compound Pine-apple & Butternut Pills:** Go directly to jail, Dr. Smith. **Taps for Auto-Intoxication:** I bet it only encouraged them. **Wistar's Pills** again, eh? Well, Wistar had to start somewhere, right? **Buckets Tablets: Lithium, etc.** Take three and make out your will.

My, my, and Cape Ann Antiques here (P.O. Box 3502, Peabody, MA 01960) invites drug-related antiques and collectibles from *any* era. Now, I've got some old Haight-Ashbury head posters from the '60s rolled up in the attic... And I know a guy with a complete collection of *East Village Others*... Still got my original brass Oat Willie belt buckle from Austin, 1974... There's money to be made here, by golly, and it's *legal*, too! Seems it becomes an "antique" as soon as the statutes of limitations run out.—DAL





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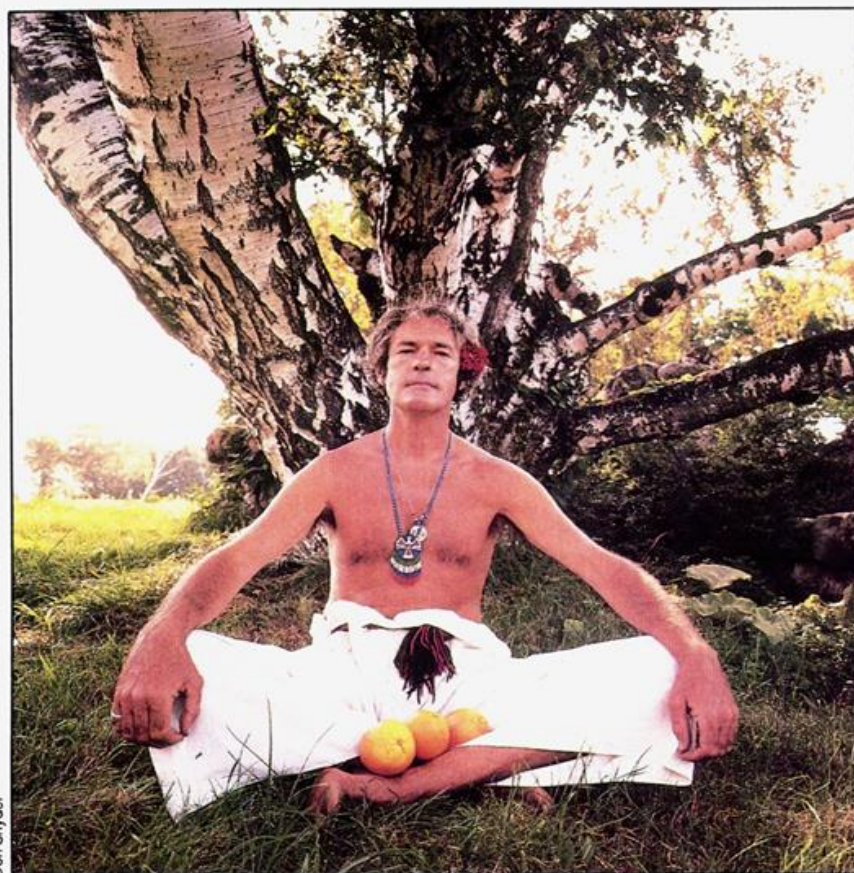
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Don Snyder

"...sunk so low..."

(From a recent edition of Newsservice magazine)

High Friends in Places

This is a belated note to tell you how much I like *Newsservice*. You are doing a wonderful job in a field which is plagued by disinformation and weirdo thinking.

While comparisons are invidious... I cannot help contrasting the style, elegance, scientific tone and informational value of *Newsservice* with the sad state of *HIGH TIMES*. Isn't it a shame that *HIGH TIMES* has sunk so low. If I were assigned the job to discredit the intelligent use of drugs as an undercover agent for the DEA—I'd come up with...

—Timothy Leary
Los Angeles, Calif.

Just what is your DEA assignment these days?—Ed.

If I Can Just Touch the Hemp in Her Garment...

Practical people those Thais. After those pungent female buds are tied up and sent our way, they then take the male cannabis rejects and fashion clothing from the sturdier of the species. One such savvy seamstress is Diu, who lives about a stone's throw from the Golden Triangle.

Diu makes hemp skirts (see right)—hand-woven, batiked and pleated. Her people of the Mong tribe have been doing this for what seems like eternity, but the news is that now you too can have your own custom-made marijuana garment. Interested parties can contact Diu's stateside agent, Paco Grande, at 17 Bleecker St., New York, NY 10012. The entirely hand-made skirt (including 1,000 pleats) goes for about \$250, without resin.



The HIGH TIMES Bookstore

How To Grow Marijuana Indoors—Under Lights

by M. Stevens

Grow marijuana all year long under lights with the help of this photo-filled book. Simple instructions, from germinating seeds to the proper lighting, help the home grower have a successful crop. **HTB/41 \$5.95**



Cultivator's Handbook of Marijuana

by Bill Drake

The most up-to-date information for the outdoor and indoor marijuana cultivator, with over 100 photographs, drawings, charts, maps and a special section on psychoactive tobacco. **HTB/25 \$10.95**

Licit & Illicit Drugs

by Edward M. Brecher

The Consumers Union Report on narcotics, stimulants, depressants, inhalants, hallucinogens and marijuana—including caffeine, nicotine and alcohol. **HTB/44 \$8.95**

The Primo Plant

by Mountain Girl

Complete instructions for growing fine, organic sinsemilla marijuana, the seedless variety prized by connoisseurs for its exquisite high. **HTB/23 \$4.50**

Indoor Marijuana Horticulture

by Jorge Cervantes

A simple, yet complete, written and pictorial description of basic gardening techniques used to grow the largest quantity of dynamite marijuana indoors. **HTB/42 \$8.95**

The Art and Science of Cooking with Cannabis

by Adam Gottlieb

More than just another collection of marijuana recipes, this book teaches the reader the nature of cannabis, how it combines with other foods and how it is best assimilated by the digestive tract. A must for anyone serious about cooking with grass. **HTB/14 \$3.95**

Pipe Dreams

by Don Raye

An inside look at the pleasures and hazards of freebase cocaine. **HTB/19 \$12.00**

How to Build a Bigger and Better Hydroponic Garden

by Ed Sherman

How to make a super-garden that will grow anything, anywhere, from scrap materials. **HTB/27 \$4.95**

Hydro-Story

by Charles E. Sherman and Hap Brenizer

How to grow the easy way, get big yields from little gardens in your backyard, patio, apartment, etc. **HTB/36 \$4.95**

How To Identify and Grow Psilocybin Mushrooms

by Jule Stevens and Rich Gee

This book tells how to identify psilocybin as well as how to grow them in your own home. Color photographs make for an easy-to-follow and informative book. **HTB/38 \$6.95**



Growing for Growth

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Snow Blind

by Robert Sabbag

An all-out, nonstop, mind-jolting journey through the dazzling high-altitude world of an international cocaine smuggler. **HTB/18 \$3.50**

Mama Coca

by Antonil

A well-documented presentation of how wholesale dope movers and narcotics officials actively collaborate in the international drug trade. **HTB/21 \$8.95**

How to Grow Herbs Hydroponically

compiled by Patrick Daniels

All the information you need to grow your favorite plants in a fraction of the time it takes with conventional methods. **HTB/45 \$5.95**

Cocaine, the Mystique and the Reality

by Joel L. Phillips and Ronald D. Wynne, Ph.D.

The most comprehensive book ever published on every aspect of cocaine, including the results of over 100 interviews with users, dealers, smugglers and law-enforcement officials. **HTB/20 \$3.95**

Cannabis Alchemy: The Art of Modern Hashmaking Deluxe Edition

by David Hoyle

Turn that moldy old bag of ditchweed into some hi-tech hashish by simply following the method outlined in this book. Written specifically for the layman, with diagrams. **HTB/13 \$5.95**

Book of the Month The Sinsemilla Technique

by Kayo

Written for the curious as well as the experienced, this technique tells how fewer plants in smaller pots can yield more cannabis of higher quality. The book includes photographs and illustrations. **HTB/30 \$12.95**

The Mushroom Cultivator

by Paul Stamets and Jeff Chilton

For amateurs and professionals alike, a practical guide to growing mushrooms at home. Excellent illustrations, and how to obtain the needed equipment and supplies. Step by step directions for every procedure for growing the mushrooms of your choice. 415 pgs. **HTB/37 \$19.95**



Indoor Marijuana Cultivation

by Murphy Stevens

Simple directions and accompanying photographs make this book informative and easy to follow. Learn the best methods of growing marijuana indoors with lights. **HTB/40 \$3.95**



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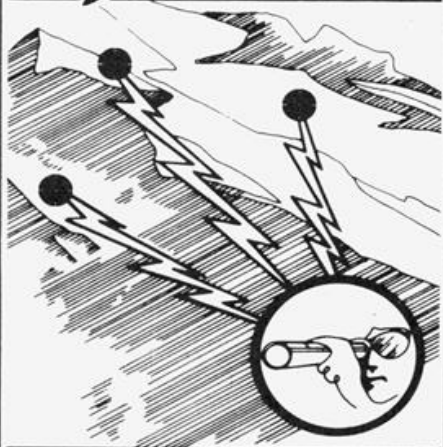
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FLASHES



Blood Lust in the Temple

The National Coalition on Television Violence has condemned this summer's blockbuster movie hit, *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*, as being "extreme and gruesome." The NCTV chairman Dr. Thomas Radecki, psychiatrist at the Illinois School of Medicine, found "particularly destructive" the film's displacement of the traditional Christian teaching of redemption through forgiveness with one of redemption through violence—in 70mm, no less. He was also kind of ticked off over 200-and-some-odd acts of violence in the film, "including explicit Satanic human sacrifice, gruesome evil including the display of bloody human internal organs, the eating of live snakes, beetles, eyeball soup and monkey brains for dessert, extreme gore with the heart ripped out of a man's chest followed by his incineration in molten lava before he can die, the drinking of human blood, voodoo murder attempts . . ."

Yeah, and what about that great scene where the guy gets caught in a rock crusher and is squashed into a bloody smear . . . er, simply awful.



Who's High

Steven Rosen, who penned this month's feature on vegetarianism, himself a vegetarian for 12 years, was introduced to the vegetarian way of life through the International Society for Krishna Consciousness (ISKCON), of which he is a member. His forthcoming book, *Food for the Spirit (Vegetarianism and the World Religions)*, will soon be published by Bala Books. Mr. Rosen is currently editor of *The Journal of Vedic Heritage*, a New York-based Hindu newspaper, and he is a frequent contributor to *Vegetarian Times* and *Back to Godhead* magazine.

LETTERS

/ continued from page 8

sativa gets you higher—so who gives a shit? Write something concrete, substantial—we're all tired of your pontifications on indica vs. sativa. Those of us who smoke indica will continue. Those who haven't will someday experience it while you are rotting on the ash heap of redundant journalism.

—Kentucky Paul

Address withheld

An End to the Persecution...

Editor:

It's been a long time coming but "R" the Connoisseur has finally gotten around to showing some magnanimity towards the poor benighted indica smoker. His decision in his June column ["Sativa Takes Title, Indica on the Ropes"] to lift his ban on indica and let the people decide will be met with hosannas from those of us whom he has so callously relegated to pariah status in the world of dopedom. Yes, that's right, I'm an indica smoker, and what's more, I'm not ashamed of it. And if, as "R" predicts, "The forces of an enlightened market work their will" and indica becomes wiped out, I will take to my backyard and grow my own.

In closing I would like to say that this whole indica/sativa controversy has been one long nightmare for me and my family. Things have gotten to a point where sometimes I can't help feeling that my sativa-smoking brothers and sisters consider us indica smokers something less than human. But I can assure all of you that we are.

—Name and address withheld

(not because I'm ashamed of being an indica smoker, but for some other reason).

Risky Business

Editor:

Not too long ago I took a vacation in Kailua-Kona, Hawaii. My main purpose was to soak up some rays and do some scuba diving, but while there I hoped to pick up a Z or two of good smoke. Although I had a few contacts on the island, they were all either out of town or out of smoke. I had a small amount of Northern Californian with me and a friend gave me about a quarter-ounce of what she described as "local ditchweed." At the airport on the way home I had an experience

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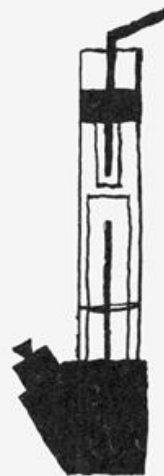
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MARIJUANA BOTANY by R.C. Clarke. Marijuana Botany has detailed chapters on marijuana life-cycle, propagation, genetics and breeding, maturation and harvesting. In addition, it has detailed appendices on environment and potency, sex determination, cannabinoid biosynthesis, and growth and flowering. Clarke used information from government researchers and master California growers. 220 pages, profusely illustrated. **\$10.95**

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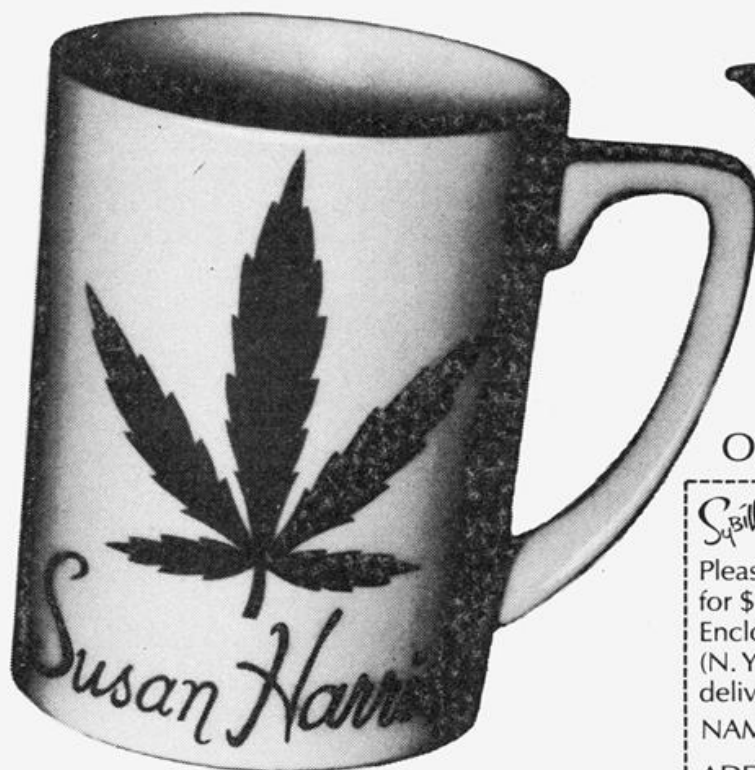
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LETTERS

/ continued from page 15

that I thought your readers would be interested in.

I arrived at Hilo airport about two hours before the flight. There were two large bags which I was checking, and two small ones which I was going to carry on. The quarter-ounce was in a toilet kit in one of the carry-ons. Not in plain sight, but not that well-hidden either. I brought the two large bags over to the airline counter. They waved me over to an "Agriculture check station." This was manned by two uniformed U.S. Customs service men who asked me if I had any fruit or plant products, while feeling the sides of my bags. They did not open them. They then waved me on to the baggage check-in after asking me to stop there with my hand luggage. I asked the two women there, "What were the Customs men looking for, fruit or pot?" In the same breath one said fruit, and the other said pot. Then one of them hesitated and told me that there was no need to look for pot 'cause if I had any the dogs in the back would find it. Hmmmmm.

About an hour after leaving my bags, I came back into the check-in area through a different entrance, and did not pass the Customs counter. I went through an X-ray checkpoint and sat down to wait for the plane. When it was called, I lined up and found another Customs man looking at hand luggage, most of which had small yellow tags. The tagged bags were waved right through to the gate. But my bags were not tagged. When I got to him, he asked if my bags had been inspected. I said yes (neglecting to mention that it was an X-ray rather than a Customs inspection). He asked if I had any fruit, I said no. I started to get the impression that he was about to look in the bag, so I held it out to him and said, "Here, look for yourself." This disarmed him and he waved me on. End of story.

—L.A. Toker
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dateline: Bill Levy

Editor:

Congrats on going international—I mean adding Bill Levy as your European correspondent. I've read the two previous articles he's published in your magazine and found them both, to paraphrase that ol' Roman scamp

Horace, pleasing and instructive. I liked the column "Monarch Mania" [HIGH TIMES, June '84] too. I would appreciate it, though, if Levy turned his talents to giving us more of the texture of everyday life in Europe. You know, little vignettes of what it's like to live side by side to all those Pershing missiles and just seconds from the reach of the Soviet's SS-20s. Also, the music scene in London and Paris, what movies are big over there, which writers—coverage like that would be, well, worth your cover price, for one thing. Here's hoping.

—Daniel E.
Fort Worth, Tex.

It's a Dirty Job...

Editor:

When are you going to get with it and quit writing so goddamn much about pot? Pot, pot, pot. That's all I read about in your magazine. Why pot is good, why people who say pot is not good are bad, how to smoke pot, how to grow pot, how to cook with pot and brew beer, tea and wine from pot. How to make your pot stronger, more mild, keep longer, smell better, taste sweeter. Why it's good to wash with pot, wipe your ass with pot and plug your nostrils up with pot when you have a cold. Why pot can make you feel sexy, think clearer, increase your appetite and put you in touch with the Master Spirit of the universe. How pot makes your hair grow thicker, your skin stay clearer and keeps your bowels regular. How if everybody in the world smoked pot there would be no wars, no famine, no repression, no bad times, period. Why pot can make blind people see, and how it can unclog drains and when mulched into a paste how it keeps things stuck together forever. How you can build your own house made of pot, and convert it to gasoline and use it in your car or mix it with a little milk for an unbeatable breakfast cereal.

When are you going to stop beating this poor weed to death?

—J. Dranch
Address withheld

Excuse us, Mr. Dranch, but we've checked our back issues three times and we've never printed an article on how you can build your own house made out of pot. It will, though, be in next month's issue. Thanks for the tip.—Ed.

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SEPTEMBER '84

NO. 109

COLOMBIAN ASSASSINATION SHAKES UP DOPE TRAFFIC

B O G O T A , C O L O M B I A

by Julio Restrepo

THE 19-YEAR-OLD MOTORCYCLE wheelman who assisted in the murder of drugbusting Colombian justice minister Rodrigo Lara Bonilla last spring recalled for the press that he was paid \$20,000 for his part in the hit, but that's all he knew for sure. Lara Bonilla's limousine turned onto a quiet residential street in north Bogotá that day, the last day in April, and encountered a large automobile blocking the middle of the street. Before the chauffeur could get into reverse, a motorcycle zipped up behind them, and a man riding pillion on it blew out the back window of the limousine with automatic rifle fire, spreading the 37-year-old justice minister's insides liberally throughout the limo's interior.

It was a pinpoint hit. None of Lara Bonilla's bodyguards was killed, and they chased down the murderer within blocks, and blew him dead off the bike. The teenaged wheelman survived, just barely, and was rushed to a hospital, where newsmen got to grill him briefly. Bloody, in shock, and awaiting momentary transport to prison, the kid could only recall that he'd been paid \$20,000 out front for the job, by parties unknown to him. His rap sheet showed that the kid was merely a typical apprentice hoodlum, the sort of punk who hires himself out for quick money without asking any questions.

A cool, efficient investigator would be required to find out exactly who was behind this assassination, but unfortunately, the government's top sleuth had been the designated victim of it: Rodrigo Lara Bonilla was the hand-picked avenging angel of Colombian



Lara Bonilla, Colombia's top cop, kept most of his drug-ring files in his head.

president Belisario Betancur, commissioned expressly to root up the central movers in the nation's multi-billion-dollar dope trade. Lara Bonilla had worked obsessively at the job since Betancur's installment in April 1982, and by this time had dossiers on virtually everyone at the top of the narco industry: businessmen in every line of industry and banking, politicians of every persuasion and constituency, celebrities and landed gentry. He knew their names and stories, and moreover, he knew who many of their connections were in the United States and Europe. A lot of it was so explosive that Lara Bonilla kept it strictly in his head, so that whoever engineered his 30 April murder succeeded in wiping a great deal of untranscribed evidence forever from the public record.

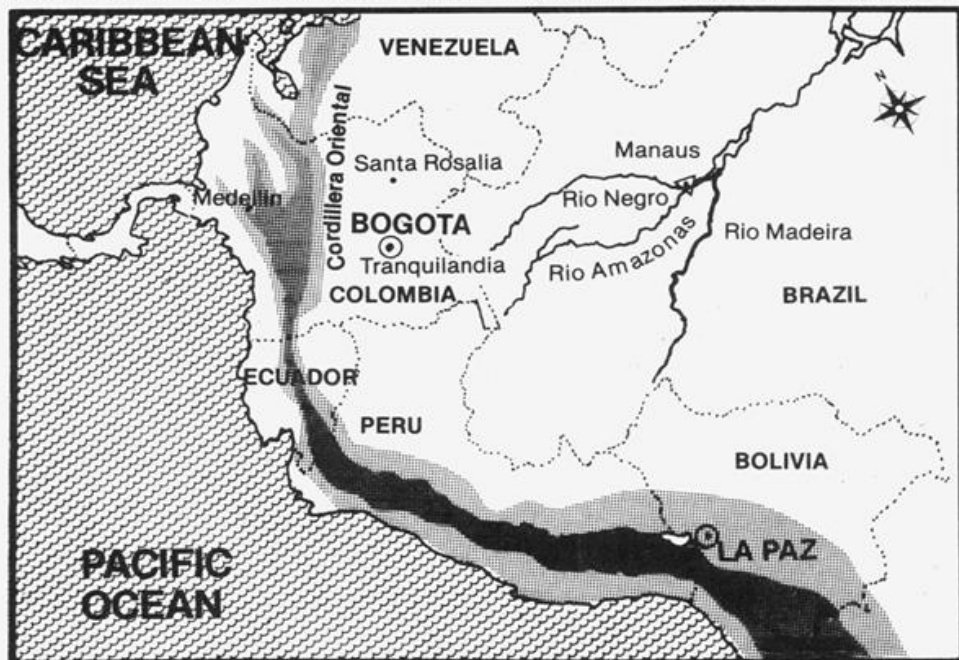
To say that the government responded ferociously would be

Wide World

an understatement. The very next night President Betancur went on national television to declare an all-out state of siege. "We are unleashing a war without quarter against the crooks that sow terror in the cities, the countryside and towns," roared Betancur, normally a notably unemotional,

Red Scare or Dope Scare?

The notion that Colombia's evil *narcotraficantes* work hand-in-glove with Colombia's various armed Communist factions is perpetually satisfying to North American political commentators; but to anyone even remotely



The Amazon watershed is dopedom's forthcoming number-one hot spot.

soft-spoken politician. He admonished "the unwise, the recalcitrant, the proclaimed public enemies" that Colombia was about to "recover its national dignity that has been trampled by drug traffickers, giving us a black image throughout the world." Getting down to specifics, he proclaimed that all public meetings would be banned for the foreseeable future, and that military courts would be in charge of trying serious crimes like dope trafficking, and that no bail would be accorded for such alleged offenses. Then he went further, and decreed that a tough international extradition policy, signed between Betancur and U.S. president Ronald Reagan in 1982, was now going into effect.

For Betancur this was a politically risky and rather distasteful business. Since his election two years ago, Betancur had loudly manifested a resolution to run the country without resort to martial law, and had wielded exceptional foresight and diplomacy in dealing with the nation's troublesome, but ever-popular, left-wing "revolutionary" fringe. The outrageous murder of Lara Bonilla, however, was a sure sign that the *narcotraficante* gangs were wielding even more power, with even less responsibility, than the domestic Red factions ever had. The *mafias*, as they're called here, urgently needed to be curbed by quick, nasty military action, but could Betancur do this without ruining his tentative dialogue with Colombia's homegrown Communists?

familiar with the realities of dope trafficking and politics anywhere in South America, the notion is ludicrous. The established *mafia* families who preside over the exportation of marijuana and cocaine from the country are landowning families whose sons and daughters have learned how to exploit the insatiable *norteamericano* appetite for coke and smoke. Such people are temperamentally indisposed toward such basic Socialist concepts as the equitable redistribution of wealth and the annulment of hereditary privilege. Cocaine *jefe* Pablo Escobar Gaviria, just before the new crackdown drove him out of the country, told a reporter precisely how he felt about such matters: "I am a man of investments, and therefore I cannot be in agreement with guerrillas who are enemies of private property," Escobar, 33, said gravely.

As for the guerrillas themselves, there are only 12,000 of them currently under arms in the whole country nowadays, holding down 20-some tiny "enclaves" scattered throughout the Andes and the desolate Amazonian provinces to the south. Like the marijuana growers and cocaine refiners, they prefer to inhabit territory in which the Bogotá government has minimal interest, and hence, minimal presence. A conservative politician diagnosed it thusly: "They are both clandestine groups operating on the same territory against the same enemy and with the same methods, but they are not natural friends."

The dope movers and the Reds are con-

tinually at each other's throats, in fact, and bloodshed frequently ensues between them. The Reds make a practice of extorting "war taxes" from everyone in the boondocks, including the dope movers, and if payments fall short, well—in 1981, the daughter of a prominent Atlantic Coast mafioso was kidnapped by guerrillas for nonpayment, and came to a foul end before the ransom could be straightened out. In response, a coalition of *mafia* families set up a permanent South American political death squad—"Muerte a los Sequestadores" or "Death to Kidnappers," it's called—to "disappear" and torture to death notable leftist sympathizers. This is all a matter of copious newspaper and judicial record down here, but the Ronald Reagan State Department can always depend on American foreign correspondents to report strictly what the U.S. Embassy feeds them.

When the Colombian army raided a veritable industrial cocaine park near Tranquilandia last March, over on the eastern watershed of the Cordillera Oriental, and turned up eleven tons of pure coke there, it was patently irresistible for the Americans to impose a Red Menace on the spot. The Tranquilandia operation consisted of no less than 14 cocaine-refining labs strung along the headsprings of the Caqueta river in the Yari jungle, outfitted with plentiful lab gear, chemical stocks, planes, helicopters, trucks and tractors—an operation so grand and spectacular that it was recognizable, supposedly, to the radar-outfitted American military spook plane which is rumored to have discovered it in the first place. In any case, when the army moved in on the operation in early March, two large planeloads of principals lifted out of the local bush strip just in advance of the troops, and 40 bottom-level personnel peaceably gave themselves up, along with 25,300 pounds of surgical-quality toot.

And then someone—whether Colombian / continued on page 24

PERU CHECKS IN

THE PERUVIAN GOVERNMENT, NOT TO BE outdone by the resurgence of official antidope zeal in Colombia, conducted a lightning crackdown on coke-lab operations on the eastern slope of the Andes last spring. Peruvian civilian cops, in a maneuver called Operation Bronco, swept down the scenic valley of the Upper Huallaga River, formerly mainly the abode of stone-age jungle Indians. There they broke up no fewer than 45 pasta kitchens—which the cops called "laboratories," naturally—and dynamited 49 bush strips which had been cleared for smuggler planes.

Official press releases on Operation Bronco called the pasta kitchens "pockets of subversion," and called the 47 people arrested "persons connected to subversion."

PREGNANT WOMEN WHO drink alcohol, or who take any of a wide variety of prescription "neuroleptic" drugs, may be directly influencing the sexual behavior that will be expressed by their children after they are fully grown, new lab research tentatively indicates. Researchers at UCLA and the State University of New York at Buffalo recently published in *Science* magazine the results of lab-rat experiments indicating that animals which are exposed to these drugs during fetal development behave differently, after achieving maturity, from animals born to drug-free mothers. While the offspring are fully male or female, in an anatomical sense, that is, and even though they may be capable of normal mating and reproductive functions, the males of the drug-treated mothers behave less "masculinely" than drug-free control rats, and females behave less "femininely."

Statistically, normal adult female rats like the taste of saccharin a great deal more than male rats do, researchers have known for years. Female rats also typically take longer than male rats to learn how to negotiate standard maze designs, requiring more trials before they learn them perfectly. Although neither of these behaviors is directly linked to copulative or reproductive functions, they serve as a reliable way to measure the "masculinity" or "femininity" of the behavior patterns of individual animals.

Researchers from the UCLA psychiatry and biobehavioral research divisions, led by Dr. Robert McGivern there, reported in the 26 May 1984 issue of *Science* that they had measured the saccharin preference and maze-learning behaviors of adult male and female rats which had been exposed to alcohol during prenatal development, and compared them with the control groups of rats not so exposed. All the animals were provided, as three-month-old adults, with two water bottles in their cages—one containing pure tap water, and the other spiked with saccharin at different levels—and the rate at which they drank from the saccharin solution was measured closely.

As expected, the untreated

DRUGS & ALCOHOL ALTER SEX ROLES OVER LONG TERM

N E W Y O R K C I T Y

female adults drank a great deal of the sweetened water, while untreated males drank very little. Female rats whose mothers had imbibed a good deal of alcohol every day through pregnancy, though (13.9 grams of alcohol per kilogram of the mother's body weight every day), drank a good deal less sweetened water than control females, and thus exhibited notably "defeminized" behavior in this respect of saccharin preference. Contrariwise, male rats from treated mothers drank *more* sweetened water than control-group males, showing "demasculinized" behavior.

much more than control males, and they also took significantly longer to learn the same standard mazes. By contrast, females of alcohol-treated mothers showed no particular preference for saccharin, nor any special difficulty with the mazes. In fact, the male offspring and female offspring of alcohol-treated mothers showed no differences at all between each other in respect to saccharin preference or maze learning. It was as though exposure to alcohol during gestation had somehow canceled out these subtle differences in sexual behavior between the males and the fe-



Demasculinized males, defeminized females: drug-induced equality?

The researchers then sought to zero in on the particular *phase* of pregnancy at which fetal rats may be most susceptible to the long-range effects of alcohol on their expression, as adults, of these sexually "dimorphic" behaviors. Offspring from mothers who'd been fed alcohol during only the last two weeks of gestation (roughly equivalent to the last three months of human gestation) were tested for saccharin preference against control rats, and were also put through standard Lashley III mazes until they learned them perfectly. Once again, the control females liked saccharin

males.

The researchers noted in their report that human women drinking "moderate to high levels of alcohol during pregnancy" have been seen, statistically, to bear children who show "a variety of behavioral and learning problems." While it's still impossible to say if these taste preferences and learning patterns observed in rats have any correlation to specific human behaviors, these scientists suggest that their observations indicate "a long-term influence of prenatal alcohol exposure on both males and females."

The precise means by which

alcohol produces these long-term effects on fetal organisms has yet to be investigated, but the UCLA researchers say they believe it may have to do with some alcohol-induced derangement of the way the body metabolizes "androgenic" hormones, like testosterone, throughout life. Their data also indicate that this behavioral "demasculinization" may be associated with unusually low testicular-hormone production seen in the male offspring of alcohol-treated mothers; and the "defeminization" may be associated with the unusually increased size of adrenal glands seen in both male and female offspring of treated mothers.

Pregnant-rat studies with "depressant" drugs other than alcohol, undertaken at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, may indicate a somewhat different method of action, however. In the 1 June 1984 issue of *Science*, Dr. Elaine Hull of SUNY Buffalo reported that the classic neuroleptic drug, haloperidol, also impairs the expression of sexually dimorphic behaviors in the adult offspring of rat mothers exposed to the drug during gestation. Prescribed widely for the treatment of chronic anxiety and depressive disorders, haloperidol (Haldol®, McNeil Pharmaceuticals) works by inhibiting the binding of the "androgenic" nerve-hormone dopamine to the synapses of nerve cells in certain parts of the brain. Once it was determined that haloperidol had a defeminizing effect on female offspring of treated mothers, and a demasculinizing effect on their male offspring, the researchers tested two other drug preparations—apomorphine and alpha methyl-*p*-tyrosine—which also "antagonize" dopamine function in the nervous system, but by slightly different actions. Since both drugs had the same long-term effects on treated rat offspring as haloperidol, it may now be suggested that any drug which inhibits dopamine function in the basebrain—like the antipsychotic drug chlorpromazine (Thorazine®, Smith Kline & French), for example—may have the same liabilities for the children of pregnant women who take these drugs.

SPAIN DRUMS UP DOPE SCARE

MALAGA, SPAIN

LAST YEAR THE GOVERNMENT relaxed some of the laws against personal possession of soft drugs, and this year, the conservative political opposition is crediting that decision for every burglary and assault that has occurred in the interim. Led by politician Manuel Fraga, the right wing is currently blaming the Socialist administration's "prodrug" policies for every single unpleasantness and scandal that makes news. Even Foreign Minister Jose Barrionuevo's proud report last spring that his Customs narcs had seized more heroin and cocaine than any other country in Europe was cited by the rightists as proof of the government's prodrug iniquity; this rise in the border seizures of smack and coke, they insist, is proof that dope gangsters now consider Spain easy pickings, because they partially decriminalized marijuana last year.

Statistical indications that Spain has possibly the lowest incidence of drug consumption in the civilized West—there are only 80,000 estimated heroin

addicts in the whole country, and exactly 110 people in Spain died of overdoses in 1983—stand for nothing in the conservative media. The influential magazine *A.B.C.* this year began soliciting and publishing, in a regular series, gory first-person stories from crime victims, accompanied by much rabid "antinarcotics" editorializing:

Marijuana decrim has touched off a grandiose antidope binge in Spanish tabloids.

"We warned from the beginning that the Socialist laws that depenalized drugs and let prisoners out of jail would lead to an upsurge of criminality."

Two psychotic junkies in San Sebastian gave the rightists wonderful antidope fodder the very month the new laws went into effect, in March of 1983.

They tried to rob a bank, were forced to take hostages when they were caught, and then ransomed the hostages for a couple last fixes of heroin before they went to jail. (They were given pure synthetic Demerol instead, and one overdosed dead on it.) In addition, last year the American DEA tracked Sicilian heroin *capo* Gaetano Badalamenti to

visit Spain to take advantage of the new drug laws should be aware of several things. First of all, people caught at the border bringing in any quantity of cannabis, however tiny, are sure to be jailed for it; the new law doesn't apply to Spanish Customs. Even within Spain, no one's sure exactly what quantity of pot constitutes "personal possession," as opposed to "intended for sale." The maximum nonbust weight of cannabis is said to be 50 grams, but local police may use different guidelines in different jurisdictions. And finally, anyone seen to hand a joint to another person can still be charged with "distribution of narcotics," earning six to twelve years in jail.

"Reports that the Socialists have turned all Spain into one big hippie-dippie dope den are far from the truth," a source at the International Legal Defense Counsel warns. "The only real difference is that Spanish kids aren't spending half their lives in jail anymore, just because they got caught once fooling around with hash."

Madrid, where he'd been hiding out in the protection of well-heeled (and arch-conservative) friends. When Badalamenti was exposed and extradited by the Yanks, the rightists concluded loudly that it was the new Spanish pot policies that had attracted him here.

Other persons inspired to

COKE MOBS INVADE BRAZIL'S JUNGLES

BELÉM, BRAZIL

THE MAJOR COLOMBIAN COCAINE-PRODUCING operations were relocating into the jungles of the Brazilian Amazon for a good long time prior to the current all-out dope-stopping drive in Colombia, authorities in Brasilia have recently conceded. "We had not the least idea that there were so many and such big plantations" along the Amazon, a top Brazilian cop told American reporters last spring, referring to coca *fincas* and lab operations recently discovered "all the way from the center of the Amazon region to the Colombian border."

(The massive expansion of the coke market into western Brazil was covered in detail—names, dates and locations, all substantiated by local police authorities—in *HIGH TIMES*, September 1982. The protestations of the Brasilia *federals* that they only discovered it themselves last spring are con-

ceptually possible, but hardly convincing.)

Epadu is what the Amazonian Indians call coca, which they've been growing and chewing for energy and medicine since time out of mind. "We thought it was a hallucinogen used by the Indians," a federal cop explained to the *New York Times* last spring. The police say they'd believed that coca itself was strictly a high-altitude Andean shrub until this year, when they suddenly discovered vast stretches of Amazonian territory under industrial coca cultivation. "If it can grow here in the hot lowlands," the cop conceded, "we guess it can grow anywhere."

As local authorities describe it, Colombian mafiosi began moving eastward along the Amazon in the early 1980s, clearing patches of jungle undergrowth along the rain-forest riverbank, planting and irrigating it, and hiring Indians to tend and harvest

the crop, and to foot-stomp the leaves into raw cocaine *pasta* for them. At harvest time—there are three coca harvests each year—Colombian boatmen troll along the rivers collecting plastic-wrapped bundles of pasta. Generally speaking, they pay the Indians not in cash, but with barter goods like clothes, radios, outboard motors, tape recorders and tapes. A few Indians, however, have managed to make enough cash to go into business on their own.

The pasta is mainly carried back into Colombia to be refined into snortable cocaine hydrochloride, although the western Brazilian towns of Manaus, Tabatinga and Tefé are also supposed to have numerous snort-labs of their own. When cops report raids on "cocaine laboratories," however, they rarely stipulate whether the "lab" was a mere

/ continued on page 27

WOMEN CAN'T RESIST COKE: DOCS

FAIR OAKS, NEW JERSEY

EIGHT OUT OF TEN WOMEN who become compulsive enough about cocaine to call the 800-COCAINE "Helpline" are physically unable to resist a snort of the stuff any time it's offered to them, the Helpline's directors have revealed.

The "profile" of the average woman who consults the toll-free dial-a-counseling number shows her to be 29 years old, college-educated, white, earning at least \$25,000 per year. Of this income, she spends \$450 per week on cocaine—leaving herself barely 3,400 per year for rent, food, clothes, shoes and so on—and her coke intake is supplemented by some incalculably larger quantity of dope, because men quite frequently give her cocaine for free.

More women are calling the 800-COCAINE Helpline all the time, as the service gains broader notoriety through television appearances by its administrators: Dr. Mark Gold of Fair Oaks General Hospital here, and Dr. Arnold Washton of Regent Hospital in New York City. Further publicity is regularly given the service when its always-interesting statistics are relayed through popular publications (like this one). When the service first opened in 1983, most of its first callers were male, but calls from women have now increased in number until the ratio is nearly 50-50.

This is interpreted by Dr. Washton as a sure sign that the number of American women falling foul of the "cocaine epidemic" has increased spectacularly over just the last year: "The new data represent a significant shift in the pattern of cocaine use in this country," he claims soberly. "A year ago we were saying that the cocaine epidemic was almost exclusively a men's club."

While the total number of women calling the Helpline was not specified in Gold and Washton's latest batch of interesting statistics, they do specify that two-thirds of them believed they

were addicted to coke, by the terms of the new definition of the word "addiction." The new definition abandons such classic insignia of addiction as progressive tolerance to the drug and withdrawal symptoms in the drug's absence. If a person simply experiences "compulsion, loss of control and continued use despite adverse consequences," the person is officially considered addicted to cocaine or whatever.

"What women today are telling us," says Washton, "is that they have lost control over their cocaine use and their functioning is severely damaged."

Adds Gold: "A high percentage of the woman callers [65 percent] are reporting fights and often violent arguments with their boyfriends and husbands due to severe depression, irritability and erratic behavior produced by chronic cocaine use. Fifty percent of the women report a complete loss of sexual

desire, which may be contributing to their conflicts with their mates."

On the positive side, women are less likely than men, as a group, to experiment with racy



Gold: Dial for relief.

and messy routes of cocaine administration like freebase smoking and hypodermic injection; most of them take it strictly up the nose, a route associated with fewer "adverse consequences." On the darker side,

it appears that, even doing it strictly by the nose, women seem apter than men to develop sleep disturbances and anxiety disorders with prolonged, compulsive administration. This makes them likelier to resort to tranquilizers, sleeping pills, heroin and other classically addictive drugs, just to cut the cocaine jitters.

In his new book, *800-COCAINE* (\$2.95 from Bantam Books, Inc., 666 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10103), Dr. Gold reprints a question frequently asked by women cocaine users: "I am using cocaine to stay thin. But now I really like it and need it. Is there anything else I can take to control my weight?" Responds the author: "Get help from your doctor if you think you have a weight problem. But don't use a dangerous and addicting substance for this purpose... That's like using an earth-mover to dig a hole for a daffodil bulb."

COMMIE QUACK CURE DIES

TALLINN, ESTONIAN S.S.R.

KITCHEN CHEMIST IVAN Khint was sent off to the camps for a 15-year stretch early this year, after the Soviet Ministry of Health determined that his self-brewed "health elixir" was not only an illegally profitable private enterprise, but addictive to boot. Khint, a biochemist, was director of the Special Design and Technological Bureau here in the Estonian capital, and had considerable bureaucratic pull in his day—and considerable plain old chutzpah. After persuading (or possibly bribing) the Ministry of Health into issuing him a permit to merchandise medicine, he installed some special bathtub-sized vats in the bottommost cellars of the Technology Bu-

reau, and set about brewing up his own private panacea for all human ills.

Khint's Estonian elixir was the perfect thing for every malady up to and including cancer, he guaranteed Soviet citizens at innumerable lectures, seminars and scientific conferences. Consignments of the bottled concoction were eagerly snapped up by consumers everywhere, at a state-fixed "middle ceiling price" that made it just as expensive as any other sort of medicine. Sales continued briskly even after the Soviet State Planning Agency succumbed to Khint's sales pitch and began feeding it to livestock. Khint guaranteed them it would increase beef production by 40 percent, even while it was curing the diseases of human beings.

The curing had to stop late last year, though, when Russian medical experts finally subjected Khint's elixir to scientific analysis. There were pigs' guts in it, they discovered, along with pigs' feet and pigs' blood; also, there were juices from dandelions, beets, cabbages, carrots, nettles and especially *mushrooms*, all combined in a "secret fermentation formula." The prime virtue of Khint's restorative, it appears, was probably more psychoactive than strictly therapeutic.

So the Ministry of Health deemed the elixir to be "toxic, addictive and without medical value," and rounded up Khint and various accomplices and threw them all in jail. Estonians are back on nasty old Soviet vodka nowadays.

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

COLOMBIA

/ continued from page 20

army personnel or American "observers" has never been made clear—came across what was called a "camp" a half-mile from one of the labs. And in this camp, it's said, was discovered a green "guerrilla's uniform" bearing "patches" of the Colombian Revolutionary Armed Forces—FARC, Colombia's oldest contingent of traditional Moscow-line "insurgents," which accounts for 10,000 of the nation's 12,000 active Commie rebels.

This one empty clown suit was sufficient to keep the *norteamericano* press bawling for weeks about the Reds controlling the Colombian dope trade. The story played so well that the U.S. Embassy in Bogotá presently offered a sort of white paper accusing these Commie dope peddlers of subverting Nicaragua and El Salvador—over 1,000 miles north across the hideous Darien Gap of Panama—"through direct aid or through volunteers who fight and train troops with money obtained through the extortion of traffickers." And this Washington blarney was duly relayed back to the States by American foreign correspondents who really need never have left home in the first place.

Heroes of the Dope Trade

"The fight against narcotics will not stop, but there is no analogy between this fight and the response to the armed [leftist] groups," President Betancur was careful to distinguish at the outset of this spring's great dope crackdown. In fact, his first action in this line was to announce that the tough new United States-Colombian extradition treaty was now in full effect, and then to proclaim a list of prominent smuggling barons who would be shipped in chains to the States for prosecution, the minute they could be taken into custody.

Pablo Escobar Gaviria of Medellin was already on the lam in Peru, having gotten some advance warning that the heat would be fiercely on him. As an alternate deputy to the National Assembly—a ceremonial stand-in congressperson, sort of—young Escobar supposedly enjoyed immunity from civil prosecution, but now that military tribunals were to be sitting on drug trials, he was taking no chances. Once he'd absconded, the newspaper *La Semana* published photocopies of checks made out by Escobar and other dope kingpins to candidates for both political parties in the 1982 elections. It turned out that dope money constituted a substantial part of most politicians' coffers, and that Escobar had been particularly generous to perennial presidential candidate Alberto Santofimio, and top-rank Liberal party contender Jairo Ortega. With coke mobster Fabio Ochoa Restrepo (no blood relation to the author), Escobar was cham-

pioning a redevelopment program called "Medellin Without Slums" before Betancur blew the whistle on them both, and inspired them to take prolonged "vacations."

Also to Peru flew Carlos Lehder Rivas, one step ahead of the military police. Once rather the black sheep of the exceedingly influential Lehder clan of Armenia, Carlos for the last 10 years has pumped so much coke-and-smoke money into ultraconservative politics that many now revere him as a leading member of the respectable Right. His personal political *bund*, the Latino National party, has elected several councilmen to the Armenia city government, and the party's popular daily newspaper has fiercely promoted many successful conservative candidates to the National Assembly. And the documented connections between the Lehders and the *Muerte a los Sequestadores* death squad did nothing to undermine Carlos' popularity with his constituency.

Both Escobar and Lehder, appropriately, had been lobbying mightily against implementation of the 1982 extradition treaty, even to cheerleading mass public demonstrations against it. "Colombians should be tried in Colombia," was their catch-phrase, popular among everyone with an abiding resentment of our pushy Big Brother to the north (which is to say, nearly everyone). Top

Dope capos sponsor everything from soccer teams to city zoos.

mafiosi for years have been currying popular favor by subsidizing national and regional *futbol* teams, underwriting schools and hospitals, and even opening zoos stocked with exotic African rhinos, hippos and giraffes. (One zoo even features an authentic 1930s Al Capone mob-mobile, liberally ventilated with Chicago police bullets.)

The gangland murder of Rodrigo Lara, the country's top civilian cop, instantly obliterated any Robin Hood-style popular sympathy for these crooks, and mobilized fear and hatred against them. The effect was so swift and dramatic, in fact, that a slightly paranoid rumor is currently afloat. Some suspect it was probably some upstart gang of newcomers to the dope trade who engineered the Bonilla hit, calculating that the government would react by exterminating all the established dope-moving *mafias*, and thus give this new bunch an opportunity to grow with minimal competition.

In any case, two notable coke-lab operations were shut down in the week after Bonilla's assassination. The first was at the site of an old Devil's Island-style penal colony called El Refugio in Amazonas Department down south. U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration *jefe* Johnny Phelps went along

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on this one as an "observer," but declined to identify any signs of Communist activity around the old slave camp. Only six pounds of intermediate pasta was found at the site, but the extensive facilities had obviously been putting out hundreds of kilos of pure toot every month for years. A few days later, a raid on a lab center up north in Vichada Department, near Santa Rosalia, turned up no coke at all, but obvious evidence of major, long-term industrial production.

Where to Next?

Over the last decade of skyrocketing cocaine demand in the United States, and relatively lax enforcement in Colombia (during what Betancur now calls "our moral vacation"), the Colombian jungles had been the site of innumerable bush labs which refined raw coca paste flown in from Peru and Bolivia. American authorities last year were estimating that about 60 tons of pure coke were moved out of Colombia per annum, but these 1984 lab seizures indicate that the tonnage was probably much, much higher than that in reality.

Indeed, despite the seizure last March at Tranquilandia of 11 tons of coke—nearly as much coke, in one bust, as the total of all cocaine seizures ever made by American narco agencies—and despite the abandonment of these massive lab operations, the price of cocaine is still dropping at the wholesale level. Obviously there are great stockpiles of the stuff somewhere, and massive processing plants in Peru, Brazil, Bolivia and Argentina, besides Colombia. So while Betancur's crackdown may have spooked the most notorious dope kingpins out of the country, long-range cocaine futures would not seem to be much imperiled.

On the bright side, there appear to be fewer American dollars in local circulation around Colombia nowadays. Although the Colombian traffickers never moved more than about US\$2 billion back to Colombia every year (out of the eighty billion that changes hands over the stuff in the States), this influx of illegal money seriously weakens the Colombian peso, contributing to the rate of inflation. Now that the coke dealers are prudently banking their dollars abroad—in response to the government's new policy of confiscating all the property of *narcotraficantes*, including cash and savings—there are much fewer American dollars in circulation passing around here. However, at the same time, *basuco* cigarettes—tobacco or pot frosted with freebase cocaine pasta—are readily available, indicating a surplus of coke. When coke supplies fall short, *basucos* are harder to come by, since all available snort goes into the Yankee trade pipe. When suppliers are holding back, however—which is risky, because cocaine is perishable with time—some of it leaks out locally as *basuco*.

So the government's ferocious 1984 coke-mob crackdown has pretty obviously succeeded in chasing the top-echelon narcotics

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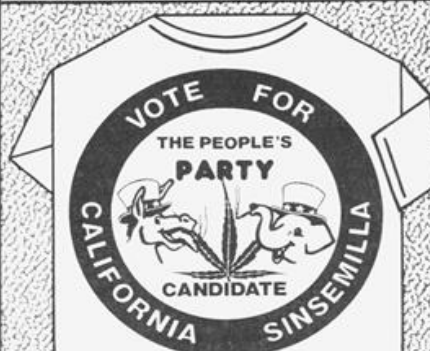
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mafiosi out of the country, along with their biggest refining operations. The coke cartels are still very much in operation, from every indication, transshipping dope consignments to North America and Europe through Colombia from points south. In the last analysis, it would appear that President Betancur's prime tactic, in declaring martial law against the drug trade, was to permanently banish the narco-millionaires who were buying political influence with handsome handouts to arch-reactionary politicians.

The declaration of a state of siege was a highly ticklish political maneuver for Betancur, coming as it did just three weeks before a one-year truce was scheduled to go into effect between the government and the FARC rebel group. The government's 40-member Peace Commission had been negotiating for years with FARC representatives, at undisclosed jungle locations, to bring an end to the bloody 30-year conflict between the federal forces and the leftists, and the truce is very important to Betancur. The primary opposition to the truce, significantly, came from the commanders of the armed forces.

"The government said the state of siege was aimed at the traffickers and not at the guerrillas," a legislative source told reporters, "but the army doesn't see it like that. As a result, we're now seeing the fiercest fighting between army and guerrillas in years." It was inevitable that reactionary army generals would try to exploit the martial-law decree to declare open season on leftists, which would have torpedoed the prospects for the truce, if Betancur didn't keep an iron hand on the military. He seems to have done so, however, since the truce went into effect on schedule in late May.

The government's main concession, in participating in the cease-fire, is to hold negotiations, at least, on the subject of land reform: carving up the enormous hereditary property holdings of the great landowning families, and distributing the land among the people who live on it and work it. This notion has always been emotionally condemned as "Communist" by the great families like the Escobars and the Lehders—the same families whose "black sheep" have operated the dope trade for the last 10 years.

Thus, it may not be too entirely paranoid to suggest—as many have—that the dope mafiosi engineered the hit on Attorney General Lara in hopes that the government would overreact with a military campaign against "subversives" in general. The top drug kingpins could easily handle the embarrassment and inconvenience of another "all-out war on drugs"—they've always survived such "wars" handily, and always will—but the squabbling little leftist groups could be counted on to pull out of any formal negotiations with the government, in the event of any sharp military repression campaign. Then the land-reform concept would be a dead letter, and in the long run, the big mafia families would be better off than ever.

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AMAZON

/ continued from page 22

kitchen for pasta reduction, or a full-fledged finishing refinery. This year the Brazilian *federates* reported, with evident astonishment, that numerous "laboratories" had been suddenly discovered along the Amazonian headwaters, but to date they have reported little police action against these operations.

If the Brazilian *federates* seem slow to undertake any massive narcotics law-enforcement initiatives, it may have to do with the state of the national budget, which is currently over its head in debt to international banks and financial institutions like the International Monetary Fund. The Brazilian government literally cannot pay its existing police force to effectively keep the peace, with the result that in cities like Sao Paulo and Rio de Janeiro, law enforcement is mainly conducted nowadays by neighborhood civilian vigilante outfits, operating by something like the lynch law of the old American West. The National Drug Council of the Ministry of Justice, headed by Arthur Pereira de Castillo, frankly relies on the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration for "information, experience and financial aid" for drug-busting enterprises.

The U.S. Department of State has barely \$250,000 budgeted for narco aid to Brazil for the next year. Most of it, American sources say, goes into "a very discrete program in the Amazon," where Yank narco authorities concentrate their efforts. "It's a part of the country that does not have the highest priority" with the Brasilia government, they explain; therefore, any more massive expenditure of narcotics-aid funds might be misdirected to the cities, at the expense of the western Amazon, which U.S. State clearly considers the prime up-and-coming trouble spot in South America for narcotics. "It's a frontier area, a natural breeding place for every sort of illegal activity, including drugs," one official said worriedly.

Although fundless itself, the Brazilian government talks a feisty drug war. Following the lead of American policymakers, they've initiated a highly publicized drive against the use of marijuana and cocaine in the Brazilian armed forces, fiercely prosecuting and disciplining every soldier and sailor who gets caught with dope. The Brazilian government has also publicized its decision to employ its *satellite*—which was put up several years ago, when the country still had credit with the IMF—to look for those coca bushes growing snugly underneath the Amazonian jungle canopy. And theater owners and television producers have been sternly admonished to censor all "drug depictions" out of entertainment films. *Scarface* alone took nine scene cuts before it could be shown in Sao Paulo.

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

COOKED CACTUS

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

by Bud Bogart

Being readied for an eventual spot in the marketplace are hundreds of thousands of peyote buttons, the magical cacti of the Southwest—one of the most popular of the natural psychedelics. It's been almost a decade since decent buttons were commercially sold, though not for lack of effort. The trouble with short-term commercially grown buttons was that they didn't pack the punch of the favored wild variety—kind of like hydroponic tomatoes against the fresh, naturally ripened variety. But now, thanks to the diligence and entrepreneurial spirit of several Southwest communes, the cactus rides the range again.

The story behind the depletion of the peyote button is a sad one: A run on peyote buttons was provoked in the early '70s by the novels of Carlos Castaneda, a clever fantasist who managed to convince a huge share of the counterculture that his books were real-life journals of the spiritual adventures of a Yaqui Indian named Don Juan.

Unfortunately for the religious peyote-eating Indians of America, this canard incited thousands of Yaqui-way-of-knowledge pilgrims to descend like locusts onto the deserts of the Southwest. Once there they rooted out the delicate and slow-growing cactus like pigs after truffles, gorging themselves with Don Juan's supposed psychonutrum.

It was alarming, though, that a large number of otherwise reasonable people actually considered it possible that this Don Juan person could turn himself into a bird and fly, or become invisible. Yet this was the subject of hot discussion at tofu parties in Madison, Wisconsin, where this columnist chanced to live in the early '70s. I actually witnessed serious conversations between people—who later became politicians and journalists—about whether Don Juan was real. (Of course, it must be pointed out that the cultural leadership in Madison arose largely from the University of Wisconsin English, psychology and history departments—disciplines where the distinctions between reality and abstraction are traditionally blurred.)

At about that same time, of course, very real peyote buttons turned up in the mojo bags of itinerant hippies and the stashes of

hip dealers. And for several years, from 1970 to 1975, some of the best peyote in the country found its way north to Madison. Naturally, places like Boulder, Albuquerque and Santa Fe, much closer to the growing country, had their own ample supplies.

A good button back in those days was about the size of a pressed fig and had the consistency of a leather shoe sole. It was notoriously foul-tasting and difficult to chew—an added attraction for the guilt-ridden middle-class hippies that hair-shirted it through the psychedelic war camps. Those with a serious ethnologist's bent forced themselves to chew it carefully and swallow it like the Indians did, but most people employed some sort of flavor mask—honey was a big favorite—to smuggle it into their stomachs, where it lay in a lump, slowly and painfully digesting for the next several hours. Really ingenious types chopped it up, put it into a dozen or two double-0 gelatin capsules and popped them like Contac.

All this effort was rewarded with a truly phenomenal high, a clear, mellow, vivid trip with technicolor hallucinations—particularly when taken in its native desert habitat. Carlos Castaneda, no doubt, gobbles his share of the magic cactus before writing his books.

But despite the vastness of the desert and the ability of peyote to disguise itself as a rock or a cowchip, the psychedelic hands soon vastly depleted this natural psychic resource. Fast action by Indian tribes in the Southwest saved some by stepping up patrols in sanctioned areas, but commercial peyote was soon as rare as the passenger pigeon.

But now, to the rescue, come the latter-day communards, guilt-tripped perhaps by the profligacy of their antecedents. For several years they've been planting and tending the exotic cacti, and according to those in the know, these delicacies will reach the market within the next few months. The price will be high, the quality tops.

In all probability the bulk will end up out West, in Los Angeles during the Olympics, where it'll fetch top dollar. Some will no doubt wend its way to New York City though, where some of the most hardened, widely traveled heads in the world hang out, many of whom have never tried peyote.

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Domestic hash	middlin'	oz	300-400
		lb	3200-3900
Lebanese hash	blond & beautiful	oz	400-450
		lb	4000-4200
Hash oil	when available	cap	30
LSD	tiles and microdots, freaky and fun	one	8-15
		100	150-210
Cocaine	A-1	gm	180-200
		oz	3300-3500
Amphetamine	fast and flashy	gm	100-110
		oz	1800-2000

CANADA

Commercial Colombian	arf-arf	oz	90-100
Gold and red Colombian	likewise	lb	750-850
Hawaiian buds	almost non-existent	oz	125
		lb	1100-1200
Mexican tops	passable, usually available	oz	325-350
		lb	2800-3600
Homemade "cake" hash	impotent	gm	75-85
Afghan hash	flatblack	lb	500-700
		oz	15
Kashmir hash	reddish, rocket fuel	gm	260
		lb	15
U.S. sinsemilla	excellent when available	oz	3250
		lb	25
LSD	blots from California	oz	375
		one	200
Methaqualone	same boots as in States	one	4-10
		100	200-450
Cocaine	steadily rising quality	gm	3-6
		100	275-450
		oz	130-180
		oz	2000-3200

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta golds, reds	pawn in army-rebel rumble	oz	15-20
Commercial domestic	distribution difficult	lb	75-110
Colombian hash	forgettable	oz	5-10
		lb	50-100
Hash oil	a lost cause	oz	8-25
		lb	100-225
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	150-200
		lb	1500-2000
Cocaine	devalued pesos make this a buy	oz	40-75
		lb	175-225
		oz	2500-3500

ECUADOR

Commercial Colombian	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Red and gold Colombian	surprisingly, not that much	lb	60-100
Sierra buds	passable	oz	15-25
		lb	200
Esmeraldas swamp grass	the worst	oz	6-10
Cocaine base	lots	lb	70-100
Cocaine	pure as the driven snow	oz	2-4
		lb	40-60
LSD	traded for blow	gm	25-40
		one	5

ITALY

African weed	intermittent supply	gm	4
Tan Leb hash	pale and tasteless	gm	2
Moroccan 00	superb	gm	5
Black Afghan	lucid, but stony	gm	5
Kashmir charas	heavenly, aromatic	gm	12
LSD	reputedly counterfeit	ea	5
Cocaine	glistening rocks	gm	60!

JAMAICA

Seeded highland gold	gold as the sun, mediocre head	oz	5
Highland sinsemilla	solid head, great sativa	lb	25
Homehewn hash	moist and exhilarating	oz	8
Mushrooms	watch yourself, some killers	oz	50
Cocaine	weakened U.S. disco toot	oz	10
		gm	5
		gm	100

MEXICO

Guerrero gold	needles in a haystack	oz	35
Oaxacan	long-stem beauties	lb	200
Sinse	northern grown, sativa	oz	10
		lb	90
Acapulco gold	on the stalk	oz	25
		lb	250
Hash	greenish brown, a snoozer	oz	20
		lb	175
Cocaine	much fake, pass it on	oz	15
		gm	150
Methaqualone	much pharmaceutical, okay	ea	30-50
		ea	1-2

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins			
Morristown, N.J.	Colombian gold, primo	oz	75
Columbus, Ohio	summer blotter acid	ea	3
Eureka, Calif.	purple kush, locally preserved	oz	200
San Francisco	East Coast coke, danced on	gm	90
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Colombian 'mersh: green, passable	lb	560
Albany, N.Y.	ephedrine tabs, undisguised	ea	50
		12	5
Tucson, Ariz.	Mexican green, moist, lightly seeded	lb	500
Taos, N.M.	local mountain indica	oz	200-250
Marin County, Calif.	pure, shiny flake	lb	2500
New York City	"boss black repro" Leb soaked in hash oil	gm	100-120
		oz	1800-2000
		lb	1700

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	early leaf, baby buds	oz	140-200
		lb	1600-1950
	last year's stockpile	oz	225-300
		lb	2500-3000

Commercial Mexican	browns, greens, reds, etc.	oz	55-85
Top-grade Mexican	arm-size buds	lb	650-950
Jamaican	negligible supply	oz	90-130
		lb	900-1350
Jamaican sinsemilla	likewise scarce	oz	60-80
Commercial Colombian	healthy supply, prices up	lb	650-850
Primo Colombian	triumphant return	oz	90-130
Thai sticks	new variety: el cheapo, big sticks	lb	900-1250
Loose Thai	season starting slowly	oz	55-70
Hawaiian	Where's the buds?	lb	550-690
Lebanese hash	supply down	oz	60-80
		lb	650-790
Black Afghan hash	gummy and fumey	oz	90-135
Paki hash	black spheres	lb	1100-1400
Psilocybin mushrooms	large, succulent cubensis	oz	160-210
Peyote	hard to find	lb	1600-2000
LSD	red-heart blotter, 100 mikes	one	235-300
Cocaine	holding steady	gm	2700-3000
		1/4 oz	110-140
		ea	900-1100
Methaqualone	mixed phonies, mostly Valium	oz	150-300
Methamphetamine	on the comeback trail	lb	1400-2200
		oz	150-250
		lb	1200-2000
		oz	100
		lb	1000
		one	10
		100	100
		gm	80-120
		1/4	250-350
		oz	1500-2500
		ea	3-7
		100	200-400
		gm	120-160

Alaska

Commercial Colombian	nada	oz	50-65
Domestic sinsemilla	'tis the season	1/4 oz	550-650
Mexican weed	most available	oz	50
		lb	200
Mainland sinsemilla	immigrant flow	oz	50-65
Thai sticks	timberland	lb	500-600
Lebanese hash	big mover	oz	225-300
Cocaine	now and then, not bad either	lb	2000-2750
LSD	blots	one	20
Methaqualone	bootkickers	one	2400-2650
		100	10
		gm	130-200
		oz	100-175
		gm	2000-2800
		one	5
		100	350-500
		one	5
		100	350

Hawaii

Puna buds	uncharacteristic scarcity	oz	225-275
Kona gold	western-slope beauties	lb	2200-2750
Waikiki wacky	sparkles with resin	oz	225-275
Mauie wowie	overpriced, overrated	lb	2000-2500
LSD	fresh from the lab	one	250-275
Mushrooms	hot from the lava beds, dried	oz	2400-3000
Cocaine	not a big mover	gm	2-4
Amphetamines	over the counter from S.A.	one	150
		oz	75-125
		oz	2050-3000
		one	2

CHARGES

Churches and government agencies have charged that peyote makes Indians crazy and violent, that Indians have hacked helpless victims to death on peyote, and that Indian women under its influence have ripped off their clothes in sexual frenzies.¹ Otherwise, all the charges attributed to all the other psychedelics apply, plus nausea and the tendency to vomit after ingestion.

NATURE AND USE

Mescaline, or 3,4,5-trimethoxyphenylethylamine, is a phenylalkylamine derived from the peyote or peyotl cactus which grows in northern South America, Mexico and the southwestern United States, and from the San Pedro cactus of Peru.² Both mescaline and peyote have similar psychedelic effects.

Mescaline was isolated from peyote around the turn of the century, and until the discovery of LSD and the "rediscovery" of psilocybin³ in the 1950s, served as an introduction to psychedelic altered states of consciousness for creative people in the Western world, who wrote about their experiences with the drug. Notable among these were the English philosopher Aldous Huxley,⁴ and the French artist Henri Michaux.⁵

Mescaline appears as long, needlelike white crystals with about one-three-hundredth the potency of LSD. These are usually taken in capsules or dissolved in water and swallowed. The button-shaped cactus buds of peyote are green to dark brown, depending on age since harvesting, and are either chewed or steeped within a tea after the white hairs at their center have been removed. These hairs were thought to contain the poison strychnine, but are actually just cellulose, indigestible but not poisonous.¹ Effects are similar to LSD, with the trip lasting about the same length of time. Psychologically, these drugs

MESCALINE/PEYOTE

AKA: Mescal, mescalito, buttons, cactus, crystals, peyotl, hikuri.

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.

are reported to be more sensual and perceptual than LSD, with less change in thought, mood and the sense of self.

Peyote has been used by American Indians since ancient times as a stimulant, general medicine and ceremonial psychedelic. Spanish conquerors carrying the Spanish Inquisition, and a succession of American governments, have tried to stamp out the use of peyote, which spread throughout the southwestern United States during the 19th century. Although it is generally an illegal drug and on Schedule One along with mescaline, the ritual use of peyote by the 200,000 or more native American congregants of the Native American Church was declared legal after years of court battles. The cactus has now been overharvested to the point where it may become an endangered plant species.⁶

Peyote has played an impor-

tant and ongoing role in native American ritual and shamanism. This is indicated by its frequent discussion in the "Don Juan" works by Carlos Castaneda, and in many anthropological monographs. During the westward migration, use of the psychedelic cactus swept through Indian populations who were in despair over the loss of tribal lands, the slaughter of their people, and the eclipsing of their way of life. Peyote ritual became part of, and later replaced, the Ghost Dance as a means of reaffirming spiritual values for the southwestern tribes. As "Charges" indicates, major efforts of a "reefer-madness" nature were made to discredit the drug and its use. In actuality, physical activity during the intoxication is usually limited to the prescribed ritual behavior. Unlike LSD, it leaves one's sense of self relatively intact, while giving one intense

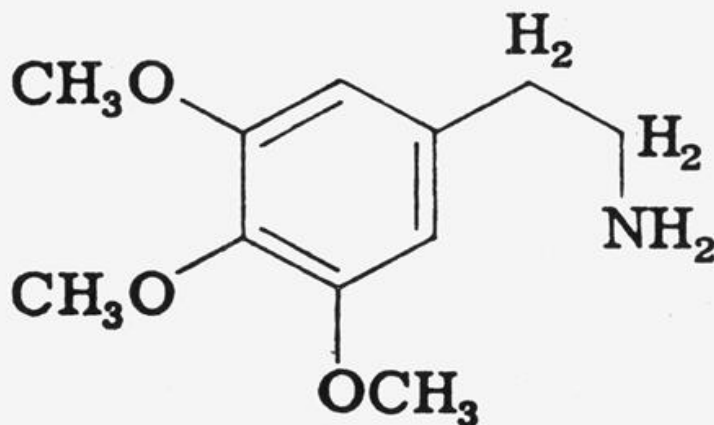
and vivid visual effects of a colorful, complicated, geometric nature. This imagery is often echoed in the geometric and colorful designs on artifacts and handicrafts from areas where peyote has been used.

HAZARDS AND LIABILITIES

Peyote and mescaline can promote anxiety, disorientation and dissociation with reality, especially in high dosages or as a result of fear of the drug's effects. These usually pass, and prolonged psychotic reactions are rare. Peyote has a nauseating, bitter taste that is not soon forgotten. It may be hard to swallow, and both drug-forms often cause vomiting. Other drugs, such as LSD or PCP, may be sold as mescaline and have some similar initial effects.

FIRST-AID PLUS

For adverse reactions, a talk-down procedure similar to that used for LSD bad trips is effective. Talk-downs should be supportive and comforting. External stimulation should be limited, and the individual should lie down and relax. Indians have used chanting and ritualization to counter adverse effects, and tobacco smoke blown into the user's face seems to be effective, though we don't know why. Effects of the drug rarely last more than 12 hours.



Mescaline

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THE ASPEN ADVANCED CRIMINAL LAW SEMINAR

Part Two: Undercover and Sting Operations

This month we continue our coverage of the Aspen Advanced Criminal Law Seminar. Each winter, under the auspices of Los Angeles lawyers Michael Nasatir, Victor Sherman and Richard Hirsch, drug attorneys from all over the country migrate to this ski mecca for confabs with judges, politicians, social scientists, and, law-enforcement agents.

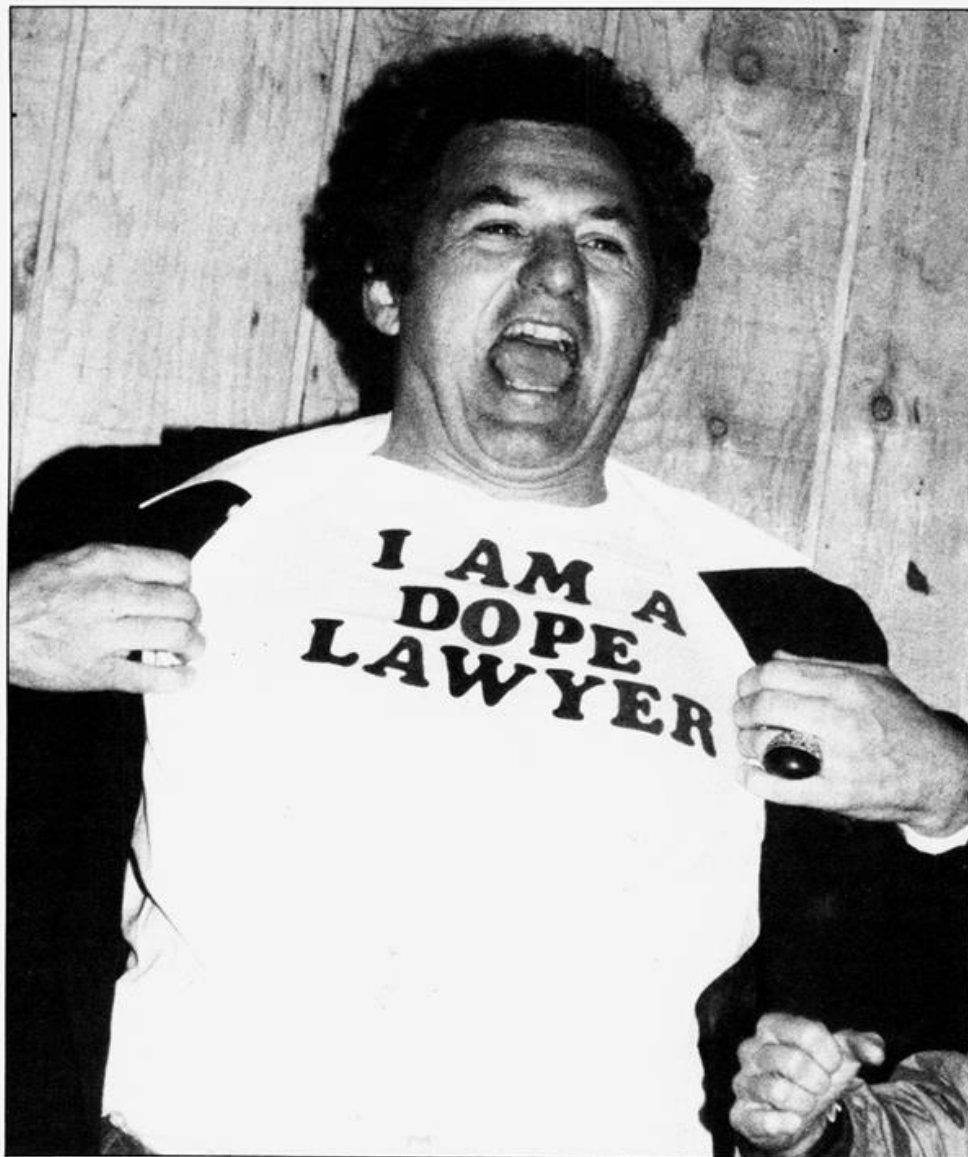
At the last conference a unique panel

discussed some of the more unsavory techniques of law enforcement: wiretapping, surveillance and the Abscam-like sting operations. Last month we featured the talk of Rick Barrett, a DEA special agent, expert in the art of wiretapping. He was followed by Dick Kienast, the sheriff of Aspen, who has an ideological distaste for undercover police work. Kienast's enlightened view on police conduct has made him the target of more

hard-line traditional elements in law enforcement; culminating in a grand-jury investigation of his department in 1981. The last speaker on this panel was Ron D'Ulisse, DEA special agent extraordinaire who has, among other things, busted cops, mastered high-tech snooping, seized millions in drug assets and set up a sting or two along the way.

We begin this installment in the middle of Sheriff Kienast's recollections about the lessons he learned both as undercover police agent and as prey. Following D'Ulisse's extraordinary revelations we have included a few choice *bons mots* from famed drug lawyer Michael Stepanian (left) of San Francisco. Stepanian's performances at these seminars are legendary—part Clarence Darrow, part Lenny Bruce—and in these segments, extracted from an almost untranscribable stream-of-consciousness rant, Stepanian presents the libertarian response to state-sanctioned snooping and police fanaticism.

RICHARD E. KIENAST: I think the lesson I learned from all of this, both personally, as acting in the capacity and as being a target for the capacity, is the propensity people in government have to an arrogance of power. To a belief that somehow, because they're on the side of right, they can do anything to justify the ends. In this case, enforcing laws [applause]... which probably is the major manifestation in our modern society of the tyranny of the majority. As you know, still sixty-two percent of Americans believe marijuana ought to be illegal, because obviously it is ruining society and ruining people's health, and society has the obligation to tell people what they can or cannot ingest. But what it led me to was a questioning of what is the appropriate role of police. And several things came out of this. And one is that police should never use means that promote distrust in a soci-



Denise Marie Luko

ety. "Trust to me" is the bottom-line virtue in society, value in society. And once we say that it's not important whether citizens trust their police or the police trust their citizens or citizens trust each other, once we imply that it's only a question of who can get away with what and whether they play by the rules of the game and we can catch them or we can't catch them, then we're losing something. Well, this led me to, and this comes from my experiences too, that somehow deception is wrong in a relationship between police and a community, and society. That government lying, in the form of undercover operations, deliberate misrepresentation of facts and, the ultimate in undercover work, misrepresentation of self, as a person to be trusted and then turning on that, can be nothing but a bad example for all of society.

So I have a peculiar dislike for undercover work for that reason. As far as surveillance and eavesdropping go, I'm a little more ambivalent on that. I don't know where you draw the line on the trust thing there. I know for me, you draw it with undercover work, in saying that that is just never an appropriate means. I think that's important. That doesn't mean that in individual instances government cannot, or other people do not, somehow are not justified in using that. It's the same as self-defense as a justification for homicide. But you only do it in extreme cases. You don't make a policy of saying, "It's okay for government to use these tactics because all they're doing is enforcing the law." Enforcing the law is an interesting phenomenon. It's caused lots of problems socially, historically, and many of you are probably aware, everything that occurred in Nazi Germany was according to the law. As long as all we put as our standard is whether it is according to the law or not according to the law, some very strange things happen. There are higher ethical standards which government people, citizens and especially law-enforcement agents have to measure their actions by.

Another thing I learned from my experiences, is what I believe is an appropriate relationship between local jurisdictions and federal jurisdictions. I think local jurisdiction is in fact much more in touch with people in the community. Now, this can lead to both good and bad things. I believe in this

community. It's led to some good things insofar as our attitudes toward police here, but as you all know, in the civil-rights movement in the South, it was just the opposite. Local jurisdictions were in fact trampling on people's rights. And there, our federal government had to come in and reinforce the rights of all individuals in our society, this United States.

What is all this leading to? Well, I think a couple of things are happening nationally. I think there is a decentralization of government going on and I think that there should be police decentralization. I think local control of police is a unique aspect of American society. There is, in fact, no other nation that has randomly given power in small jurisdictions as we have to our local police agencies.

Now, there is a proper role for federal law enforcement, and federal laws. And I think their proper role is the enforcement of the civil rights of all the citizens. And that the local coloring of how, of what laws there are, is going to become much more important...

MICHAEL NASATIR: Our next speaker is particularly interesting in light of some of the things that our last speaker said. Ron D'Ulisse prosecuted and was responsible for the conviction of the undersheriff of Tucson and the former sheriff of Casa Grande, Arizona. [Laughter] He was the county attorney [laughter] of Casa Grande, Arizona. Ron D'Ulisse has been involved in almost every aspect of the newer electronic surveillance that the DEA has. He is, with regard to the right of privacy, the DEA's point man in this area. He's been in the airborne infrared operations unit. He has, for two years, served as the technical operations officer in San Diego, which means installing hidden microphones in offices and homes and intercepting telephone calls. And, Ron D'Ulisse is involved in what I think is the most unique and innovative thing I've heard in law enforcement in a long time, and if you've never been involved in one of these cases, you come out of there shaking your head. It's called the "reverse sting." You are looking at a DEA agent, but you are also looking at a man who served as a seller of cocaine for quite an extended period of time. But a legal seller of cocaine. [Laughter] And to tell you about all these things, I introduce to you, from San Diego,

California, Ron D'Ulisse. [Applause] **RONALD J. D'ULISSE:** Thanks, Mike. Let me just say it's a lot easier selling dope than it is to buy it. [Laughter] I'd like to thank you all for letting me share with you this interlude in forensic intercourse. [Laughter] I felt that perhaps I would not be welcome here as a DEA agent. Mr. Nasatir assured me that you people here would treat me with all the sensitivity and kindness that I have shown to your clients. [Laughter] I wasn't quite reassured with that. But he told me that you guys chipped in and bought some kind of modern impressionistic piece of artwork for me. He said it was something in the order of a wood and metal. I just found out it's two pieces of lumber and three nails. I'm a little concerned about the whole thing. [Laughter]

Anyway, what I'd like to talk about this morning, Mike told me that, and you can imagine my surprise, that some of you are up here really to go skiing. [Laughter] I was shocked. If I could, by a show of hands, how many are really here to defraud the government by having an illegal tax write-off? Two. Mike was wrong. [Laughter] I thought so. He also told me that some of you may not have been involved with defending persons charged with continuing criminal enterprise, statute of Title 21. So I'll briefly go over that. Those of you that have defended people, it's kind of like the blind leading the sighted, but I'll touch on it real quick. It's found in Title 21, Section 848. It has five essential elements. The penalties for a first conviction for 848 is a minimum mandatory of ten years in prison without a possibility of probation or parole, and it specifically prohibits in the statute any suspended sentence. Also \$100,000 fine and up to life in prison. The statute has five essential elements. One, that a person has to have committed a felony. Secondly, that it has to be a continuing series of felonies, which is generally accepted as three or more. And they have to be narcotic felonies. Thirdly, that the persons have acted in concert with five others, and that basically means he must have conspired with five others, although not all at one time or all in one district. Fourthly, that he occupy the position of manager, director, organizer or supervisor, and he doesn't have to occupy all of those positions. And lastly, that

he obtained a substantial income.

There's a part of the 848 that gets everyone's attention, and that's the forfeiture provisions of 848. In 1970 the Congress of the United States decided to reverse 180 years of legislative history and provided for two laws which gave the government in personam forfeitures on properties. And that was RICO and CCE. When I was involved in a prosecution recently in San Diego, an attorney talked to me out in the hall and he told me that he felt that this law, this forfeiture provision in particular, was particularly devastating. It attacked the most fundamental rights in our society today. I asked him what those rights were. Was it due process or what was it? He says, "No, this is striking right at the heart of the attorney-fee system." [Laughter] And he was very, very opposed to it. And it does. It does strike at that.

Generally speaking, the indictment will particularly lay out the property that we seek to forfeit. In order to forfeit the property, three things have to be shown by the jury. The jury has to convict the man of 848. If he's not convicted, no forfeiture is possible. Secondly, the jury must find that the property is owned by the individual charged with 848, and thirdly, that it was acquired by the enterprise. If all of those are met, beyond a reasonable doubt, then the property is forfeited.

For the first ten years of continuing criminal enterprise, from 1970 to 1980, there was less than 80 prosecutions under CCE and less than 30 of them involved asset forfeitures. From 1980 to 1982 there was over 150 prosecutions for CCE and I don't know how many involved asset forfeitures. A substantial number. The government is trying to pay for itself. We're trying to operate on a profitable basis, I guess. [Laughter] But we are trying to take the assets away from the people that have gained the most from their illegal transactions. Unfortunately, so are you, and so we get into conflicts sometimes. [Laughter] We both have the same idea: Let's kick the butts. [Laughter] We just approach it a little differently.

There's another portion of the law when it comes to forfeiture, which is an in rem proceeding. It's a civil proceeding, and in 1978, Congress gave DEA this little tidbit and it was called 881 A6. And that section gives us the ability to take monies that were in-

tended to be used in a dope deal, to take the proceeds of the dope deal and to take any monies that were used to, or attempted to be used to, facilitate a dope deal. That's where sting operations come in and they're really a lot of fun.

When you pose as a seller, I can make all sorts of outrageous demands, just like the crooks make of me. "Let me see your driver's license," you know, "Let me see where you live." "What's your father's maiden name?" [Laughter] You know, I make all of these outrageous demands and "Let me see the money. Let me count it. Let me mark it." And in this one particular case, the individual went so far as to mark the bags of cocaine that I was selling him with his initials. [Laughter] So he initialed it, then he gave me the money and then we arrested him. [Laughter]

The sheriff implies, or I think he came right out and said that he doesn't appreciate undercover work. But narcotics trafficking is a specific, intent crime. And it's very difficult to show a specific intent without actually capturing the words of the individual that you're talking to. I don't know of any way that I can prove that a man intended to distribute a certain narcotic unless he tells me that he's gonna sell it to me. Perhaps the quantity itself, but I've heard people say that they have 100 pounds of marijuana for personal use. [Laughter] A kilo of cocaine for personal use. So that would make it a misdemeanor. Without him actually telling me, or in some way describing his operation, I don't know how we could prove specific intent.

I ask you to look at your own fellow attorneys and suppose you had one amongst you that sincerely believed that evidence illegally obtained by the government and excluded in court was wrong. This man sincerely, or this woman sincerely believed that the exclusionary rule was wrong. And therefore, while representing every client he would not object to any statements made or to any evidence that the government may have acquired legally or illegally. Would that particular attorney be competent to carry out his job? Perhaps he would in *civil* law. Perhaps he would in some other areas of law, but in narcotics enforcement, or in the defense of narcotics cases, he would be less than effective. If I lived in Aspen, Colorado, I *may* feel just the way this sheriff does. I

don't know. This seems like a beautiful community. It's certainly a lot different than Oceanhill-Brownsville in Brooklyn or Harlem in Manhattan. It certainly has different problems, and the problems that are unique in Aspen may be solved and must be solved by the way he seems to be doing it. He's doing a good job. Obviously—he's been reelected by seventy-two percent of the people. I think if I came up here I don't think seventy-two percent of the people would vote for me. [Laughter]

So obviously he's doing *something* right. I don't see dead bodies all over the street from overdose deaths. So apparently if there is a problem with drugs, it's controlled and he's doing a good job at that. What works in Aspen doesn't work in Brooklyn. Doesn't work in Los Angeles. And in that regard I agree with him, when he said that there should be more control on the local level. The local police departments are more in tune with their trafficking problems. And the role of the federal government, as I perceive it, is to come into cases or areas where there is insufficient funds for the locals to do the job or where the organization itself stretches into different areas of jurisdiction across county lines, across state lines, or across national lines.

At any rate, so much for the background. I'd like to talk a little bit about Marcel Oberlin. He was the individual that made the mistake of buying cocaine from me. The investigation of Marcel Oberlin began actually as a foreign-enforcement operation in Brazil. An American was arrested in Brazil and he told our agents down there that an individual, later identified as Marcel Oberlin, wanted to buy about 150 pounds of cocaine base and process it in the United States. This individual agreed to introduce our agent in Brazil to Marcel Oberlin, and the scheme was, generally, that Oberlin was going to go to Brazil, give the source of supply approximately \$100,000, obtain the cocaine, fly it back to the United States himself, in a private aircraft, and that would be the end of it. When he met our undercover agent in Brazil... the deal was supposed to go down in Brazil, everybody was supposed to be arrested in Brazil, and this is the thing that dreams are made out of. It just didn't work. What happened is, Marcel Oberlin didn't trust our undercover agent and said, "I'm not going to give you any money to front unless you give me some collateral."

So off they came to San Diego and I gave Marcel Oberlin two kilos of cocaine. We put it in the safe-deposit box, to which the both of us had joint access. In return for this, Marcel Oberlin wanted the government to finance \$100,000. He wanted to buy actually \$200,000 worth of cocaine. So we had agreed to do that, provided he, number one, fronted his \$100,000 to us, and then we would pay the second \$100,000, and secondly, that he secure the loan of \$100,000 with some property. Which he did. He placed corporation stocks that he had. He had formed a corporation in Montana and he placed those stocks in a safe-deposit box in the same manner that we did the cocaine. Our agent goes back down to South America, he gives the money to a real good crook, and the real good crook does what a real good crook does—he steals the money. [Laughter]

Now we're out \$100,000. [Laughter] And that's an "Oh, gosh" if I ever heard one. [Laughter] Well, this is no problem to Marcel, he's just gonna come up to San Diego and take his two kilos of cocaine and sell it for \$110,000 and go back and continue the operation. It's a problem to us because we went in and immediately did a search warrant on our safe-deposit box and removed the cocaine. So we knew that when he got to San Diego, he would get a hint that something was going on when there was nothing in the box. So what we did was, we changed the operation. We told Marcel, "Gee, come on up to San Diego and I have five kilos which I'm gonna give you at a special discount price and bring your best buyer along and we'll sell him the five kilos for \$40,000 a kilo." I'm sorry, for \$225,000 for all of the kilos.

Well, Marcel Oberlin liked that. He came up. He was a little hassled. He didn't really want to do the deal. He was a little shaky about the whole thing. And at this point we realized that this was going to be a domestic prosecution. It was gonna be a domestic enforcement operation. At that point I became concerned about all the issues we talked about—entrapment and outrageous government conduct or whatever. So I went over on telephone calls with him over and over again, "You sure you want to do this? You sure you want to do this?" I didn't realize that I wanted the money for the government, being the greedy little person I am, and not for his attorney, so when I asked him, I read over

the statute and I took the wording from the statute and I asked him at points, "You sure you want to do the deal?" "Yes. I want to do the deal." And to make sure that the money was going to be used in this overall conspiracy, I asked him if this deal that we were going to do, this sale of the five kilos of cocaine, was to facilitate the larger transaction. And he says, "Yup." Then he talks to me about his corporation up in Montana, that we had the stocks for. And at one point I called him in Brazil and told him, "Gee, that corporation is phony." And he just went livid. He thought his attorneys had ripped him off with the corporation and he was just really beside himself. And that was done accidentally. My secretary actually called up the State Licensing Corporation Section in Montana and got a negative report. But then he tells me all about his corporation. And I asked him, "Gee, what is this corporation?" "It's a holding company." "What's a holding company?" He brags. So then I asked him, "You mean to say that you take the proceeds from your transactions and put them in this corporation to make them untraceable?" And he says, "Yeah. They're invisible." So we seized the corporation too. We now have about forty or sixty acres of land in Montana.

AUDIENCE: You tell the story in a very entertaining way. Perhaps you should mention that Marcel Oberlin got twenty years. . .

D'ULISSE: Yes. I'll get to that. A lot of people ask, "How do you start an investigation like this?" or "How do you get involved in a major prosecution?" And, you look at the background of the individual.

After the arrest of Marcel Oberlin, we found out really who he was. That he was Marcel Oberlin. Prior to that, or a month prior to that, I thought he was Ivan LeFleur. Which was his pseudonym. Marcel Oberlin, generally, just for a background, he came to the United States about 1974 from France. He resided in Salt Lake City, Utah. And about 1975 he was involved in a vehicle accident where a young girl died. And the person that sponsored him into the United States reported to immigration that he was not a serious student. He joined the United States Army in 1966. He was honorably discharged from the United States Army to serve in the French army. If you are a citizen of France, regardless where

"When you pose as a seller, you can make all sorts of outrageous demands, you know, 'Let me see where you live.' 'What's your father's maiden name?'..."

you are, you must serve in the French army. So he went to serve in the French army. He served five days in the French army and came back to the United States. In 1969 he was arrested in Vermont, smuggling a small quantity of hashish, about twenty, thirty pounds of hashish. He was arrested in Canada in 1970. He wrote a letter to President Nixon in 1970 offering his services. In 1972 he was arrested in London. He was arrested in France in 1973. He was arrested in Lima, Peru, in 1974, with five kilos of cocaine which he claimed was the last of a fifty-kilo cocaine deal. And he was found not guilty of that charge in Lima, Peru. He didn't possess the cocaine; somebody that he was traveling with did.

In 1976 he wrote letters to a young lady threatening to expose her if she harmed him. He was complaining in the letter that she wasn't running the cocaine business correctly. In 1976 in the DEA files, we have a report that he's dealing cocaine somewhere in San Francisco. In 1977 he writes to DEA, honestly identifying some cocaine smugglers that he had a falling out with. In 1978 a lady was arrested in Los Angeles International Airport and identified Marcel Oberlin and his wife, Joanne, although she wasn't his wife at that time, as being the persons responsible for her recruitment to fly to Panama to bring back cocaine. In June of '78 he was selling cocaine to people in Union City, outside of San Francisco. In June of 1981 he was ripped off and robbed of approximately 150 pounds of cocaine base in the West Caicos islands when he was bringing it in from South America. And in December of '81 is when we became involved, when an American citizen hiding in Brazil was arrested by the Brazilian authorities.

Marcel Oberlin and his wife and several others went to trial in San Diego. We lost the case on I think six of the nine defendants, including the main source of supply in Colombia. We prevailed in the conviction of Marcel Oberlin for continuing criminal enterprise; an English citizen by the name of Paul D— and Marcel Oberlin's wife, for conspiracy to import and possess with the intent to distribute. Marcel Oberlin was sentenced in San Diego. He received numerous sentences. . . . I think it ended up to be a total of about seventy-five years.

Prior to his sentencing, I talked to Marcel in jail. During the course of the

trial he attempted to commit suicide by overdosing on Valium. When I talked to him in jail, he indicated to me that regardless of the sentence he got, if he had to serve a *day* he was gonna kill himself. And his attorney was with me. We just said, "No, this is foolish. There's always another alternative." Apparently for Marcel there wasn't. When he got sentenced at twelve in the afternoon, by eight at night he had committed suicide. I found out about it by watching television at eleven at night.

I don't take joy in . . . and I don't think that anybody trafficking in drugs necessarily deserves the death penalty. He inflicted a far greater penalty on himself than any court could have or would have. At any rate, it doesn't dissuade me from my beliefs in the tactics used and in the method of investigation.

AUDIENCE: Ron, didn't the government offer Marcel a deal to knock out the continuing criminal enterprise just before the trial started?

D'ULISSE: Yes.

AUDIENCE: And you people wanted to use him as an informant.

D'ULISSE: Yes.

AUDIENCE: And Justice said "no" in Washington?

D'ULISSE: No, that's not *quite* correct.

AUDIENCE: With that background of that individual, you were willing to use him as an informant for the DEA?

D'ULISSE: Yes. I'd make a deal with the devil himself if I had to. *[Laughter]*

AUDIENCE: And you have in the past. *[Laughter]*

D'ULISSE: Gentlemen, conspiracies hatched in hell don't have angels for witnesses. *[Laughter]*

AUDIENCE: Ron, the real problem is not who you're making the deal with, but what the overview is of it. I've been listening today and you are one of the most amusing of speakers I could imagine. The first speaker was somebody who comes on with a very earnest and open appearance. I'm reminded of a case my office participated in, the Madison bombing of the early '70s. We did the investigation of it in the mid-'70s. A radical case. In the course of that case we interviewed an FBI agent. He was retired. And in a casual conversation he said to us something very simple. He said that he himself had committed more illegal break-ins, by himself, than the agency was then admitting for the whole of the FBI, in a cleansing and purifying operation. He also said he'd never say that on

the stand, but he admitted it. And he pointed out that there were *no* controls. In fact, within the agency, nobody *wanted* to know about what he was doing. . . . What are the internal controls on you?

D'ULISSE: Okay. To begin with, I'll have to disagree with my colleague. In 1968 Congress did *not* authorize wire intercepts or aural intercepts. What they did was prohibit and provide penalties for intercepts, and they said, "Under certain circumstances, law-enforcement agencies can do it. Now what that means is, when you are operating outside of the exception, i.e., you are *not* minimizing, you are, in my opinion, breaking the law. You are breaking Title 3. You are conducting an illegal wire intercept in my opinion.

AUDIENCE: What's the sanction?

D'ULISSE: I think it's fifteen years, isn't it? It's a felony, if you, let's say, were to go and hook up a phone in Mr. Stepanian's office.

AUDIENCE: I'd get indicted and convicted, but you'd get excused.

D'ULISSE: . . . that's your personal opinion. I don't believe so.

AUDIENCE: It's true. . . .

AUDIENCE: Rick, with all due respect to you, I'm sure you all meet the highest professional standards in your capacity, but where do you think the future of drug enforcement from [your] position is going? What do you see for the future of DEA?

RICK BARRETT: . . . I'm glad you asked that question. I think that it's really time for someone, DEA, the FBI and the Justice Department to come out to Congress when they're appealing for their budgets and be honest with them and say, "Drug enforcement is not the total answer to the drug-abuse problem in America. It's only a small, small fraction. You know, maybe two percent of the whole picture." Without an equal motivation for reducing demand, not to have a longing for a chemical, that's where we come in. The educators, the parents, the lawyers, officers of the court, law-enforcement officers. Quite frankly, my belief is, drug enforcement can be enhanced through reducing demand much better than it can be by reducing supply. Because as long as there's a demand, there'll always be a supply, and it's up to each and every one of us to make a decision if we think it's good in the big picture.

So, as far as where do I see drug enforcement going in the future? I don't think there's a need for more

money, I don't think there's a need for bigger and faster cars, I don't think there's a need for airplanes. You know, we have what we have, we're gonna be around in the future, we're not gonna go out, there will always be a spot for enforcement in the overall picture. But I think if we're ever to make any impact, it's gonna have to be in reduction of demand.

NASATIR: Ron, do you agree with that?

D'ULISSE: Yes and no. If you expect law enforcement to solve a social problem, you're looking at the wrong people to do that. On the other hand, I'm a first-generation Italian. My father was born in Italy. When he first came over here, he used to sell heroin on a street corner in Brooklyn. That was in 1912 and he worked in a pharmacy and it was legal to sell and distribute heroin and cocaine. Two cents of heroin, a penny's worth of cocaine. And we often discussed, why not legalization? He didn't feel it was any problem with legalization of heroin. He says, "You know, a couple of years using heroin, a guy died. And there's no problem."

[*Laughter*] There was no penicillin in those days. You had hepatitis, it was fatal. You had some kind of jaundice, you know, you died. Unfortunately, well I shouldn't say unfortunately. Fortunately, today, there is penicillin and there are other drugs that sustain life, and I think Oliver Wendell Holmes said it better than I could when he said, "Your right to swing your fist stops where my nose begins." Your right to be a drug addict or to do anything with your life is your right and I won't infringe on that. But it stops when you start using my county facilities, my county hospitals, to treat your withdrawal problems, to treat your unemployment problems, your lack of motivation...

MICHAEL STEPANIAN: "I'll make a pact with the devil if I have to," says Agent D'Ulisse.

What the fuck is he talkin' about!? Weird! Why? To bust me?—beautiful me?—perfect me?—the most ethical guy in the world?...

Rick Barrett, who I like—the narc with the charts: "Yes, we minimize thirty-nine percent." Okay, but what about all the other stuff they heard? What about that! And I like Rick Barrett...

You know something? I am going to have to participate in the countersurveillance of police officers. I don't like

to do this. I don't like to put moles in—cultivate that scumbag who wants to be a cop, and talk to him, and have him infiltrate into the organization. I don't want to do that. Do I have to? I don't want to have to put a stupid device on the phone every time I talk to a guy. I don't want to do that. I wanna fuck around!

Do I have to surveil police? Do I have to put up monitors? Do I have to do that? Voice-activated machines, wiretaps—do I gotta do that? Every time I go into a hotel room I gotta bring a guy with a wand? Come on, man. The quarters... pockets are ripping.

I will not participate in suborning perjury!—on the telephone. [*Laughter*] I promise, I promise. But I'm tired of these things. And I'm cool, I'm totally cool. I'm the cleanest asshole in town; they didn't even audit me. I gotta go into the telephone booth, and I gotta get guys to take the phone apart!?—my ex-agent buddies who used to go through the boardroom at Bendix. Counter-business intelligence. Fuck that!

It's bad, though. They're makin' me do it. Because they're makin' pacts with the devil. And they forget one thing: we're criminal lawyers. So the devils that they happen to be talkin' about are criminals:

"Hi, criminal, What do you want to do to get off?"

"Where do I sign?"

"Get Stepanian; he's too loud."

The government is making us become stealthful. I don't want to be like that. I want to talk on the phone. I want to fool around. I want to have some fun. I want to enjoy myself. I want to practice law. I want to be free. I don't want to hide! I don't want to have safe-deposit boxes. I don't want to have combination locks for my files. I don't want to do that! But the government is forcing us to do that, because they'll make a pact with the devil. See, that's bad. That's bad.

NASATIR: Well, I think it's about all we have time for. I think some people here want to go skiing. [*Laughter*] Before you go, you know—it's tough for law-enforcement officials and officers like these to come here and talk to what, you know, really is a hostile audience, and I think you should give them a real round of applause. [*Applause*] And we'll see you this afternoon when we talk about how to defend against these guys. [*Laughter*] □

"Your right to be a drug addict or do anything with your life is your right... But it stops when you start using my county facilities, my county hospitals, to treat your withdrawal problems..."

GREENHOUSING

What offers protection from predators and rip-off artists, a controlled optimal growing environment and a tax write-off to boot? Greenhouses. A guide to growing therein.

Greenhouses have become incredibly popular out here in plume country. All over the San Francisco Bay Area glass and plastic structures of every configuration are proliferating at a rapid pace. The California legislature has even written up some tax advantages for home owners who install greenhouses as solar collectors to partially heat their homes. As an offshoot of this development, the greenhouses have started a gardening revolution in coastal areas where cool temperatures throughout the summer prevent satisfactory results with warm-season crops. This increased use of the greenhouse by all types of gardeners made my greenhouse that much more inconspicuous.

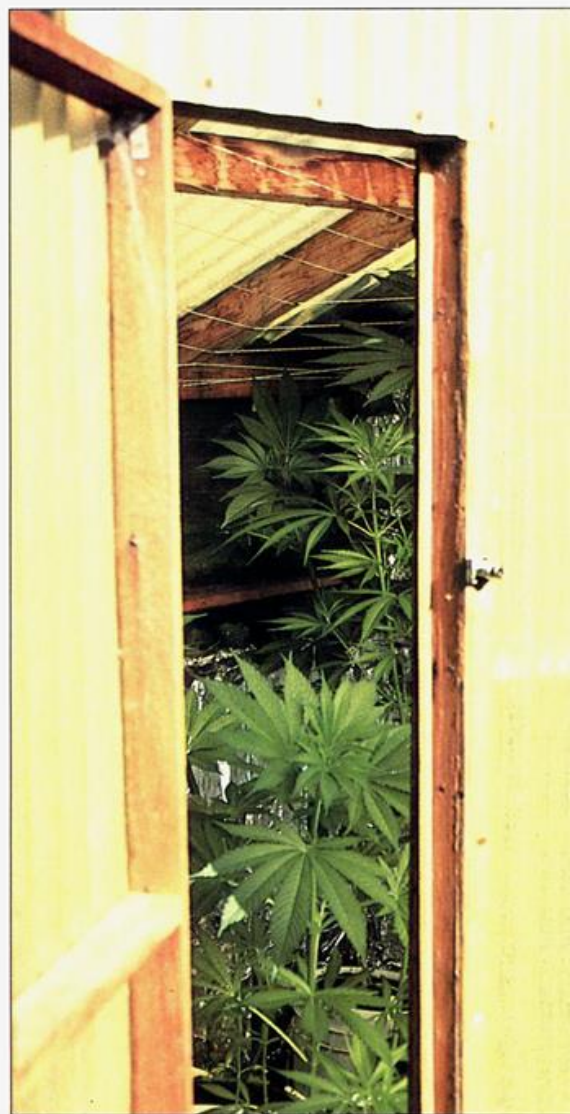
Perhaps I should have enclosed my entire yard of 20 feet by 40 feet with a greenhouse and asked my neighbors to guess when they inquired as to what was within. As it was, I settled for a Luther Burbank-type cover, doing a passable job of keeping up the overgrown gardens, though I couldn't tell a nasturtium from a punk rock. In a single day I replaced a rickety slat structure with what I thought others would think was a structure too small for growing grass, 6 feet by 6 feet with a maximum height of 7 feet. I planted vegetables in any open spaces outdoors, though I could easily buy them in a store for half the price of seeds and labor. No part of the yard was allowed to lie fallow as I strove to maintain the appearance of a happening garden of which the greenhouse was but one aspect—a mere incubation hut amidst the floral splendor. Later I actually came to enjoy the mundane tasks of watering, weeding and

killing bugs.

Picking a suitable location for a greenhouse can be difficult if your neighbors are going to know what you're up to. Surprisingly, in my four years of experiments, no one asked me what I was growing. I was always very friendly but superficial, steering the conversation around to trivial topics. With a little ingenuity and a cool attitude you should be able to deal with the nosiest of neighbors. I have seen old sheds without visible roofs and porches on top floors easily adapted for hothouse growing by removing sections of the roof and replacing it with corrugated plastic. Filon is recommended, but good results can be achieved with brands costing much less. The cheap stuff is a little less translucent—which can be helpful—and is available anyplace that sells ugly patio furnishings.

The walls of my greenhouse were built with the cheapest 2 by 4's, without a foundation—I had no idea at the time how long the setup could last. Taut strings at 6-inch intervals and many plant ties helped to keep the herb away from the sidewalls where they can become visible to the outside. The roof has a permanent venting system if you don't close off the corrugations, and I cut adjoining walls a little long so no one could see in. Another venting system was made by making the outside wall on the windy side a few inches short on the bottom. A second wall was added to the inside. I fashioned vent openings with heavy aluminum foil which I also used to cover areas that did not transmit light.

What I could not produce in quantity



Open entrance to the greenhouse. Corrugated plastic lets in light but makes it impossible to see the plants from outside.

I attempted to make up for in quality. You can get some luscious weed if your season lasts until the end of October, my time frame. And I planted different varieties of seeds to protect against the vagaries of the weather.

naissance planes). The days of sinse production may be limited here, but the new strains make commercial production possible in most locations throughout the United States.

Though good results can be obtained

the hottest summer months when it quickly fills any space available to it. Satisfactory crops planted later than July 1 are certainly possible; just be sure to add a few more plants to ensure filling your space.

The overheating of a greenhouse is not much of a problem with marijuana. The plant seems to enjoy temperatures well into the hundreds if it gets water and ventilation (my greenhouse barely broke 100°). However, in hotter areas, structures may be needed to control the temperature. One method of cooling down a greenhouse, "damping down," entails gently spraying the plants and the structure with water. Evaporation cools temperatures. This can be done anytime before the buds begin to form. Fans also make good ventilation devices. Direct the flow away from the plants to avoid moisture loss.

Getting your plants off to a good start is critical in growing fine marijuana; the seedling stage can become a total disaster if the right conditions are not met. Before the development of a root system, a constantly moist but well-drained medium is needed by the plant. An overly wet medium will not grow a good plant—it will wither while the roots begin to rot. By the same token, a dry medium will not help propagate a healthy root system as the roots will not venture beyond moisture. A good medium can be made by combining four parts potting soil and two parts each



Looking up at the ceiling. Buds grow along the top.

Here in California, in the last couple of years, the tendency has been toward growing the earliest plants possible. This is occurring not because of climatic conditions, but because of our governor who has turned up the heat on local growers by calling in the National Guard (and for this past season AWACS recon-

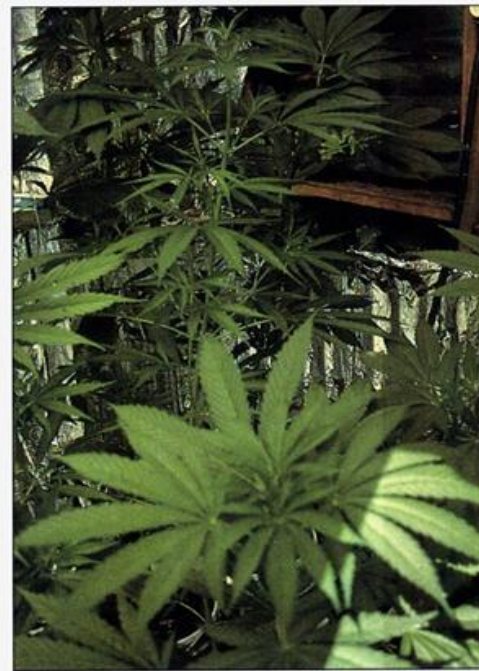
with the early varieties, greenhouse growers, because of their extended season, will do well to try some of the later-maturing plants. Most Hawaiian seeds, for example, will come in before November and have excellent resistance to molding, not to mention their blessedly intense high.

In warmer locations a sophisticated greenhouse system could grow marijuana year-round. The apparatus needed would be a heat source and supplemental lighting during the winter. A minimal heating system that can keep the nighttime temperature above 45 degrees in mid-March makes a second crop possible in the spring. To accomplish this, early maturing seeds are started indoors under lights around mid-February. A 160-watt fluorescent system on a 24-hour cycle is adequate for this purpose. If put in the greenhouse by mid-March, the plants will begin flowering within a few weeks and mature in late May. The plants can be cut back to flower again in the fall.

If a single crop a year is desired, a good starting date is May 1. Many growers start their plants much earlier than this, claiming that they will be bigger, and because they are older, more potent. But a healthy plant of any age seems able to produce great grass. The heaviest growth period for marijuana is in



The undergrowth is lush because light comes in from all sides.



I used every inch of space in the greenhouse in order to optimize production.

vermiculite and perlite. Avoid soil for acid-loving plants, choosing instead a medium of neutral pH.

Nitrogen deficiency, recognized by a blotchy redness on the stems of leaves (and on the main stem if advanced), is a frequently occurring problem in growing marijuana. A high-nitrogen fertilizer should be used (10-5-5 or similar multiples), and the dosage can be increased until the problem is alleviated. Over-fertilization is recognized by a yellowing in the growing tip of the plant; it is beginning to burn. Leach the soil with water, adding a teaspoon of lime per gallon.

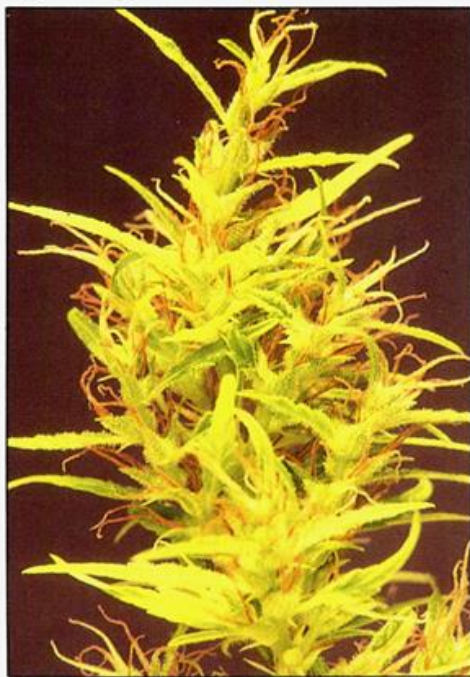
In the greenhouse, growing pot in pots rather than in beds is preferable, as at various times you will have to move the plants around for even growth. Later you will have to remove the males, which can leave large areas of open space. Four-gallon plastic paint buckets are inexpensive and will grow large plants. Further along in the season they can be partially dug into the ground to get another foot of headroom for an overactive 12-footer. The same medium for seedlings will work well in these pots. Indeed, using this method, a seedling need not be replanted into another pot. But by using a little less perlite in the large pot you will help to conserve water which will be important if you want to leave town for a long summer weekend and don't have an automatic watering system.

Pruning is a good way to help contain a large plant. Nipping the growing tip of a healthy young plant will encourage lower branch growth and produce two new main stems, each about half the diameter of an unpruned stem. These are easier to direct to available space. This procedure can be done safely once or twice after the fourth set of leaves develops.

Spiders love greenhouses. They gravitate toward them naturally, taking up residence in any available crack or crevice. Small spiders patrol the plants themselves, moving about on a single strand of silk in search of food. If you can bear it, let them live, they can keep your greenhouse free of many kinds of insects that usually pose bigger problems. The spiders never bother me, but on occasion I've had to be nasty to them. I used a gloved hand to trim back their webs which can damage marijuana flowers. However, people who live in an area that the black widow frequents may not want to pursue this, although

this spider is said to attack only if extremely provoked. Remember, many spider bites are serious, so use gloves to protect yourself if you use this method of insect control.

Male flowers become apparent from early August on and can be found first on the branch axils high on the main stem. Early identification is important so that these plants can be removed to open up maximum light space for the female. If you want to grow sinsemilla it is necessary to remove the males before their flowers open, releasing the pollen that will fertilize the females. A big male plant can produce well over



The results of my not-so-hard toils. These buds were sweet rather than pungent and it was a soaring high.

1,000 seeds. Complete fertilization of a female with small but well-developed flowers will cut the life cycle of the plant by a few weeks, inhibiting growth and producing smaller, heavily seeded buds.

You should breed your plants by maturing a few select males outside the greenhouse and paint the pollen on a few branches of each female with a soft brush. Much has been made of the complexities of the breeding process, and agricultural schools have spent millions of dollars trying to come up with, say, a better tomato, with at best mixed results. This process essentially attempts to breed a uniformity into plants not necessary or possible for the home-grower. Crossing your best plants will likely give you the best progeny. Still, a certain amount of uniformity can be

useful so that you can reasonably predict space requirements and maturity dates. Generally, homogeneous lines can be kept intact for several years before outbreeding is necessary to maintain vigor.

Pick the buds when the pods swell with resin. So much whitish resin will be present—the plant's way of beckoning one last time for male fertilization—that the flowers will slightly turn color to a lighter green. These buds will be great, but if the ripening weather is good, leave the flowers on and they will take on added color, if not potency. But, a purplish color sets in with cold nights. The plants, much like people who turn this color, are nearing death.

In the late-flowering period some plants can become infected with gray or other molds, wispy balls of spores that can eat marijuana flowers and are difficult to contain. Cool weather and low-light conditions promote mold growth. Any movement of the infected branch will release a cloud of spores and other plants may be affected, depending on their resistance to the mold. If you want to keep these plants a few more days, gently cover the infected branch before cutting it off. Remove the infected section, keeping the rest of the plant separated from others after harvest. A dehumidifier or heater can prevent most problems of this sort.

To aid in the expiration of moisture, dry the flowers after trimming extraneous leaf. A warm, dark area without excess humidity works well. Continue to dry for a few days after the buds are smokable. This helps in the release of excess moisture deep within the chasm of the flower, which, over a period of months, can activate dormant mold spores. Store in Baggies, keeping the plants separate from one another, and check monthly for excess moisture. For extended storage the buds should be barely pliable. A very slight molding on immature buds will cut down their harsh smoking qualities.

I waited four long years hoping the political climate would change and I would be able to enter my beauties in the county fair. No such luck. It seems that money for Salvadoran death squads can be appropriated immediately, but justice for marijuana smokers is slated to take place long after hell freezes over. Longer, anyway, than I was able to stay in my private little Eden, which my landlord sold out from under me, as landlords have been known to do. □

"YOU KISSED LILLY"

They say that time heals all wounds. Somebody better tell Margaret that. Might as well tell Ted, too. Lilly already knows.

It was a Wednesday night. The television hadn't been much good. Theodore was 56. His wife, Margaret, was 50. They had been married 20 years and had no children. Ted turned off the light. They stretched out in the dark.

"Well," said Margy, "aren't you going to kiss me goodnight?"

Ted sighed and turned to her. He gave her a light kiss.

"You call that a kiss?"

Ted didn't answer.

"That woman on the program looked just like Lilly, didn't she?"

"I don't know."

"You know."

"Listen, don't start anything and there won't be anything."

"You just don't want to discuss things. You just want to clam up. Be honest now. That woman on the program looked like Lilly, didn't she?"

"All right. There was a similarity."

"Did it make you think of Lilly?"

"Oh Christ—"

"Don't be evasive! Did it make you think of her?"

"For a moment or so, yes—"

"Did it make you feel good?"

"No, listen, Marge, that thing happened five years ago!"

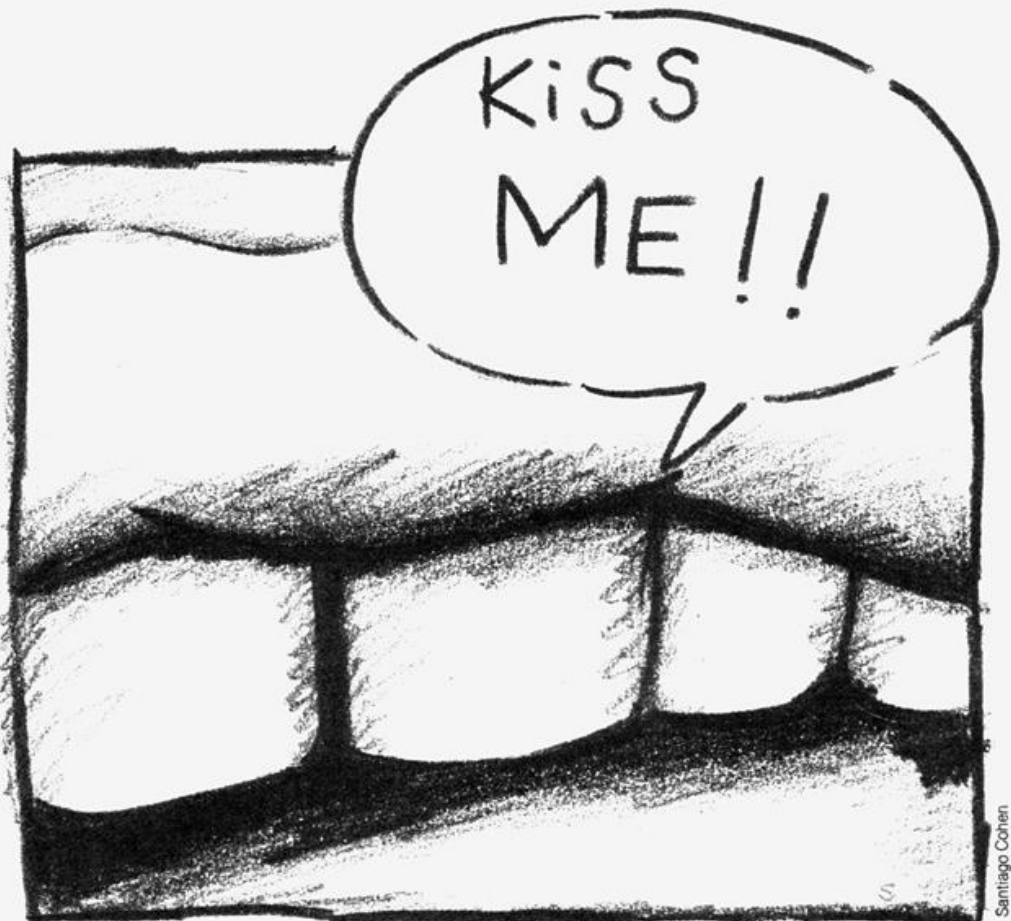
"Does time change what happens?"

"I told you I was sorry."

"Sorry! Do you know what you *did* to me? Suppose I had done that with some man? How would you feel?"

"I don't know. Do it and then I'll know."

"Oh, now you're being flip! It's a joke!"



"Marge, we've discussed this thing four or five hundred nights."

"When you were making love to Lilly did you kiss her like you kissed *me* tonight?"

"No, I guess not—"

"How then? How?"

"Jesus, stop it!"

"How?"

"Well, different."

"How was it different?"

"Well, there was a newness. I got excited—"

Marge sat up in bed and screamed. Then she stopped.

"And when you kiss me it's not exciting, is that it?"

/ continued on next page

"We're used to each other."
 "But that's what *love* is: living and growing together."
 "Okay."
 "'Okay'? What do you mean, 'Okay'?"
 "I mean, you're right."
 "You don't say it like you mean it. You just don't want to talk. You've lived with me all these years. Do you know why?"
 "I'm not sure. People just settle into things, like jobs. People just settle into things. It happens."
 "You mean being with me is like a job? Is it like a job now?"
 "You punch a time clock on a job."
 "There you go again! This is a serious discussion!"

"I can't do that—"
 "Why? Because I don't excite you like Lilly did? Because I'm not *new*?"
 "I hardly remember Lilly."
 "You must remember *enough*. All right, you don't have to *fuck* me! Just *kiss* me like you did Lilly!"
 "Oh my god, Margy, *please* let off, I beg you!"
 "I want to know *why* we've lived all these years together! Have I wasted my life?"
 "Everybody does, almost everybody does."
 "Waste their lives?"
 "I think so."
 "If you could only *guess* how much I hate you!"
 "Do you want a divorce?"
 "Do I want a divorce? Oh my god, how *calm* you are! You ruin my whole goddamned life and then ask me if I want a divorce! I'm fifty years old! I've given you my life! Where do I go from here?"

put the gun to the part of his chest nearest her and pulled the trigger. The bed jolted and she pulled the gun away. A sound much like a fart came out of Theodore's mouth. He didn't seem to be in pain. The moon shone through the window. She looked and the hole was small and there wasn't much blood. Margaret moved the gun to the other side of The-



"All right."
 "'All right'? You loathsome ass! You're about to fall asleep!"
 "Margy, what do you want me to do? That happened years ago!"
 "All right, I'll tell you what I want you to do! I want you to *kiss me* like you did Lilly! I want you to *fuck* me like you did Lilly!"

"You can go to hell! I'm tired of your voice. I'm tired of your bitching."
 "Suppose I had done that with a man?"
 "I wish you had. I wish you would!"
 Theodore closed his eyes. Margaret sobbed. Outside a dog barked. Somebody tried to start a car. It wouldn't start. It was 65 degrees in a small town in Illinois. James Carter was president of the United States.
 Theodore began to snore. Margaret went to the bottom drawer of the dresser and got the gun out. A .22 revolver. It was loaded. She got back into bed with her husband.
 Margaret shook him. "Ted, darling, you're *snoring*..."
 She shook him again.
 "What is it?" Ted asked.
 She took the safety off the gun and

odored his chest. She pulled the trigger again. This time he made no sound at all. But he continued to breathe. She watched him. The blood was coming. The blood stank terribly.

Now that he was dying she almost loved him. But Lilly, when she thought about Lilly... Ted's mouth on hers, and all the rest, then she wanted to shoot him again... Ted had always looked good in a turtleneck and he looked good in green, and when he farted in bed he always first turned away—he never

farted against her. He seldom missed a day at work. He'd miss tomorrow...

Margaret sobbed for a while and then went to sleep.

When Theodore awakened he felt as if there were long sharp reeds stuck into each side of his chest. He felt no pain. He put his hands on his chest and then lifted them in the moonlight. His hands were covered with blood. It confused him. He looked at Margaret. She was asleep and in her hand was the gun he had taught her to use for her own protection.

He sat up and the blood began exiting more quickly from the two holes in his chest. Margaret had shot him while he had been asleep. For fucking Lilly. He hadn't even been able to climax with Lilly.

"What are you *doing*, Theodore?"

He pointed the gun at Margaret's upper thigh, left leg. He fired. He stopped her new scream by putting his hand over her mouth again. He held it there some minutes, then took it away.

"You kissed Lilly," Margaret said.

There were two bullets left in the gun. Ted straightened and looked at the holes in his chest. The hole on the right side had stopped bleeding. The hole on the left side spurted a thin needlelike line of red at regular intervals.

"I'll kill you!" Margy told him from the bed.

"You *really* want to, don't you?"

"Yes, yes! And I will!"

strength. He threw the gun against the windowpane. The glass broke but the gun fell back inside of the house...

As he became conscious his wife was standing over him. She was actually *standing* on the two legs he had shot. She was reloading the gun.

"I'm going to kill you," she said.

"Margy, for Christ's sake, listen! I love you!"

"Crawl, you lying dog!"

"Margy, please—"

Theodore began to crawl toward another bedroom.

She followed him. "So, it *excited* you to kiss Lilly?"

"No, no! I didn't like it! I hated it!"

"I'll blow those damned kissing lips right off your mouth!"

"Margy, my god!"

She put the gun to his mouth.

"Here's a *kiss* for you!"

She fired. The bullet blew away part of his lower lip and part of his jawbone. He remained conscious. He saw one of his shoes on the floor. He gathered his strength again and threw the shoe at another window. The glass broke and the shoe fell outside.

Margaret took the gun and pointed it to her breast. She pulled the trigger.

When the police broke down the door Margaret was standing and holding the gun.

"All right, madam, drop the gun!" said one of the cops.

Theodore was still trying to crawl away. Margaret aimed the gun at him, fired and missed. Then she dropped to the floor in her purple nightgown.

"What the hell happened?" one of the cops asked, bending over Theodore.

Theodore turned his head. His mouth was a blob of red.

"Skirrrr," said Theodore, "skirrrr..."

"I hate these domestic quarrels," the other cop said. "Real messy."

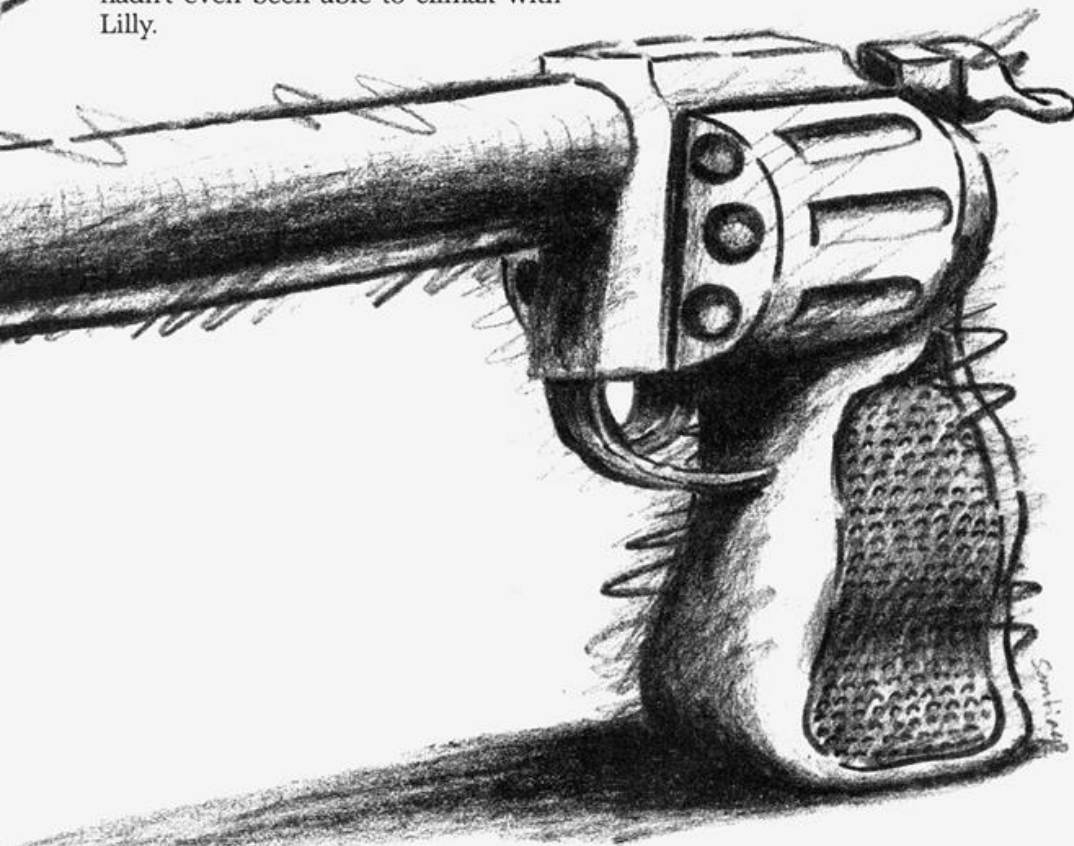
"Yeah," said the first cop.

"I had a fight with my wife just this morning. You can never tell."

"Skirrrr," said Theodore...

Lilly was at home looking at an old Marlon Brando movie on television. She was alone. She'd always been in love with Marlon.

She farted gently. She lifted her robe and began to play with herself. □



He thought, *I'm almost dead, but if I can get away from her I might have a chance.*

Theodore gently reached over and unclasped Margaret's fingers from the gun. The safety catch was still off.

I don't want to kill you, he thought, I just want to get away. I think I've wanted to get away for at least fifteen years.

He managed to get out of bed. He took the gun and pointed it at Margaret's upper thigh, right leg. He fired.

Margy screamed and he put his hand over her mouth. He waited some minutes and then took his hand away.

Ted began to feel dizzy and sick. Where were the cops? Surely they had heard all the gunshots? Where were they? Couldn't anybody hear gunfire?

He saw the window. He fired at the window. He was getting weaker. He fell to his knees. He moved on his knees toward another window. He fired again. The bullet made a round hole in the glass but it didn't shatter. A black shadow passed in front of him. Then it was gone.

He thought, *I've got to get this gun out of here!*

Theodore gathered the last of his

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KINGS WITH STRAW MATS

Kumbh Mela: A meeting of holy men in India,
as seen by Ira Cohen.



Ganesh Baba ties the sacred rudraksh beads around the neck of Ira Cohen.

I was living in Katmandu, writing poetry and experimenting with astral projection, when I heard that the Kumbh Mela was about to take place in Allahabad. I checked my dervish manual—the Poems of Rumi—and it told me to make my way as quickly as possible to this special 12-year meeting of pilgrims and holy men at the confluence of three rivers—the Ganges, the Jumna and the invisible underground Saraswati.

Over 12 million people were headed by jet, train, oxcart or simply on foot with the object of bathing at the astrologically perfect moment at the point where the three rivers met. As soon as I read those words of Rumi which proclaimed, "Stop being a water bearer and immerse yourself in the ocean," I got some color film on credit (no easy task in Nepal) and made travel arrangements for Allahabad where I arrived with about \$20, dreaming of 12 million third eyes opening simultaneously. After all, the place where the three rivers met was considered to be the external representation of the third eye itself.

The Kumbh Mela takes its name from the Hindu legend which tells how four drops of the gods' holy elixir

fell to the earth from a *kumbh* or pitcher during a struggle with jealous demons. The places where those four drops fell are Allahabad, Hardwar, Ujjain and Nasik, where the famous festivals are held every 12 years. And what was that elixir, if not that most powerful psychedelic, the fabled soma which was known by the ancients to confer instant divinity.

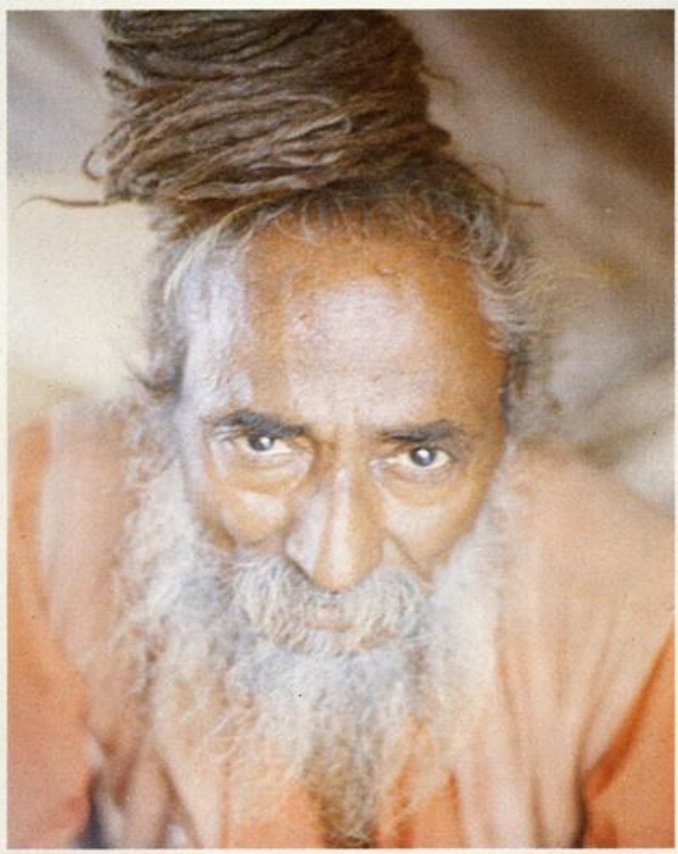
On my arrival, after literally having to smoke my way through hundreds of naked sadhus covered in ashes, I was fortunate enough to meet Ganesh Baba, *HIGH TIMES'* favorite guru and India's own Mr. Natural, who immediately transmitted to me by psychedelic bullet all I needed to know and gave me a place to sleep besides. It was Ganesh who said, "Someone should write a book called *Kings with Straw Mats*." It would be impossible to estimate how many tons of ganja and charas were smoked during the month-long festival.

The Samadhi Wala, who was about to have himself buried alive for a period of five days without food or water, sings out to me, "Only the Almighty can look after a yogi." Apart from all the drugs used to induce ecstasy and vision, some of the highest yogis and fakirs had their own time-honored ascetic techniques for getting even higher through meditation and the practice of austerities. In search of mystic union with Reality and the acquisition of special powers, they defied all ideas of human endurance, like standing on one leg for 12 years or more, even sleeping while standing with the aid of a hanging swing. Others, known as *Ek Bahus* or One Arms, hold their arms up for similar periods of time until the arm shrivels into a permanent upright position and

the fingernails grow right into the flesh. Other Nagas could lift enormous weights with their cocks, and during one of the processions through the streets of the city, I saw a naked sadhu pulling a carload of saffron swamis by a rope tied to his penis. On that day the townspeople threw over 50,000 rupees' worth of marigolds at the feet of the naked holy men as they marched to the river.

Even in your wildest dreams you could never imagine such a circus of high madness, true devotion and showbiz savvy as the Kumbh Mela, which could have absorbed the whole Woodstock nation as if under a single tent. As I stood immersed in the water with tears of inexpressible emotion running out of my eyes and thought, *Here I stand alone among millions*, I began to laugh. *We are a multitude moving towards a head.*

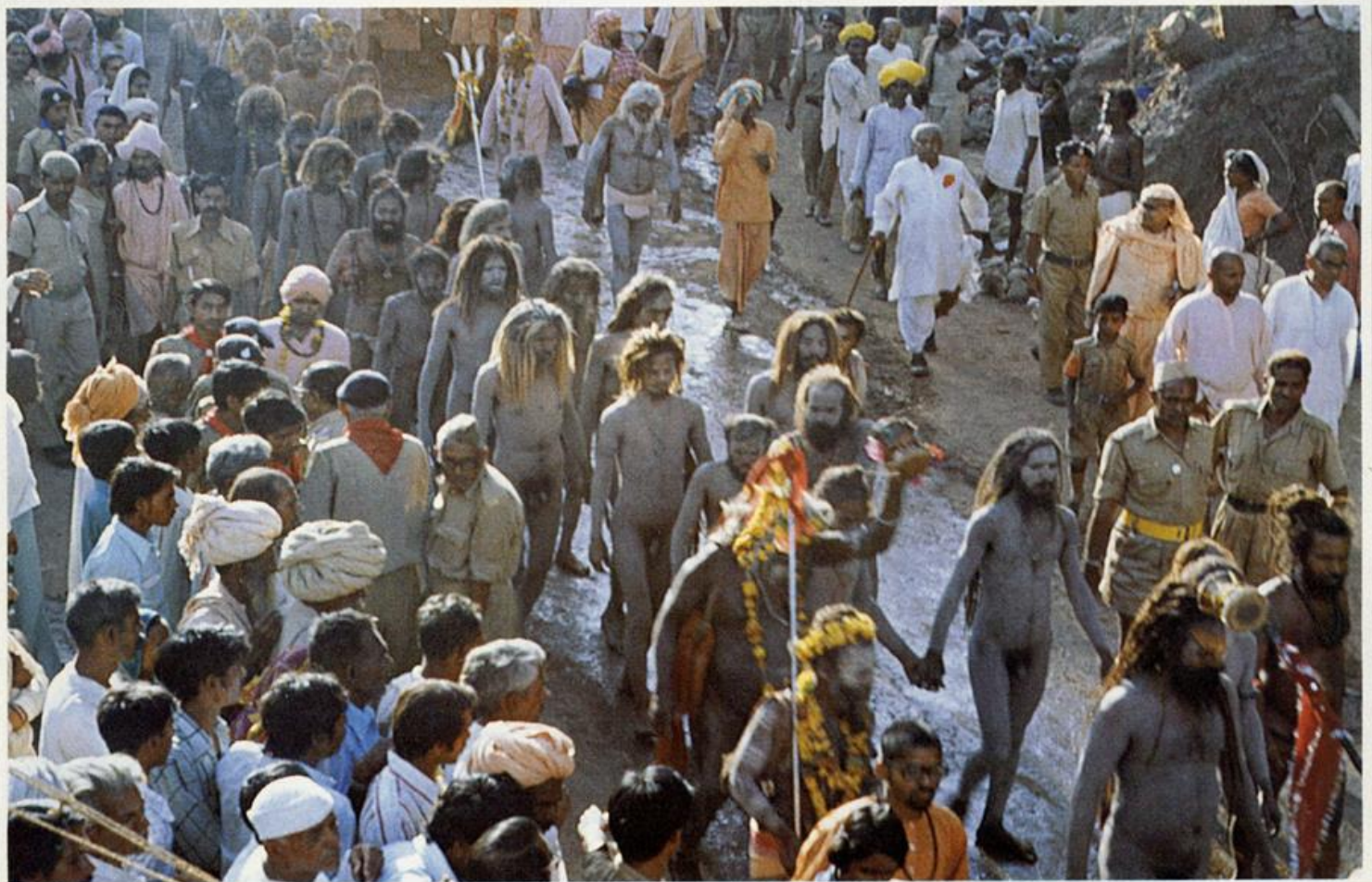
Most of these photos were made in India at the Allahabad Kumbh Mela in 1977, others at the Kumbh in Ujjain three years later, and a few at other religious festivals in India and Nepal. Taking photographs in such a situation was not always easy. Once, a fat authoritarian figure came down off his elephant to chase me away. Another time some film was confiscated by the Indian police. Then there was the rain. Even Antonioni with all his government permissions was stopped from filming by a little naked sadhu who had the support of thousands of his fellow yogis, and Antonioni ended by leaving the festival. If you ever want to go to a Kumbh Mela yourself, just take the Kailash 42nd Street Express, don't forget to change at Allahabad, and be sure to bring those two extra arms to hold yourself with. *Om Namo Narayan.* □



Sid Baba, a Naga guru, requested this portrait two days before he died.



Sid Baba, who died after taking the ritual bath, had been covered in marigolds and ashes before his body was taken to the river for sadhu burial.



Naked Nagas in procession march down to the river holding hands.

Clockwise, beginning at right:

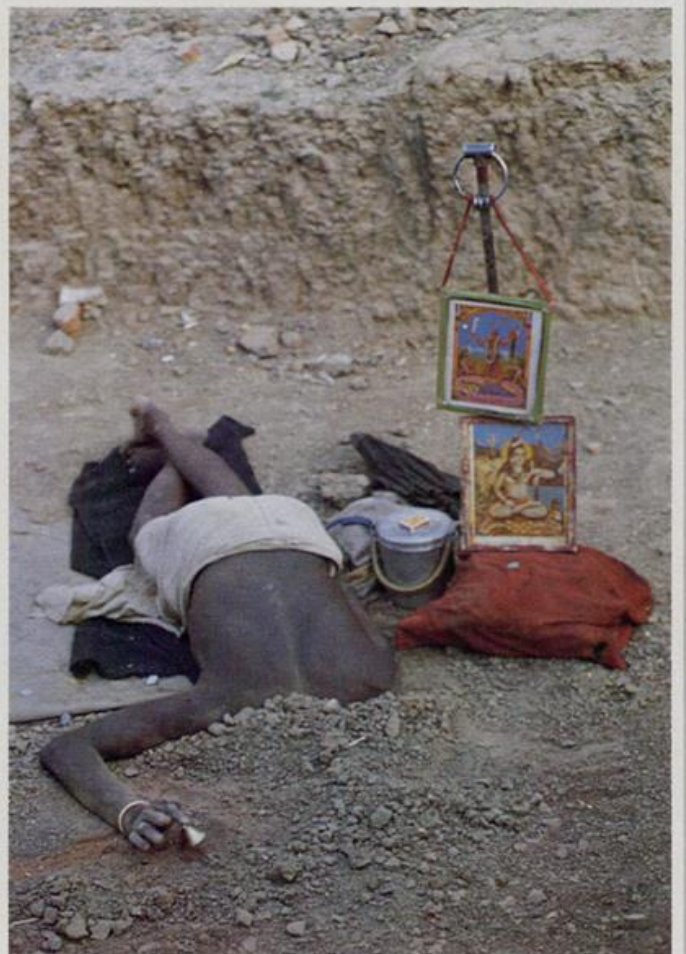
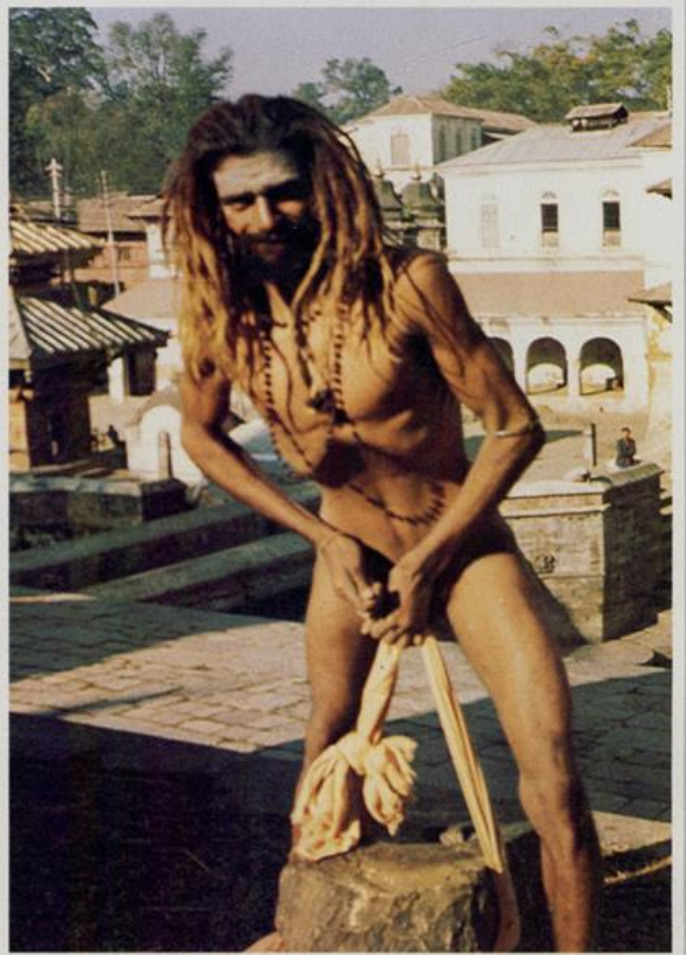
This Naga, photographed in Pashupatinath, demonstrates the strength of his penis by lifting a heavy stone.

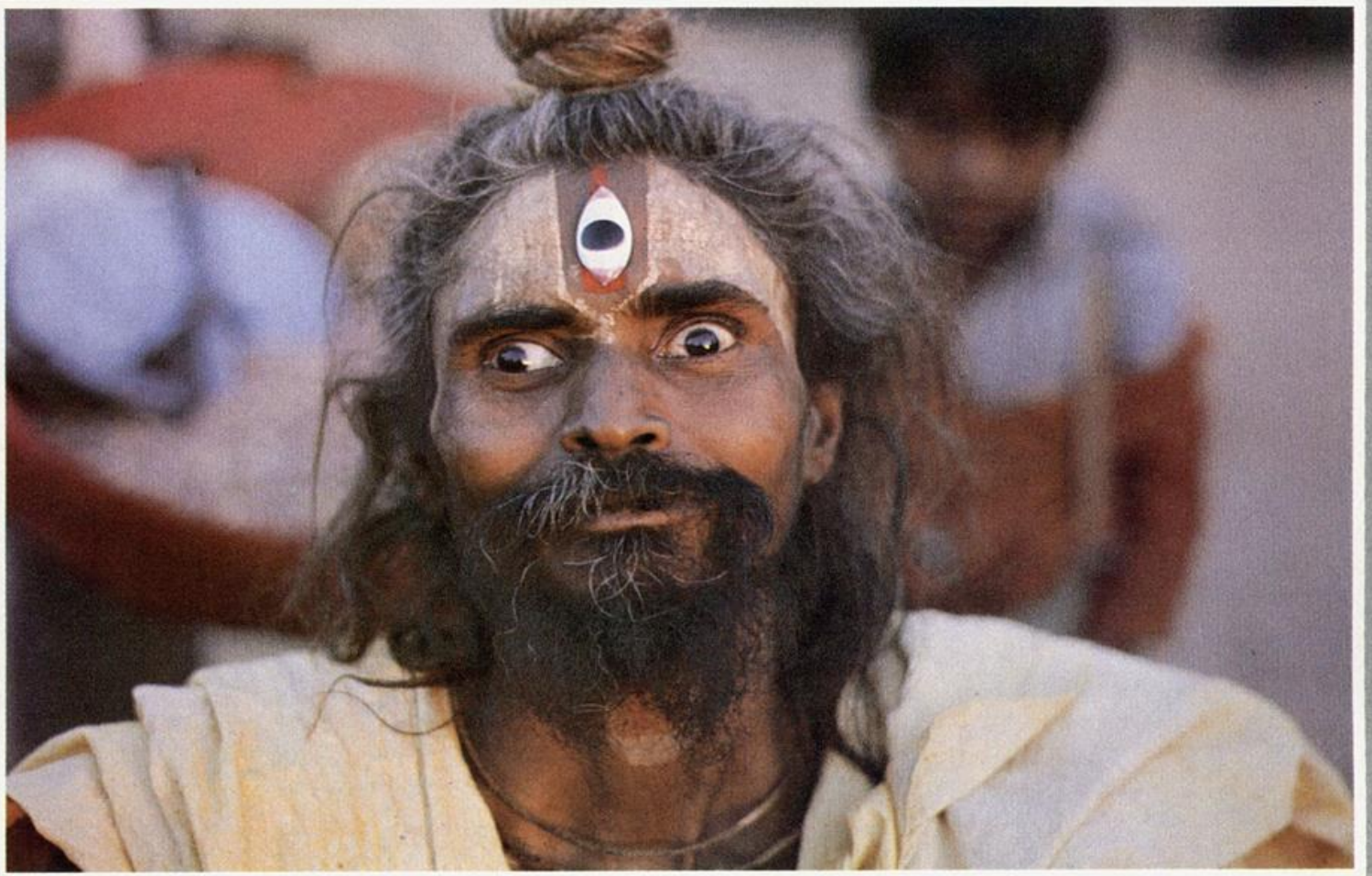
A stoned sadhu reveals his third eye.

Krishna Ma, a 10-year-old girl with pierced tongue, begs for alms, accompanied by her sadhu father.

This sadhu, his head buried in the ground, rings a bell in praise of Shiva.

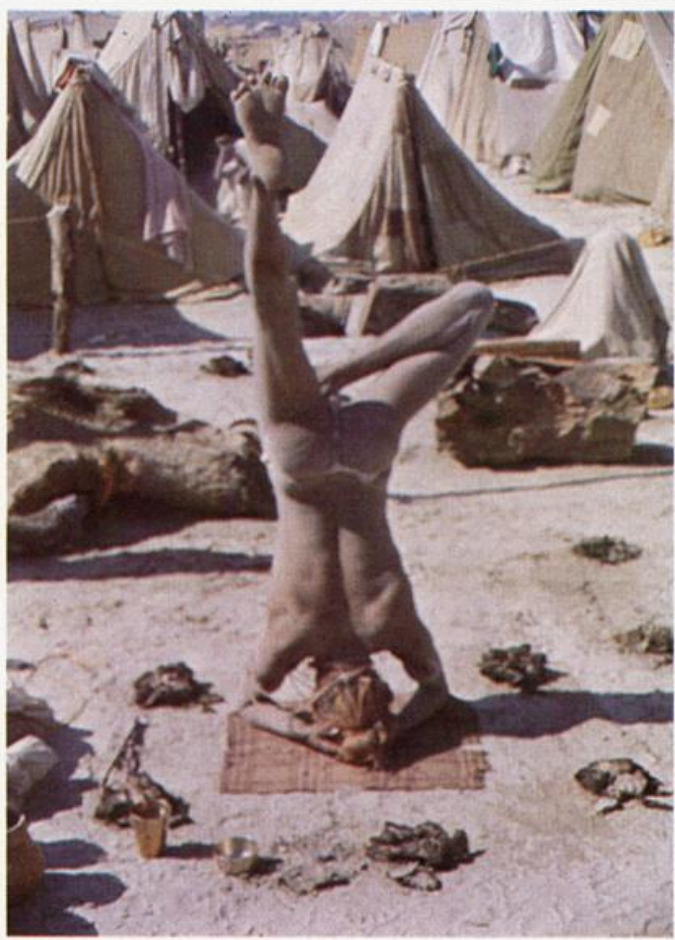
A follower of Shiva, buried up to his neck in the ground, receives offerings from the pilgrims.







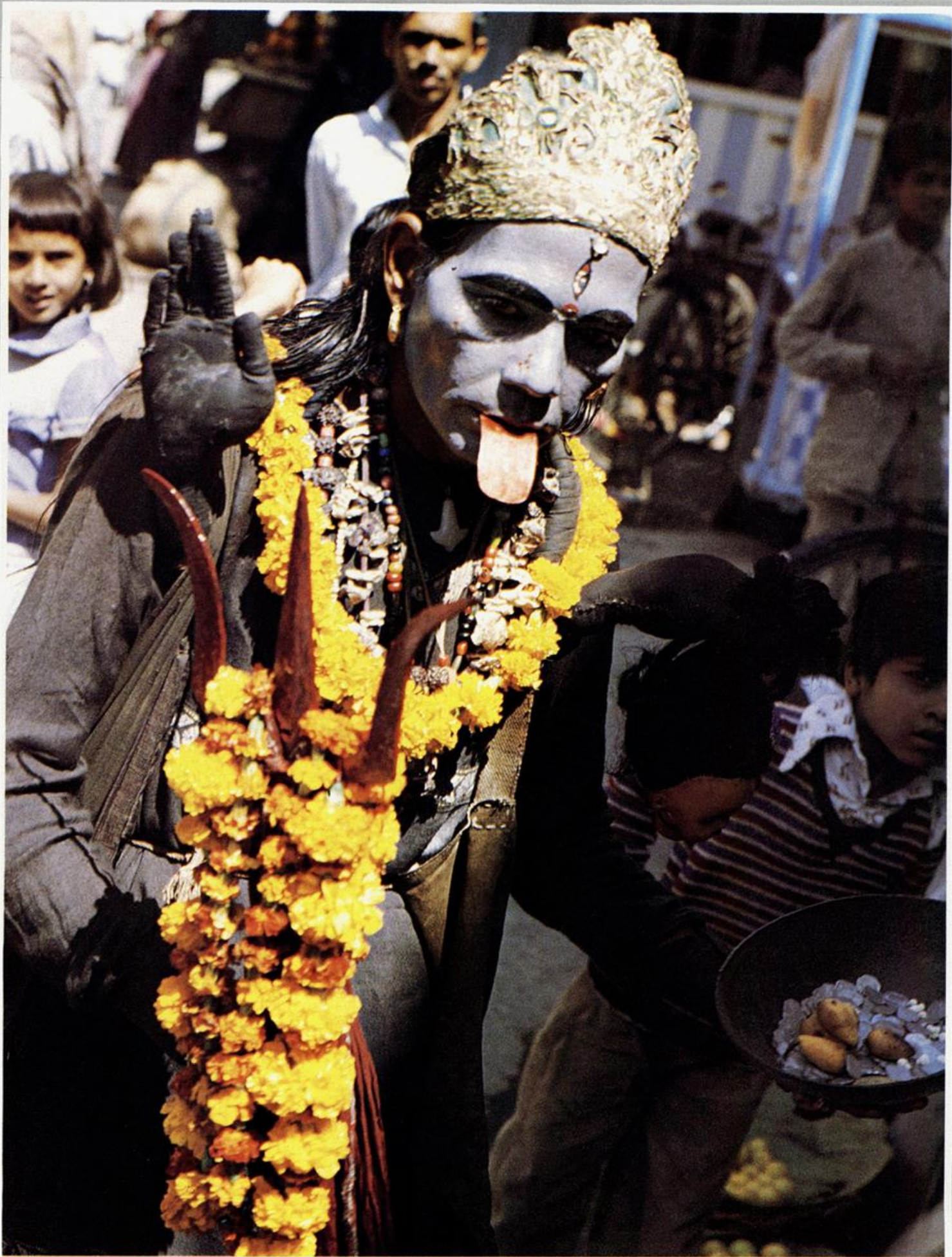
Two sadhu hipsters bop across a makeshift bridge.



A yogi performs a headstand surrounded by small cowdung fires.



This sadhu is a Kareshwari who has been standing on one leg for almost 12 years.



Someone dressed as Kali, the Goddess of Destruction, moves through the marketplace, inspiring the populace with awe.



Bom Shankar, left-hand Tantric, seen here in penitential burlap, shows his derision for death.



LIFE AFTER FLOWERING

Ever wonder if pot plants can live indoors for five years? Or if drying in a microwave affects potency? Ask Ed and ye shall receive an answer.

The photos are getting better and the competition is getting stiffer. This month we have **two Garden of the Month winners**:

Dear Ed,

Here is a picture of this past year's garden. I just heard about HIGH TIMES magazine a few months ago so I bought one and sat down and read it. When I got to the "Marketplace" and read about Kentucky sinse, I sure was surprised when I saw it was going from \$1,200 to \$1,600.

I started selling my sinse at \$100 a pound. Then went to \$200 and then \$300 a pound. I thought that was a good price. People all around said that I had the best pot money could buy at the time. The last I sold in pounds was for \$650. When I had five pounds left a guy offered me \$800 but I sold the stuff in small bags instead.

I sure would like to know where I could get \$1,500 out of it this fall (if I can keep the thieves out of it). I got ripped off four times this year and I stayed in the garden almost twenty-four hours a day. It took me five years to grow a good crop.

—Elmer from Kentucky



Dear Ed,

Here is a shot of my '83 closet garden lit by a 1000-watt halide. It has an output fan and a CO₂ tank, too.

—Anonymous
Green City, Ohio

Dear Ed,

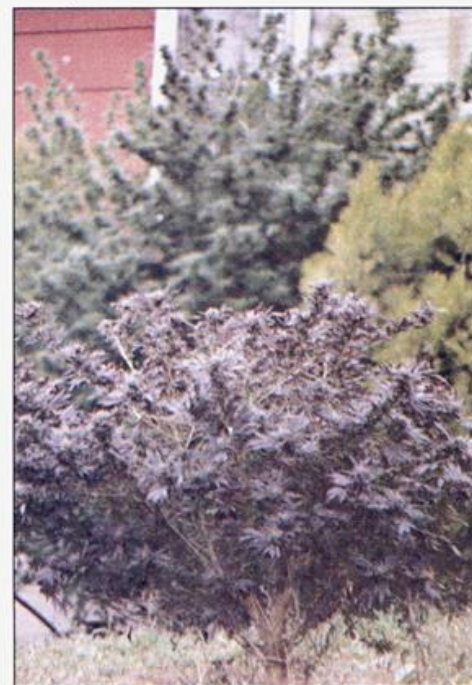
I'm wondering if you could settle a dispute for me. A friend of mine insists that marijuana plants can live indoors for five years or more. I disagree. Isn't pot an annual plant, casting off seeds and dying back at the end of the growing season? Up here it's too severe to tell, but even in the tropics the plants die back after flowering, don't they? Also, my friend says that a plant that dies off in the fall grows back the following spring from the roots.

Could you settle this for me?

—Dan the Sinse Man
Valparaiso, Ind.

Female marijuana flowers in response to long uninterrupted nights (8–12 hours, depending on variety). If the plant is kept in a room with the light on constantly, or intermittently, it will not

Plant of the Month: "This is a third-generation Californian. The plant reached a height of four feet and yielded one and a half pounds of manicured, purple sticky buds. The background plant is a first-year Hawaiian which reached a height of thirteen feet, was nine feet wide, and yielded five pounds of manicured buds." From Anonymous in Florida, N.Y.



flower. One friend of mine in New York had a plant in her kitchen which was three years old and had never flowered.

Usually, marijuana dies after flowering, but this may be due to the climate. Indoors, plants can be revived after flowering by turning the light cycle up. The plants will respond by growing new vegetation. In Nepal some plants grow for several years and flower several times before dying.

Dear Ed,

My plants are flowering now and have quite a few buds on them. Is it too late to take cuttings?

—Vic T.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

No. You can still take cuttings. They can be rooted in water, vermiculite or sand, but they will take longer to root and have a lower success rate than when the plants are in vegetative growth. They seem to have more chance of surviving if the humidity is kept high. This is easily accomplished by enclosing them under glass or plastic.

Dear Ed,

Can you legally mail marijuana literature to this state, Florida?

—Jacquelyn L.

Sarasota, Fla.

Yes. These rights are protected by the First Amendment to the Constitution which states:

"Congress shall make no laws respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

Dear Ed,

In the January issue you referred to Iowa hemp as an excellent candidate for a marijuana breeding program. Since 1978 we have been collecting seed stock from around Des Moines just for that. We breed indoors in the winter (no stray pollen). Do we pollinate the female Afghani with the hemp pollen, or the female hemp with the Afghani pollen?

—M.J. and the Cable
Pa.

It doesn't matter. Either cross will result in a hybrid containing one-half of its genetic material from each parent.



Bud of the Month, from J. in Shawneetown, Illinois: Indica-cross-sativa buds.

SPECIAL: Artistic Photo Award:

Dear Ed,

This is living proof that Colorado is beautiful. I planted these ladies in the first part of April. By the first part of August I harvested the first one. I picked the last one in the middle of November.

We can't forget to mention how beautiful Colorado sunsets are.

—R.N.

Grand Junction, Colo.



Dear Ed,

Something is happening to my plants and I'm lost. The problem shows up on the younger leaves and new growing tips—the leaves seem to be rolling up and the tips are all tangled. The older leaves and the rest of the plant look fine. What's hap-

pening to my plants?

—Phil

Santa Barbara, Calif.

They are suffering from a zinc-manganese deficiency. Treat them with an iron-zinc-manganese supplement. They are available at most nurseries.

Dear Ed,

I had two plants this year. They looked like females all year but they turned out to be hermaphrodites. So my buds were full of seeds. Are these seeds more likely to be female or male?

—Larry

Greenfield, Ohio

They are most likely to be mainly females and hermaphroditic plants.

Dear Ed,

Does drying marijuana in a microwave have any effect on the potency of the weed?

—Ken M.

northern N.J.

It doesn't seem to. However, weed dried completely in a microwave has a harsh taste and all of the chlorophyll is left. Instead, try drying the plants halfway in a microwave and then letting them dry naturally. They will have a better taste. Some growers dry the plants for a while naturally and then finish drying in a microwave. Don't use a microwave on buds with seeds that you want to remain viable. The microwave kills them.

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GIVE PEAS A CHANCE

If we cut back our meat consumption by 10 percent we'd release enough grain to feed 60 million people. But you won't be guilt-tripped, Mr. First-World Big Shot? How about a substantially lower chance of cancer of the colon? Now, did you want the cauliflower or the string beans? by Steven Rosen

What do Plato and Michael Jackson have in common? Vegetarianism. In fact, the vegetarian diet has been embraced by a number of notable personalities: Pythagoras, William Shakespeare, Leonardo da Vinci, Sir Isaac Newton, Ben Franklin and Albert Einstein, to name a few.

Even today, vegetarianism is popular with the popular people: Patti Reagan Davis, Christie Brinkley, William Shatner, Sting (of the Police), Isaac Bashevis Singer, George Harrison; the list goes on and on.

Still, many people think that to be a vegetarian you've got to be nuts—or at least a little fruity. In recent years, however, the meatless way of life has surged in popularity, largely because of mounting evidence that a sensible vegetarian diet is better for you than the typical meat-heavy American fare. Consider these three compelling reasons for switching to a menu that emphasizes vegetable foods:

(1) To protect your heart. A comparative study of diet and heart disease in seven countries showed that the death rate from coronary heart disease was highest in countries where the largest amount of animal products were consumed. The Finns, who consumed the most, had the highest death rate from heart disease. Americans were next (except the Seventh-Day Adventists, the majority of whom eat no meat or poultry; they suffer from only half as

much heart disease as other Americans). In Japan, where very little animal fat is eaten, there were fewer deaths from heart disease than in any other industrialized nation.

Scientists at the University of Milan found in one study that, on diets equally low in fat and cholesterol, persons eating animal protein had higher levels of cholesterol in their blood than those fed a diet containing primarily vegetable protein. Further, recent research indicates that certain types of fiber found in plant foods can actually help lower blood cholesterol. High cholesterol leads to arteriosclerosis, which in turn causes high blood pressure, heart attacks and strokes. Thus, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* reported in 1961 that a "a vegetarian diet can prevent 90-97 percent of heart diseases (thromboembolic disease and coronary occlusions)."

(2) To reduce the risk of cancer. Extensive research over the past 20 years suggests that the same kind of high animal-fat-and-cholesterol diet that may set the stage for heart disease can also contribute to the growth of cancers of the colon, breast and uterus. These are the leading types of cancer among meat-eating Americans, but among Seventh-Day Adventists, Japanese and East Indians (who also eat very little meat), these cancers are relatively unknown.

In a study at the State University of New York at Buffalo, Prof. Saxon

Graham, chairman of the Department of Social and Preventive Medicine, found that people who regularly consumed large amounts of vegetables, especially in the cabbage family, had lower-than-expected rates of cancer of the colon and rectum.

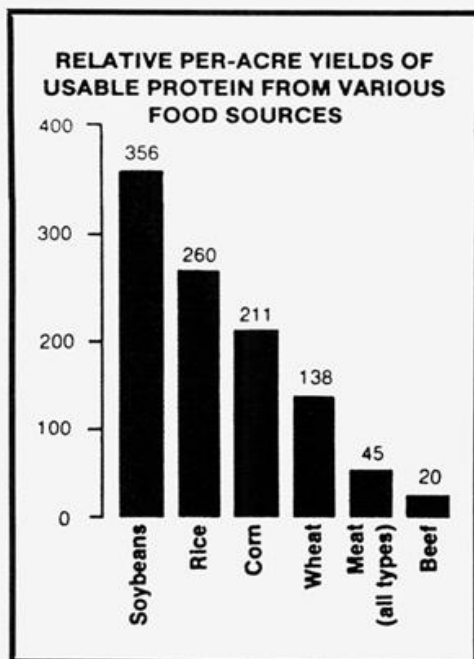
Meat is also aged to increase flavor—this makes it a prime target as a cancer carrier. When an animal is slaughtered, its flesh immediately begins to putrefy, and after several days it turns a sickly gray-green. The meat industry masks this discoloration by adding nitrites and other preservatives. These substances make the meat appear red, but in recent years many of them have repeatedly been shown to be carcinogenic.

(3) To help feed the world's starving people. A Harvard nutritionist, Jean Mayer, estimates that reducing meat production by just 10 percent would release enough grain to feed 60 million people. United Nations Secretary Gen. Kurt Waldheim has admitted that meat consumption in the rich countries is the key cause for hunger around the world. And this is not simply meant to put meat-eaters on a guilt trip—these are documented facts.

The need for eliminating the inefficient conversions of plant food into animal products has been stressed by many prominent agriculturalists, such as A.H. Boerma, the Director General of the U.N.'s Food and Agriculture

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Organization: "If we are to bring about a real improvement in the diet of the neediest, we must aim at a greater intake of vegetable protein."

What prompts such statements is the fact that *animals do not produce nearly as much edible protein as they take from the plants upon which they feed*. For example, a steer provides man with only 43 pounds of protein per acre of land per year, while wheat supplies 269 pounds of protein per acre of land per year. It's simple arithmetic. By eliminating the meat-centered diet we could make much better use of productive land, thus providing more people with an adequate diet rich in proteins and the other essential food elements needed for good health. The following facts from a recent article in *Vegetarian Times* should convince even the most stalwart meat-eater:

1,000 acres of soy beans yields 1,124 pounds of usable protein.

1,000 acres of rice yields 938 pounds of usable protein.

1,000 acres of corn yields 1,009 pounds of usable protein.

1,000 acres of wheat yields 1,043 pounds of usable protein.

And 1,000 acres of soy, corn, rice or wheat, *when fed to a steer*, will yield only about 125 pounds of usable protein.

But, wait a minute! Aren't humans designed to be meat-eaters? And don't we require *animal* protein?

The answer to both of the above questions is a resounding *No!* Although some historians and anthropologists say that man is historically omnivorous, our anatomical makeup—teeth, jaws, digestive system—favors a diet that *shuns*

animal foods (as you can see from the chart below).

"Why, then, does the body not reject meat?" one may ask. Actually, the body *does* reject meat—we've seen that rather clearly. The body is like a car. Abuse can shorten its life. The wrong kind of fuel will cause motor trouble. Improper maintenance will lead to inadequate performance. Meat-eating may be compared to using the wrong kind of fuel—it may be a little while before your car shows signs of poor maintenance, but inevitably the maltreatment takes its toll.

One may still resist, "But *everybody* eats meat!" However, the American Dietetic Association notes that "most of mankind for most of human history has subsisted on vegetarian or near-vegetarian diets." Much of the world still lives that way. In America alone there are some 10 million vegetarians. And in places like India, most of their 800 million espouse the vegetarian ideal.

As far as the protein question goes, the late Dr. Paavo Airola, one of the world's leading authorities on nutrition and natural biology, has conclusively deflated the erroneous idea that one needs exorbitant amounts of protein—or that one ingest animal protein as opposed to vegetarian protein. Writes Dr. Airola, "The official daily recommendation for protein has gone down from the 150 grams recommended 20 years ago to only 45 grams today. Why? Because (1) reliable worldwide research has shown that we do not need so much protein, that the actual daily need is only 30-45 grams; and (2) that the protein consumed in excess of the actual daily need is not only wasted, but actually causes serious harm to the body

and even is causatively related to such killer diseases as cancer and heart disease. In order to obtain 45 grams of protein a day from your diet you do not have to eat meat: you can get it from a 100 percent vegetarian diet of a variety of grains, legumes, nuts, vegetables and fruits." Dr. Airola goes on to suggest that the lacto-vegetarian diet (a vegetarian diet that includes dairy products) is the one most suitable for modern man.

In 1838 a chemist named Mulder isolated a substance containing nitrogen, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and some other minor elements. He claimed that this was the basis of life, and named it "protein," meaning "first rank." Gradually it was discovered that there was protein in every living thing; it is a biological essentiality. And every living thing must ingest a certain amount of protein for sustenance.

All proteins are composed of amino acids, "the building blocks of life." Plants can synthesize amino acids from air, earth and water, but animals are dependent on plant protein, either directly by eating the plant, or indirectly by eating an animal that has eaten the plant.

There are no amino acids in flesh that the animal did not derive from the plant, and that man cannot also derive from the plant. When one eats foods from the plant kingdom, one will receive the amino acids in ideal combinations with the other substances that are essential to the proper utilization of protein: carbohydrates, vitamins, minerals, enzymes, hormones, chlorophyll and more, as only plants can supply. Indeed, it should not be overlooked that *all* protein is made within the vegetable kingdom; it is only a matter of whether one wishes to obtain it direct, with great

MEAT EATER	LEAF-GRASS EATER	FRUIT EATER	HUMAN BEINGS
has claws	no claws	no claws	no claws
no pores on skin; perspires through tongue to cool body	perspires through millions of pores on skin	perspires through millions of pores on skin	perspires through millions of pores on skin
sharp, pointed front teeth to tear flesh	no sharp, pointed front teeth	no sharp, pointed front teeth	no sharp, pointed front teeth
small salivary glands in the mouth (not needed to pre-digest grains and fruits)	well-developed salivary glands, needed to pre-digest grains and fruits	well-developed salivary glands, needed to pre-digest grains and fruits	well-developed salivary glands, needed to pre-digest grains and fruits
acid saliva; no enzyme ptyalin to pre-digest grains	alkaline saliva; much ptyalin to pre-digest grains	alkaline saliva; much ptyalin to pre-digest grains	alkaline saliva; much ptyalin to pre-digest grains
no flat back molar teeth to grind food	flat, back molar teeth to grind food	flat, back molar teeth to grind food	flat, back molar teeth to grind food
much strong hydrochloric acid in stomach to digest tough animal muscle, bone, etc.	stomach acid 20 times less strong than meat-eaters	stomach acid 20 times less strong than meat-eaters	stomach acid 20 times less strong than meat-eaters
intestinal tract only 3 times body length so rapidly decaying meat can pass out of body quickly	intestinal tract 10 times body length; leaf and grains do not decay as quickly so can pass more slowly through the body	intestinal tract 12 times body length; fruits do not decay as rapidly so can pass more slowly through body	intestinal tract 12 times body length

economy, or secondhand, by eating the flesh of an animal that has already eaten a tremendous amount of vegetable proteins in order to reach slaughter weight.

In the early 1950s a group of scientists labeled the protein derived from a meat-centered diet as "first-class," and the protein derived from fresh vegetables (and the like) as "second-class." These labels, however, have long since been given a special label themselves—"fallacious"! This distinction is no longer made.

It is, however, essential that a vegetarian knows what foods will give him an adequate supply of protein in terms of food combination. That is to say, one must know how to combine foods with the intention of getting "complete" proteins. This happens quite naturally though. When one eats peanut butter, it is generally smeared on bread; thus, a generous amount of protein is taken in (providing, of course, that whole-grain bread is used). Let me explain how this works:

Once again, proteins are composed of smaller particles known as "amino acids." When one ingests foods containing protein, the body processes break them down into their constituent amino acids, which are then utilized individually or reassembled into the protein that the body needs.

There are about 22 known amino acids. Fourteen of these are "non-essential," whereas eight of them are vitally "essential." One should keep in mind that the word "essential," in this regard, simply means that we cannot manufacture them naturally within the body—we must get them from our food. The so-called nonessential amino acids are also *essential*—but we do not call them that because we do not have to go to some extraneous place to get them, they are naturally manufactured within the body.

Since one does not have to worry about obtaining the nonessential amino acids, here is a list of the essential amino acids (those which must be gotten from our foods):

1. Leucine
2. Isoleucine
3. Valine
4. Lysine
5. Tryptophan
6. Threonine
7. Methionine
8. Phenylalanine

All of these amino acids must appear at any given meal in the right proportions in order to be properly utilized as protein. This is why meat was considered a first-class protein food in the

1950s—it has all eight essential amino acids in the proper proportions. Nevertheless, nutritionists are now agreeing that this is no reason to say that meat protein is superior to a vegetarian's source of protein. After all, soybeans, sprouts and milk also have the proper amino-acid content.

Further, one might take peanuts, to return to our example, and claim that they are inferior to meat from an "amino-acid point of view"; peanuts are lacking certain amino acids. Yet, if we add whole-grain bread to those peanuts, as in a peanut-butter sandwich, we change the whole story. Indeed, now we have something superior to meat—from a nutritional standpoint. The amino acids of all cereals (like breads) are complementary to the amino acids of legumes (like peanuts), so if they were eaten at the same meal, as they normally are, there would be plenty of protein for the body to use. Not only is it now a food rich in protein, but it is a source of a wonderful medley of nutrients. All such combined vegetarian dishes are not only superior because of their protein content, but also because they now have nutrients which are completely lacking in meat—vitamins, minerals and enzymes.

In general, the rule for combining high-protein vegetarian dishes is this: cereals (breads, pasta, wheat germ, etc.) with legumes (soybeans, lentils, peanuts, etc.) at the same meal. Or combine nuts and seeds with legumes; or, even cereals with nuts and seeds will do. If you add milk products to your diet, there is even less of a chance of a protein problem; milk has all of the essential amino acids.

"All right," you may say, "a person *can* live on a vegetarian diet—and it may even be that it is healthier than meat-eating—but I like eating meat." Dr. Airola gives a good explanation of man's curious addiction to meat. "Meat, especially red meat, contains many poisons, including a large amount of uric acid, which acts as a common addictive, similar to nicotine, caffeine, et cetera, creating a constant craving for more. If you were to stop eating meat, you may initially experience some withdrawal symptoms and cravings until your body excretes all the poisons. Then the craving will disappear." A step-by-step outline for overcoming one's addiction to meat is eloquently described in *The Higher Taste* (available from BBT, 3764 Watseka Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90034; \$3), and this book contains many recipes for the fledgling vegetarian.

In another good book, *Poisons in Your*

Body, Gary and Steven Null give us an inside look at the latest gimmicks used in the corporate-owned "animal factories"—things that are liable to make one think twice before buying another steak or ham. "The animals are kept alive and fattened by continuous administration of tranquilizers, hormones, antibiotics and 2,700 other drugs," they write. "The process starts even before birth and continues long after death. Although these drugs will still be present in the meat when you eat it, the law does not require that they be listed on the package."

Since meat inspectors generally spend only seconds with each carcass, many concealed, inaccessible tumors or diseased tissues often go undetected. And even the United States Department of Agriculture *approved* standards may shock you. For example, the government permits the sale of chickens with *airsacculitis*, a pneumonialike disease that causes pus-laden mucus to collect in the lungs. When the chicken's chest cavities are cleaned out with air-suction guns, these diseased air sacks burst and pus seeps into the meat.

Those persons who are vegetarians for ethical reasons believe that if every meat-eater witnessed the slaughtering process, nearly all would convert to vegetarianism overnight. Briefly stated—avoiding all the gruesome details—hogs are forced on to a conveyor belt with an electric prod (which is capable of producing first-degree burns). The conveyor takes the animal through a chamber of carbon-dioxide gas which renders it unconscious. As it leaves the chamber, it is brought on the belt to the "sticker" whose job it is to cut the animal's throat. For other large animals, most slaughter-houses use a device which gives the animal a high-voltage electric shock, or use mechanical stunners which penetrate the skull and brain.

It is interesting to note that people from primarily vegetarian cultures have been eating the properly combined foods since time immemorial. Call it instinct or divine providence—but in countries like India and China, where they naturally turn to a diet of rice and split-pea soup, or in South America, where the staple food is rice and beans, they are, *and for centuries have been*, eating the properly combined foods.

The largest concentration of vegetarians in the world is found in India, the homeland of Buddhism and Hinduism. Buddhism, in fact, began as a reaction to widespread animal slaughter that

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"PALLINGHURST BARROW"

What would compel Rudolph Reeve to revisit that desolate barrow on the very eve that, legend has it, the Ghost-King craved a human sacrifice? His poet's soul, a thirst for adventure and a hefty dose of *Cannabis indica*. A dope tale of antiquity. by Grant Allen

The author of "Pallinghurst Barrow," Charles Grant Blairfindie Allen (1848–99), was a prolific writer of novels, short stories, historical guides and popular-science books at the end of the 19th-century. He was an atheist, Communist and evolutionist, and he adopted uncritically all the doctrines, myths and prejudices associated with Darwinism. Like many of his time, he was convinced that white people, Englishmen in particular, were superior to all others.

The evolutionist faith which produced Grant Allen's racial chauvinism was also responsible for the low view he took of prehistoric life and the megalith builders—a view which lingers on among professional archaeologists to this day. In "Pallinghurst Barrow" the subhuman mound-dwellers are depicted in accordance with the Darwinian myth, and they also illustrate the theories of another of Allen's contemporaries, David MacRitchie, author of *The Testimony of Tradition*, who claimed that legends of gnomes and fairies at megalithic sites derived from memories of an ancient, degenerate race that once inhabited them.

By today's standards, Grant Allen seems a monster of prejudice, but he merely reflected the fashionable notions of his time, and his contemporaries spoke highly of him. Among his friends were many leading Victorian scientists and writers, including Herbert Spencer, Richard Proctor and the folklorist, Edward Clodd. Even his literary opponents, who objected to Allen's naive "explaining-away" of human religious instincts, liked and respected him as an individual. He was certainly a lively

storyteller, and "Pallinghurst Barrow" is a delightful example of that rare class of literature, about the influence of *Cannabis indica* on megalithic fantasies.

Rudolph Reeve sat by himself on the Old Long Barrow on Pallinghurst Common. It was a September evening, and the sun was setting. The west was all aglow with a mysterious red light, very strange and lurid—a light that reflected itself in glowing purple on the dark brown heather and the lying bracken. Rudolph Reeve was a journalist and a man of science, but he had a poet's soul for all that, in spite of his avocations, neither of which is usually thought to tend towards the spontaneous development of a poetic temperament. He sat there long, watching the livid hues that incarnadined the sky—redder and fiercer than anything he ever remembered to have seen since the famous year of the Krakatoa sunsets—though he knew it was getting late, and he ought to have gone back long since to the manor-house to dress for dinner. Mrs. Bouverie-Barton, his hostess, the famous Woman's Rights woman, was always such a stickler for punctuality and dispatch, and all the other unfeminine virtues! But, in spite of Mrs. Bouverie-Barton, Rudolph Reeve sat on. There was something about that sunset and the lights on the bracken—something weird and unearthly—that positively fascinated him.

The view over the Common, which stands high and exposed, a veritable waste of heath and gorse, is strikingly wide and expansive. Pallinghurst Ring,

or the "Old Long Barrow," a well-known landmark, familiar by that name from time immemorial to all the countryside, crowns its actual summit, and commands from its top the surrounding hills far into the shadowy heart of Hampshire. On its terraced slope Rudolph sat and gazed out, with all the artistic pleasure of a poet or a painter (for he was a little of both) in the exquisite flush of the dying reflections from the dying sun upon the dying heather. He sat and wondered to himself why death is always so much more beautiful, so much more poetical, so much calmer than life—and why you invariably enjoy things so very much better when you know you ought to be dressing for dinner.

He was just going to rise, however, dreading the lasting wrath of Mrs. Bouverie-Barton, when of a sudden a very weird yet definite feeling caused him for one moment to pause and hesitate. Why he felt it he knew not; but even as he sat there on the grassy tumulus, covered close with short sward of subterranean clover, that curious, cunning plant that buries its own seeds by automatic action, he was aware, through no external sense, but by pure internal consciousness, of something or other living and moving within the barrow. He shut his eyes and listened. No; fancy, pure fancy! Not a sound broke the stillness of early evening, save the drone of insects—those dying insects, now beginning to fail fast before the first chill breath of approaching autumn. Rudolph opened his eyes again and looked down on the ground. In the little boggy hollow



by his feet innumerable plants of sundew spread their murderous rosettes of sticky red leaves, all bedewed with viscid gum, to catch and roll round the struggling flies that wrenched their tiny limbs in vain efforts to free themselves. But that was all. Nothing else was astir. In spite of sight and sound, however, he was still deeply thrilled by this strange consciousness as of something living and moving in the barrow underneath; something living and moving—or was it moving and dead? Something crawling and creeping, as the long arms of the sundews crawled and crept around the helpless flies, whose juices they sucked out. A weird and awful feeling, yet strangely fascinating! He hated the vulgar necessity for going back to dinner. Why do people dine at all? So material! So commonplace! And the uni-

verse all teeming with strange secrets to unfold! He knew not why, but a fierce desire possessed his soul to stop and give way to this overpowering sense of the mysterious and the marvelous in the dark depths of the barrow.

With an effort he roused himself, and put on his hat, which he had been holding in his hand, for his forehead was burning. The sun had now long set, and Mrs. Bouverie-Barton dined at 7:30 punctually. He must rise and go home. Something unknown pulled him down to detain him. Once more he paused and hesitated. He was not a superstitious man, yet it seemed to him as if many strange shapes stood by unseen, and watched with great eagerness to see whether he would rise and go away, or yield to the temptation of stopping and indulging his curious fancy. Strange!—

he saw and heard absolutely nobody and nothing; yet he dimly realized that unseen figures were watching him close with bated breath, and anxiously observing his every movement, as if intent to know whether he would rise and move on, or remain to investigate this causeless sensation.

For a minute or two he stood irresolute; and all the time he so stood the unseen bystanders held their breath and looked on in an agony of expectation. He could feel their outstretched necks, he could picture their strained attention. At last he broke away. "This is nonsense," he said aloud to himself, and turned slowly homeward. As he did so, a deep sigh, as of suspense relieved, but relieved in the wrong direction, seemed to rise—unheard, impalpable, spiritual—from the invisible crowd that gath-

ered around him immaterial. Clutched hands seemed to stretch after him and try to pull him back. An unreal throng of angry and disappointed creatures seemed to follow him over the moor, uttering speechless imprecations on his head, in some unknown tongue—ineffable, inaudible. This horrid sense of being followed by unearthly foes took absolute possession of Rudolph's mind. It might have been merely the lurid redness of the afterglow, or the loneliness of the moor, or the necessity for being back not one minute late for Mrs. Bouverie-Barton's dinner hour; but, at any rate, he lost all self-control for the moment, and ran—ran wildly, at the very top of his speed, all the way from the barrow to the door of the manor-house garden. There he stopped and looked round with a painful sense of his own stupid cowardice. This was positively childish: he had seen nothing, heard nothing, had nothing definite to frighten him; yet he had run from his own mental shadow, like the veriest schoolgirl, and was trembling still from the profundity of his sense that somebody unseen was pursuing and following him. "What a precious fool I am," he said to himself, half angrily, "to be so terrified at nothing! I'll go round there by-and-by, just to recover my self-respect, and to show, at least, I'm not really frightened."

And even as he said it he was internally aware that his baffled foes, standing grinning their disappointment with gnashed teeth at the garden gate, gave a chuckle of surprise, delight and satisfaction at his altered intention.

There's nothing like light for dispelling superstitious terrors. Pallinghurst Manor-house was fortunately supplied with electric light; for Mrs. Bouverie-Barton was nothing if not intensely modern. Long before Rudolph had finished dressing for dinner, he was smiling once more to himself at his foolish conduct. Never in his life before—at least, since he was 20—had he done such a thing; and he knew why he'd done it now. It was nervous breakdown. He had been overworking his brain in town with those elaborate calculations for his *Fortnightly* article on "The Present State of Chinese Finances," and Sir Arthur Boyd, the famous specialist on diseases of the nervous system, had earned three honest guineas cheap by recommending him "a week or two's rest and change in the country." That was why he had accepted Mrs. Bouverie-Barton's invitation to form part of her brilliant autumn party at Pallinghurst Manor; and that

was also doubtless why he had been so absurdly frightened at nothing at all just now on the Common. Memorandum: Never to overwork his brain in future; it doesn't pay. And yet, in these days, how earn bread and cheese at literature without overworking it?

He went down to dinner, however, in very good spirits. His hostess was kind; she permitted him to take in that pretty American. Conversation with the soup turned at once on the sunset. Conversation with the soup is always on the lowest and most casual plane; it improves with the fish, and reaches its culmination with the sweets and the cheese; after which it declines again to the fruity level. "You were on the barrow about seven, Mr. Reeve," Mrs. Bouverie-Barton observed severely, when he spoke of the afterglow. "You watched that sunset close. How fast you must have walked home! I was almost half afraid you were going to be late for dinner."

Rudolph colored up slightly; 'twas a girlish trick, unworthy of a journalist; but still he had it. "Oh, dear, no, Mrs. Bouverie-Barton," he answered gravely. "I may be foolish, but not, I hope, criminal. I know better than to do anything so weak and wicked as that at Pallinghurst Manor. I do walk rather fast, and the sunset—well, the sunset was just too lovely."

"Elegant," the pretty American interposed, in her own language.

"It always is, this night every year," little Joyce said quietly, with the air of one who retails a well-known scientific fact. "It's the night, you know, when the light burns bright on the Old Long Barrow."

Joyce was Mrs. Bouverie-Barton's only child—a frail and pretty little creature, just 12 years old, very light and fairylike, but with a strange cowed look which, nevertheless, somehow curiously became her.

"What nonsense you talk, my child!" her mother exclaimed, darting a look at Joyce which made her relapse forthwith into instant silence. "I'm ashamed of her, Mr. Reeve; they pick up such nonsense as this from their nurses." For Mrs. Bouverie-Barton was modern, and disbelieved in everything. 'Tis a simple creed; one clause concludes it.

But the child's words, though lightly whispered, had caught the quick ear of Archie Cameron, the distinguished electrician. He made a spring upon them at once, for the merest suspicion of the supernatural was to Cameron irresistible. "What's that, Joyce?" he cried, leaning forward across the table. "No, Mrs. Bouverie-Barton, I really *must* hear

it. What day is this today, and what's that you just said about the sunset and the light on the Old Long Barrow?"

Joyce glanced pleadingly at her mother, and then again at Cameron. A very faint nod gave her grudging leave to proceed with her tale, under maternal disapprobation; for Mrs. Bouverie-Barton didn't carry her belief in Woman's Rights quite so far as to apply them to the case of her own daughter. We *must* draw a line somewhere. Joyce hesitated and began. "Well, this is the night, you know," she said, "when the sun turns, or stands still, or crosses the tropic, or goes back again or something."

Mrs. Bouverie-Barton gave a dry little cough. "The autumnal equinox," she interposed severely, "at which, of course, the sun does nothing of the sort you suppose. We shall have to have your astronomy looked after, Joyce, such ignorance is exhaustive. But go on with your myth, please, and get it over quickly."

"The autumnal equinox, that's just it," Joyce went on, unabashed. "I remember that's the word, for old Rachel, the gypsy, told me so. Well, on this day every year, a sort of glow comes up on the moor. Oh! I know it does, mother, for I've seen it myself, and the rhyme about it goes—

"Every year on Michael's night

"Pallinghurst Barrow burneth bright."

"Only the gypsy told me it was Baal's night before it was St. Michael's, and it was somebody else's night, whose name I forget, before it was Baal's. And the somebody was a god to whom you must never sacrifice anything with iron, but always with flint or with a stone hatchet."

Cameron leaned back in his chair and surveyed the child critically. "Now, this is interesting," he said, "profoundly interesting. For here we get, what is always so much wanted, firsthand evidence. And you're quite sure, Joyce, you've really seen it?"

"Oh! Mr. Cameron, how can you?" Mrs. Bouverie-Barton cried, quite pettishly; for even advanced ladies are still feminine enough at times to be distinctly pettish. "I take the greatest trouble to keep all such rubbish out of Joyce's way, and then you men of science come down here and talk like this to her and undo all the good I've taken months in doing."

"Well, whether Joyce has ever seen it or not," Rudolph Reeve said gravely, "I can answer for it myself that I saw a very curious light on the Long Barrow tonight; and, furthermore, I felt a most peculiar sensation."

"What was that?" Cameron asked, bending over towards him eagerly. For all the world knows that Cameron, though a disbeliever in most things (except the Brush light), still retains a quaint tinge of Highland Scotch belief in a good ghost story.

"Why, as I was sitting on the barrow," Rudolph began, "just after sunset, I was dimly conscious of something stirring inside, not visible or audible, but—"

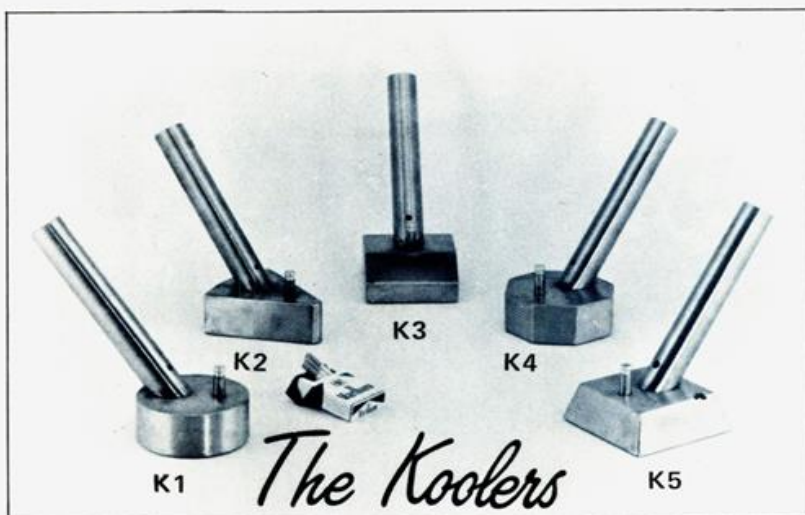
"Oh, I know, I know!" Joyce put in, leaning forward, with her eyes staring curiously, "A sort of a feeling that there was somebody somewhere, very faint and dim, though you couldn't see or hear them. They tried to pull you down, clutching at you like this; and when you ran away, frightened, they seemed to follow you and jeer at you. Great gibbering creatures! Oh, I know what all that is! I've been there, and felt it."

"Joyce!" Mrs. Bouverie-Barton put in with a warning frown, "what nonsense you talk! You're really too ridiculous. How can you suppose Mr. Reeve ran away—a man of science like him—from an imaginary terror?"

"Well, I won't quite say I ran away," Rudolph answered, somewhat sheepishly. "We never do admit these things, I suppose, after twenty. But I certainly did hurry home at the very top of my speed—not to be late for dinner, you know, Mrs. Bouverie-Barton. And I will admit, Joyce, between you and me only, I was conscious by the way of something very much like your grinning followers behind me."

In the drawing room, a little later, a small group collected by the corner bay, remotest from Mrs. Bouverie-Barton's own presidential chair, to hear Rudolph and Joyce compare experiences on the light above the barrow. When the two dreamers of dreams and seers of visions had finished, Mrs. Bruce, the esoteric Buddhist and hostess of Mahatmas (they often dropped in on her, it was said, quite informally, for afternoon tea) opened the floodgates of her torrent speech with triumphant vehemence. "This is just what I should have expected," she said, looking round for a skeptic, that she might turn and rend him. "Novalis was right. Children are early men. They are freshest from the truth. They come straight to us from the Infinite. Little souls just let loose from the free expanse of God's sky see more than we adults do—at least, except a few of us. We ourselves, what are we but accumulated layers of phantasmata? Spirit-light rarely breaks in upon our grimed

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"R"'s SIXTH ANNUAL CONNOISSEUR AWARDS

It was time to pack in the Herbies, "R" thought. Nothing worth smoking, let alone honoring. But then he ran into some Californian Neo-Colombian and one Phantom Gold Ounce and the revolving doors of perception spun off their hinges.

It seemed like a ridiculous idea at first. A gimmick. But thank God for gimmicks like this. Without it there just wouldn't be any dope awards this year. The situation was too dismal. Boring. Not just boring, but deeply, intensely, profoundly, depressingly boring. It seemed to me, your Connoisseur, that the Age of Marijuana was over. That it was better not to smoke anything at all than to subject yourself to the worthless weed that had flooded the market. Tedious Thai. Soporific sinsemilla. Humdrum Hawaiian. Inane indica. Crashingly boring Colombian. You name it, I smoked it and hated it. Then I stopped smoking it entirely. I couldn't stand being bored and annoyed and then annoyed at being bored and then being bored at being...

Well, you get the picture. I was ready to close down the dope awards completely. And then I ran into the gimmick.

It's probably not a great enough gimmick to save marijuana from the extinction it's current dismal state of quality deserves, but at least it's a reminder of the greatness that once was, and how far we've fallen from the Golden Age when grass was at least worth the price of the matches used to burn it up.

Still, when I first heard about it, it seemed like nothing more than a selling rap, a dealer's line, a hype, a probably fraudulent myth designed to raise the price of some ordinary sinsemilla. Of course, there are gimmicks and there are gimmicks. I admit I was skeptical about the Mount St. Helens volcanic-ash-grown-grass when it was finally presented to me several years ago.

You remember the Mount St. Helens gimmick, don't you? That was when this strange emissary of fanatic canna-

bis alchemists came to me with a story. He claimed that in the aftermath of the huge volcanic explosion up in Oregon that year, his crew snuck some transport trucks up the still-smoking slopes to cart away the warm lava fresh from the center of the earth, that they then hauled it down to Mexico where it was planted with the soil of the original Aca-pulco Gold seeds to create an explosively potent pot hybrid. Well, it sounded like a load of lava to me when I heard it. But then I saw the golden stalks of ganja the mysterious alchemist gave me to taste. And I tasted it. And knew that all the effort was worthwhile.

When I heard about this neo-Colombian gimmick I was similarly skeptical. Here's how it was presented to me.

"Wait till you smoke this stuff, 'R.' These people I know—very classy California growers—they decided to raise the stakes, make a quantum leap, really go for it with some superspecial Santa Marta Gold seed strains they'd been hybridizing with Thai way back in the redwoods. So, what they did was take these seeds and go down to Colombia with them. Found the elite heavy-weights of Santa Marta Gold growers. Guys who'd retired, made enough money to go exclusively into the antique smuggling business, neo-Colombian figures. You make more on one of them than you do on whole planeloads of grass. But they were persuaded to go back to the fields for one last trip. Persuaded by smoking this California hybrid of their own seeds. They saw the potential. So they quietly arranged for a few fields to be reopened, on the north side of the mountain. Perfect soil, the same soil that produced the most beautiful blond Santa Marta Golds of the early '70s. And then they let the Cali-

fornia cannabis freaks loose. And this is the result."

Like I say, I was skeptical. But it's my job as the Ralph Nader of cannabis culture to test such ridiculous claims and expose them for the hype they are. Well, I took two puffs and realized this was going to be a bit more complicated than a simple exposé. Something was going on. If I hadn't given up on getting high from grass these days, I'd be tempted to say I was getting high. I tried to dismiss the idea. But it began to insinuate itself into my consciousness with a certain seductive insistency.

Finally, I had to concede. This vegetable matter, these alleged California seeds, allegedly replanted in their native Colombia, were actually getting me high. And suddenly I realized with dismay that everything I'd been tasting for the past two years—with the one-time exception of the Filipino "Thrilla from Manila" weed—had been bogus. Oregano. Maybe not genetically oregano, but about as much like real marijuana used to be as Hamburger Helper is to prime sirloin. At last, here was the beef.

I began to remember what it was like to get high. A certain euphoria. A delighted attentiveness to the wonder of "ordinary" phenomena. A feeling of exhilaration, pleasure in human companionship, elevated philosophical perspective, a feeling of warmth and compassion for fellow humans, sensual synesthesia, excitement, arousal. Now, I'm the kind of guy who's naturally high on life itself. Just ask anybody. I don't, strictly speaking, need grass to get me to the state of these feelings. But, every once in a while, you can forget the joy of pure being, and it's nice to know

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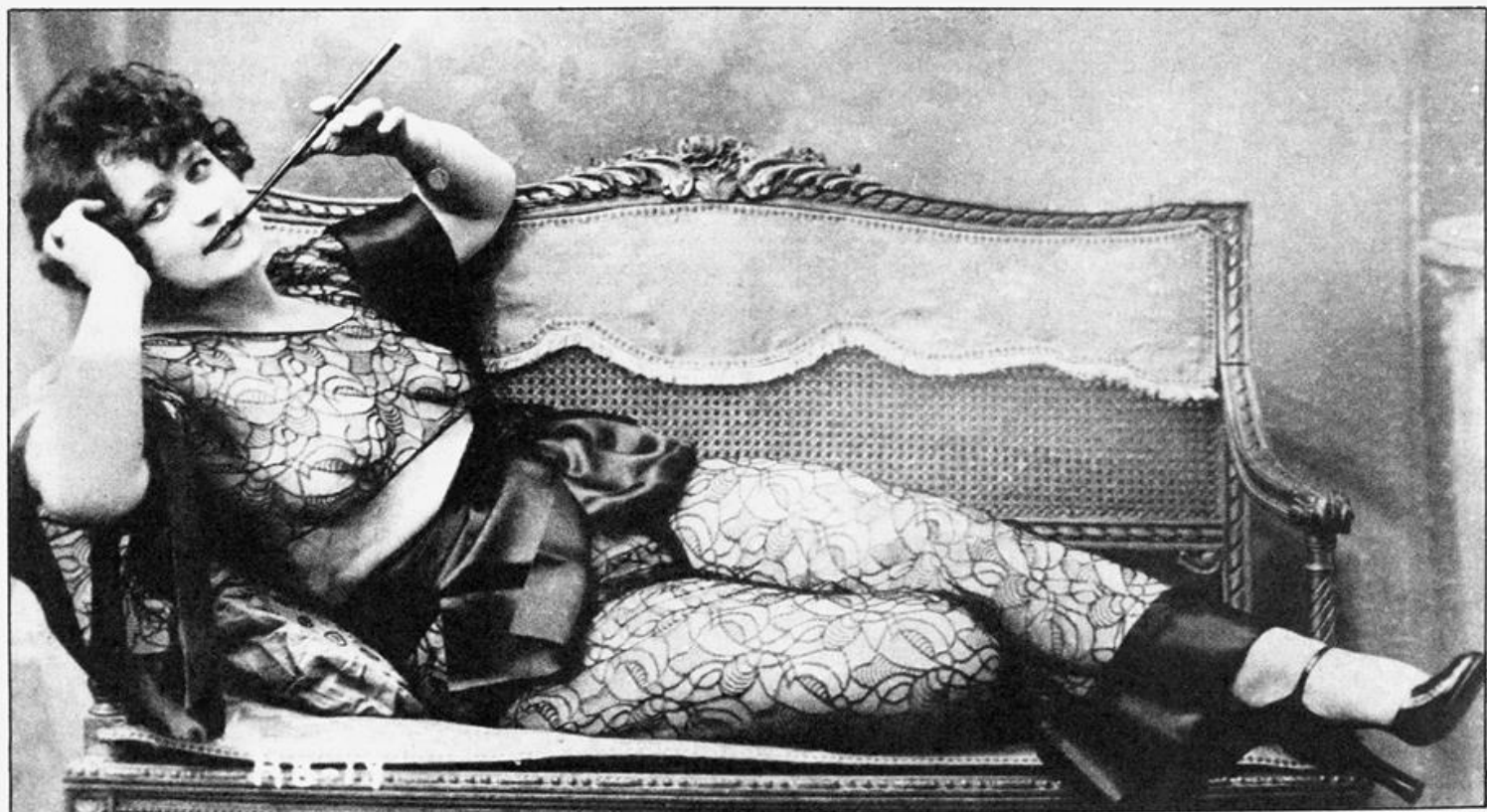
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VIVA TOBACCO

"A cigarette is the perfect type of pleasure," old Oscar Wilde once said. "It is exquisite and it leaves one unsatisfied. What more can one want?" In defense of the Goddess Nicotine.

Everyone reading this is either smoking or not. I mean actively not smoking and feeling superior. The smokers are feeling guilty. Or have been made to feel guilty by the antismoking propaganda issued by folks with tobacco phobias. It is the same as if people with fear of heights prevented others from building skyscrapers. Or if claustrophobics seized control of the media and made it difficult for fans to gather together for their sport events because of their fear of crowds.

I won't bore you with the usual list of tobacco-culture heroes. Suffice to say Sir Walter Raleigh brought back a tobacco leaf from America and presented it to Queen Elizabeth I of England. Less well known is that Sir James Barrie, author of the immortal *Peter Pan*, wrote another book called *Lady Nicotine* (London, 1890). In it he insists: "When Raleigh, in honour of whom England should have changed her name, introduced tobacco into this country, the glorious Elizabethan Age began. I know, I feel that



with the introduction of tobacco, England woke up from a long sleep. Suddenly a new zest had been given to life. The glory of existence became a thing to speak of. Men who hitherto only concerned themselves with narrow things at home, put a pipe into their mouth and became philosophers. Poets and dramatists smoked until all ignoble ideas were driven from them, and into their place rushed such high thoughts as the world had not known before."

Before the Battle of Antietam, General Robert E. Lee's battle plans were found by a Union officer, wrapped around cigars. As a result, Maryland was lost. Barney Barnato (née Isaacs), fled England to avoid prosecution for theft. He came to South Africa with 60 boxes of cigars, sold them and bought a few rough diamonds with the profits; the humble beginnings of the De Beers diamond monopoly. Then there is Samuel Gompers. The Dutch cigar-roller who emigrated to America, founded the trade-union movement there and led the A.F. of L. from 1886 to 1924.

From New World to Old. From Old World to New. Tobacco has been a medium for visible historical changes, some even beneficial. But people are funny. They say, "I should stop smoking." Why?

They say, "Smoking is unhealthy." My experience is the opposite. Obesity is ugly, the cause and symptom of many ills. When at college, I lived in blind fear about graduating, like everyone else. I didn't smoke then. I ate. I gained 40 pounds eating cheeseburger subs with plenty of fried onions. I was so fat my thighs had trouble passing each other on curves. Then I started smoking tobacco; I lost weight. Now, almost three decades later, I have the same slim figure I had when I was sweet 16. A photographer I know went to an expensive acupuncturist to get herself to stop smoking. It worked. Now she doesn't smoke three packs of cigarettes every day. Oh, no! Now she eats seven thick pieces of bread and honey before going to bed. Pleasant dreams. As it is said: "Cancer, shmanser, as long as you got your health." Tobacco-smoking, inexplicably, is a protection against Parkinson's disease. Smokers can reduce the chance of lung cancer by as much as 40 percent, according to the controversial radio broadcaster Paul Harvey, simply by eating carrots. And in a report from the American Cancer Society's journal, the authors—Dr. Arthur Mashburg of the Veterans Medical Center and Dr. Lawrence Garfinkel of the American Cancer Society—claim that the risk of mouth cancer for whiskey drinkers was more than three times the risk for heavy smokers. Winston Churchill and Groucho Marx, the two most famous cigar smokers of our century, both lived to be over 80 years old.

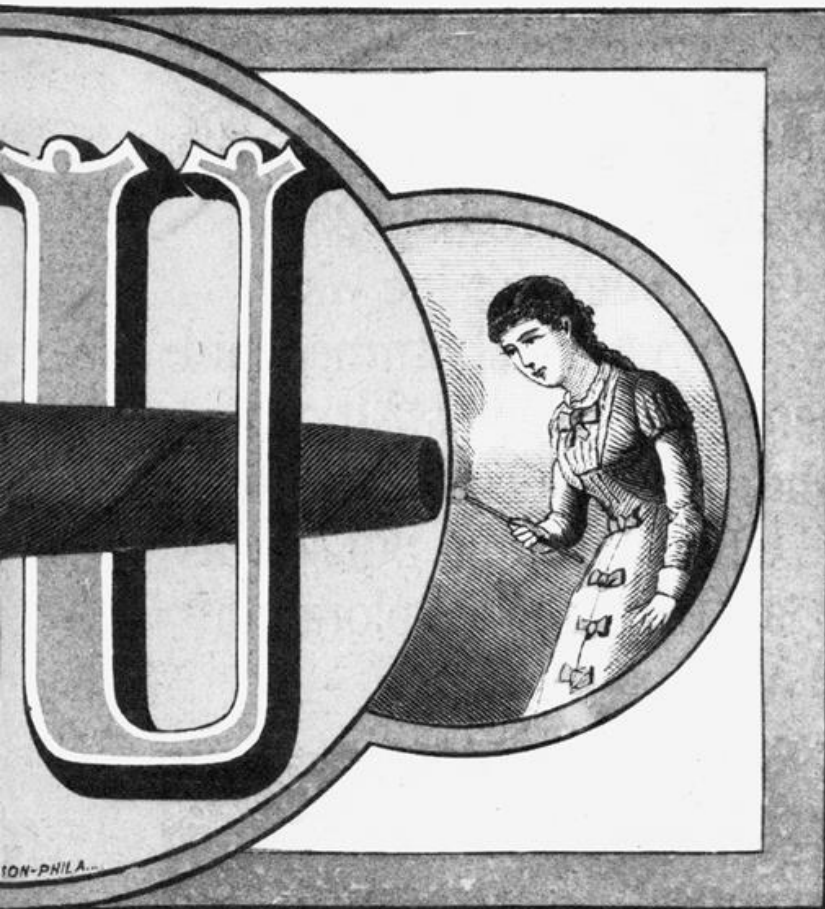
Smoking, they say, is an antisocial substitution; an oral fixation due to some unresolved conflict with one's mother, or as evidence of a misspent youth. These sophisms are debunked by the American anarcho-pacifist Paul Goodman (1911–1972), the author of the best-selling *Growing up Absurd*, and famous in the '60s as a social critic in half a dozen disciplines—sociology, psychology, community planning, education and so on. In a posthumously published novel, *Don Juan: or, The Continuum of the Libido* (Santa Barbara, 1979), Goodman imagines an old man, "... A Smoker, who hopes to cure himself by discovering what lust it is that smoking is a surrogate for. The Don encourages him in this delusion of endless symbolization. But it is just the Tobacco itself that his body desires."



"But, but," they say, "tobacco is an expensive personal luxury, a form of conspicuous consumption, a misallocation of resources." I say, "Rubbish!" In the 16th century tobacco was valued with silver, ounce for ounce. In all prisons today, cigarettes are the standard medium of exchange, store of value, and in that way resemble the earlier, truer money system where the exchange value was derived wholly from the material substance of which the money was made and not from the politically authorized inscriptions stamped on base metal and paper. And as fate would have it, at this moment, together with one hundred million other people listening to the BBC World Service, I hear a naive world-improver drone: "Thirty-five million people could be fed on the acreage now used for the tobacco crop." A nice enough thought, but in this case improbable—and not even funny. Does the man speaking on the radio seriously believe the tobacco acreage would, or could, grow foodstuffs? More likely, winter strawberries for the rich few. Meanwhile, whole districts of the marginally poor in Virginia, North Carolina, Algeria, Turkey, Zimbabwe and Brazil would be made terminally destitute. It is typical of the causists for the Third World growth industry that in trying to improve the world, they only made matters worse.

Why do people who are most opposed to my smoking get furious when I say the same things about their pet dogs? I hate dogs. They are a dirty, unhealthy, antisocial, nincompoop financial luxury. So there!

Nonsmokers exposed to cigarette smoke, so the story goes, run as much risk of developing long-term lung damage. This is the innocent-bystander argument. I might riposte, as an existentialist: no one is innocent, all victims are eligible—Or, as a social democrat: separate but equal is a cruel contradiction—Or, as a centralist: a house divided



against itself cannot stand, it cannot endure half smoking sections and half nonsmoking sections, it will become all one thing or the other—Or, as a sentimentalist militant: the lines are clearly drawn, on one side the beloved chain-smoking Golda Meier, on the other Adolf Hitler, the complete tyrant, a nonsmoker who forbade anyone to smoke in his presence. Let's just say, the nonsmoker's fears are exaggerated. A study recently published by the *New England Journal of Health* reports examining the smoking habits of 2,100 people over a 10-year period. Researchers James White and Dr. Herman Froeb of the University of California in San Diego found that nonsmokers only suffer as much as light smokers, and smokers who do not inhale, or anyone in a smoky environment. But, okay. I concede. One might even accept the innocent-bystander's peevishness—but only from people who do not drive automobiles.

I like to smoke tobacco. Every way. In pipes. As cigars. My regular everyday smoke is a nonfiltered cigarette of blond tobacco. But any way, in any form—aromatic, blended, blond or black—I like tobacco. It is my hobby. It is less expensive than therapists and less dangerous than tranquilizers. I like smoking cigarettes because it makes me cough; besides bicycle riding, coughing is the only exercise I get. I like feeling nebulous. The fragrant smoke coursing luxuriously through my lungs makes me feel as if a still-unformed, not-known sense is reaching for expression out of the depths of myself. I like the decorative natural earthy stains on my fingers; it's better than nail polish, or hair dyes. I like having something to do with my hands other than m—t—bating.

People outside the charmed circle of tobacco smokers are innocent of its class struggles. Cigar smokers are the acknowledged aristocrats. I remember being at a party a

few weeks ago. I had a cigarette in my hand. An author of books on herbal cosmetics offered me a slim cigar. "Take it for later," she said, with a flirtatiously superior smile. I took it, knowing I was being offered a treat by my betters. On the other end of the scale are the plebians—those that smoke menthol-filtered cigarettes. They too are aware of their lowly station. Have you ever noticed when you ask one of these smokers for a cigarette, they reply with embarrassment, "Oh, yes... if you don't mind... it's a menthol!?"

Contemporary pipe smokers? They stand apart. Like some vast middle-class bulge in the bell curve. At any rate, they are as much interested in smoking paraphernalia—the pipes, and divers, mysterious instruments for cleaning and polishing—as the tobacco smoked.

In the asymptotically infinite iconography of tobacco smoking—ranging from the Mayan Codices to moderns like Robert Motherwell, Sandro Chia and Edward Hopper—two Dutch paintings stand out. One for. One against. The latter is Vincent van Gogh's "Skull with a Burning Cigarette," painted in 1885. A greenish white skeleton shown from the chest up, and on a somber background. Between the teeth of the grinning skull there it is: a burning cigarette. An art-college joke which has become the prototype for most, if not all, visual propaganda issued by tobacco phobics. In contrast with this grim cliché is Kees Maks' "Summer's Joy," painted in 1910. It depicts a man and three women dressed in *fin de siècle* attire with large flowerly hats, grouped around a table in the shade of an otherwise sun-drenched green garden. The man, wearing a panama hat and Henry James brown suit, is seated, and offers to light the cigarette of a woman standing next to him. Another woman, seated at the table, cheers on the third woman who is standing in the right forefront of the painting. She stands, one hand on her hip, looking mischievously at us—the viewers—and provocatively holding a cigarette to her lips. The painting radiates with light, with the delights of tobacco. Although the figures are fully clothed, "Summer's Joy" recalls the 17th-century view of Ranters as imagined by their contemporaries, where smoking tobacco ranked alongside free love as an expression of antinomianism, unbound by moral law.

Who are tobacco's enemies?

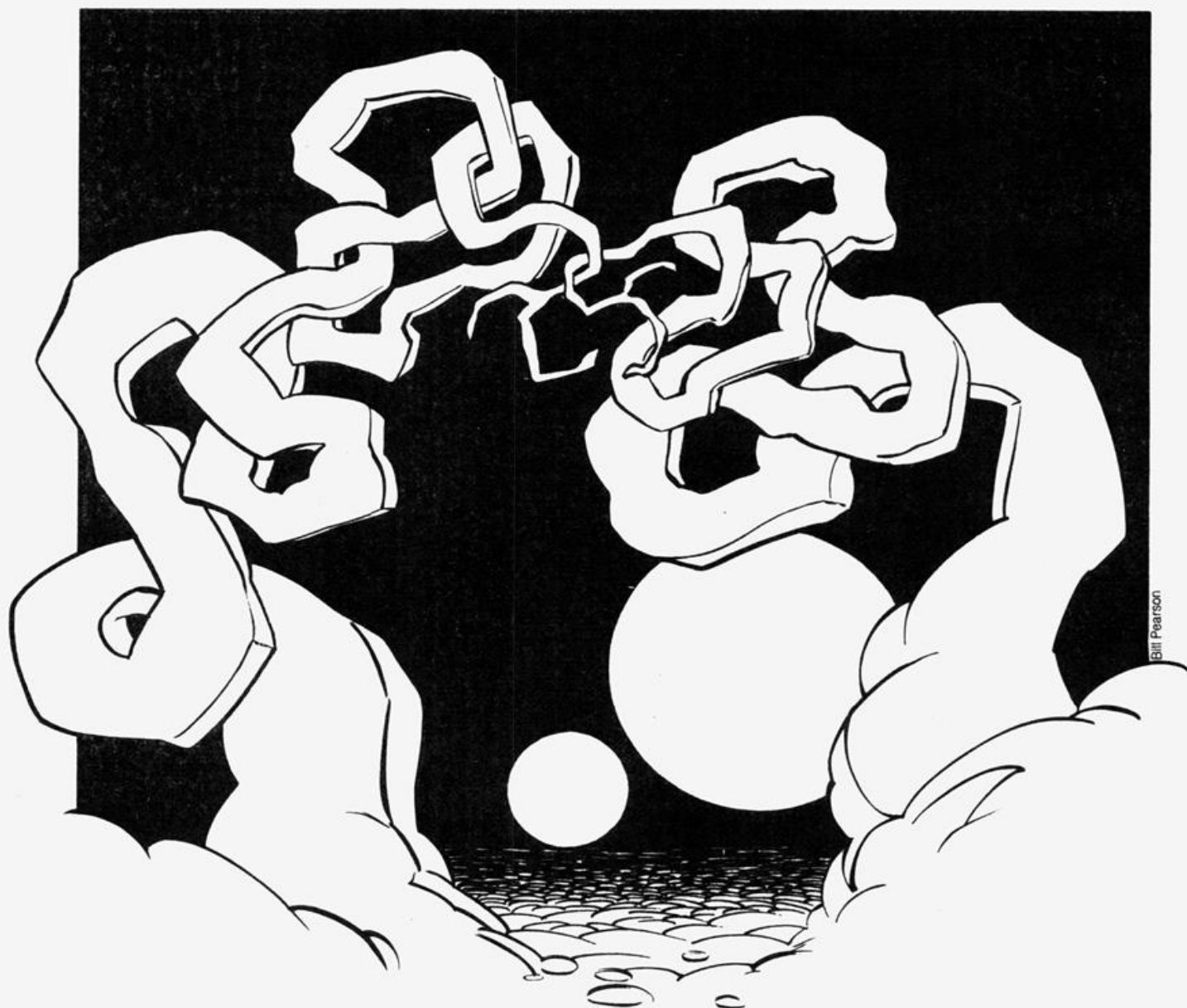
The most famous work in English on the subject of tobacco was written in 1604 by King James I. It is called *A counter blaste to tobacco*. The royal author was violently opposed to the use of the plant socially, and his tract was the forerunner of severe restrictions he laid upon smokers. James Stuart expressed doubt about the exceptional medicinal value claimed for tobacco by doctors of that period. Who was James I? Not only a persecutor of tobacco smokers, but an inversionist monarch who drooled in public over his bum-boys; he granted one the royal monopoly for venetian glass. Moreover, on the succession of this misogynist Scot to the throne of Great Britain, the prosecution of witches started. Indeed, King James I himself, in his book on *Daemonology*, gave a terrific incentive to witch trials.

Lenin didn't smoke; hated flowers. San Francisco loves flowers, hates smokers. That twittish city has passed a law banning public employees from smoking tobacco at work. Not surprising from a place where the gay neighborhood is too gay, where Chinatown is too Chinese and Fisherman's

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ONE WHITE TAB, PART II

After dropping 250 micrograms of pure LSD-25 and peaking on the beach, Gene knew his life was permanently changed. But how? With Meryl bummed and Walt gassed, who was to say where it was really at? It came to him in a flash—he had taken acid, and acid had taken him. He was responsible now for the whole creation. But so was everyone else. Continuing our tale of psychic exploration.
by William Meyers



Bill Pearson

The Lord Buddha then warned Subhuti, saying, "Subhuti, do not think that the Tathagata ever considers in his own mind: I ought to enunciate a system of teaching for the elucidation of the Dharma. You should never cherish such a thought. And why? Because if any disciple harboured such a thought he would not only be misunderstanding the Tathagata's teaching, but he would be slandering him as well. Moreover, the expression 'a system of teaching' has no meaning; for Truth (in the sense of Reality) cannot be cut up into pieces and arranged into a system. The words can only be used as a figure of speech."

—from *The Diamond Sutra*

I looked in on Andy for a minute, immersed in his peaceful two-year-old sleep, then thought of going in and lying next to Meryl and trying to comfort her and get her to come around. More than likely, though, she was still pissed. And it was hard to get her unpissed. Could I handle it?

"Come on," insisted Walt. "It's no good now. She'll be okay. Try her later."

I followed him out of the apartment and down the stairs...

...and into the natural world.

Standing transfixed in the portico of the apartment building, I saw the tall trees and shrubs of the Panhandle across the street as if, after a lifetime of blindness, I could finally see. I could see them as living, swaying, intertwined... *embracing* beings, with a consciousness of their own. It distinctly felt as if they all could sense me, too, as a being whose attention they need not fear—for whom they need not appear to be standing boringly still—as they shuddered in the caresses of the wind and fog, and embraced in a perpetual dance.

Walt and I didn't talk much now. The experience of moving through the world was too astonishing in itself to be brought down with many words. We drove in his car through Golden Gate Park and out to the beach. And again I was confronted with a familiar sight that had now become awesome—the Pacific Ocean.

"It's really the Ocean of Bliss, isn't it?" I said, taking off my shoes and socks and stepping out onto the cold sand of the beach. A million tingling pinpoint granules enveloped the soles of my sinking feet.

"Keeping up with your Buddhist scripture, eh, Gene?" said Walt.

"I don't know," I said. "I don't think I remember ever reading that. Maybe I just thought the same thing."

More than just a "body of water," the ocean was one vast, moving and living being, encompassing most of

the globe in a breathing, undulating envelope of burgeoning life and death. It was far more vital throughout the trillion-fold minutiae of its depths than the stark, austere earth, where the living beings who secured their survival were, necessarily, so thinly scattered. How could I have never seen the ocean that way before—*la mer/la mère* so obviously being the mother of us all?

I found myself lying on my back in the sand, my mind atomized and absorbed by the foggy night sky. Beyond the waves of the surf, waves of pure *energy*—like subsonic sound, only submaterial matter—were rising from a dark and writhing horizon, and thronging now toward the shore and sweeping over me and through me... It felt like an overwhelmingly sexual or procreative energy, only far more ecstatic and liberating. It was a *transport of joy*. I had read a lot of poetry that mentioned that kind of thing, but I had never really understood it until now.

For a long time I laid there in the sand, transports of joy rolling over me and shaking my body, the hissing inhalation and exhalation of the surf in my ears, and the tears steadily making their way down my cheeks—feeling utterly grateful to have been given a life to live, but not knowing who exactly to thank.

I had been sifting the sand through my fingers as I lay there, and the grains of sand, lit only by the street lamps along the beach promenade, were sparkling like diamonds as they fell—each of them a prism and each refracting its minute, individual rainbow. As the sand slid silkily through my fingers, it felt as if I could discriminate the discrete and unique impression of every jewellike grain on my nerve-endings. It was a sensation that corresponded to the one in my mouth, where I could still *taste* the LSD dissolving, molecule by molecule, into my taste buds and irradiating my tongue and throat and entire being. Just to say the letters *L-S-D* at that moment offered the same fearsome pleasure as the use of a highly potent incantation. Just to say it stoned me more.

I don't know what happened to my everyday consciousness at that point, and I didn't know how much later it had gotten to be, but I eventually realized I was riding again in the front seat of Walt's station wagon, along Ocean Beach and down the Great Highway. I think it must have been Walt's

loud whooping and laughing that attracted my attention again to the material world.

"This is *incredibly stoned*, Gene!" he was saying. "It's incredible! You are knocking my socks off, old man—you're like some kind of psychedelic reactor, putting out this irresistible radiation that I can't escape—because I feel like I'm stoned on acid too! I *am* stoned on acid too! Do you know what that means?"

"What?" I said distractedly, watching somebody in a Volkswagen bug zoom past us with a loud, mechanical chugging and whirring. Whoever he was looked like he thought he was neat, and his bug was neat.

"*It means we've proved the existence of the contact high!*" Walt was shouting again. "I tell you, I could write a whole Ph.D. thesis on what's happened to us tonight! *I'm stoned on acid. I didn't take any acid tonight.* Do you understand?"

I didn't answer. I was realizing for the first time the full, pretentious absurdity of man and his automobile—shut up like a sedentary but vain slug in his clanking, stinking, rolling suit of armor; sitting there suspended a foot above the ground and hurtling self-importantly through space.

"Another being in his machine, right, Gene?" said Walt. "I know just how you're seeing that guy—I think I know just right where you're at. If I do, then I'm *telepathic* with you, aren't I? I tell you, Gene, I've been there before—but I feel it and see it *now*, the same as you. I can even taste the acid in my mouth."

"Kind of *sandy*, isn't it?" I said. That wasn't the word for it, but there was no word for it.

"Yeah," he said. "Exactly."

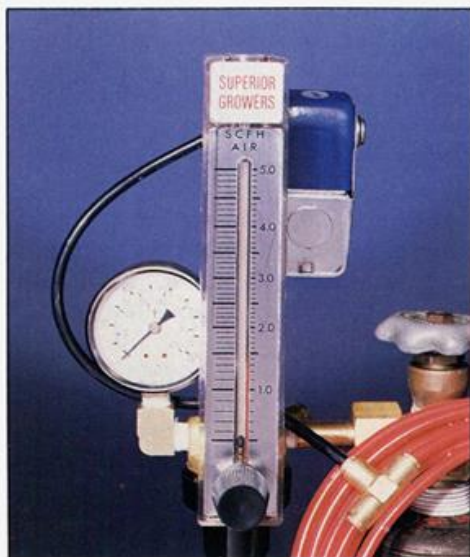
Just then some guy in a black Corvette roared past us, and in an instant we picked up enough of what he was feeling—his *telepathy*?—to know that his sleek, low, missilelike machine was a powerful, invulnerable extension—like an immense dildo—of his yearning pecker.

"It's a pecker on the prowl," I said.

He roared, "I love it! A pecker on the prowl!" We both started laughing then, and kept on laughing, hysterically it seemed at times, with every new revelation of ego and vanity afforded us by the flow of traffic. Walt's cheeks were soon stained with tears, and he was shaking with what looked like uncontrollable laughter and pounding the steering wheel with his fists.

"Hey," I said, trying to pull myself

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CO₂ ENRICHMENT, OR GAS YOUR GRASS

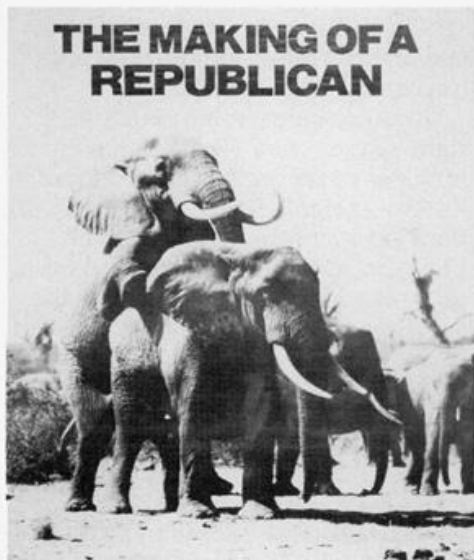
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Correction: In our July issue we inadvertently stated that Up-Time was created by P&L Distributing. The product was in fact created by the Up-Time Company in Calabasas, California.

together, and thinking Walt looked pretty strange. "Keep watching the road, man."

We drove up to the top of Twin Peaks, to have a look at the galactic spectacle of the lights of San Francisco and all the cities around the Bay, all totally interlaced with streams of moving red and white lights—little tin cans, picking up and delivering their human cargoes with tremendous speed. It was like the blood vessels in my hand: the inevitable product of evolution; another organic outgrowth of the basic, raging human desire for *more now, and faster*. But how could such a thing sustain itself for long, when the human hand itself—far more efficiently and spectacularly engineered—was soon dust?

"What's it been," I said to Walt. "A hundred and fifty years or so since the first white men got here and started cutting the trees down? It's been no time at all! Look at what they've done in just 150 years."

As far as you could see now, in every direction, a solid sea of blocky buildings and white- and pastel-stucco houses, with glowing, lamp-lit windows, covered all the flatlands around the edge of the Bay, and all but the highest parts of the highest hills—sweeping up the flanks of Twin Peaks, almost as high as where we were standing, like a flood of sparkling foam that had just come short of inundating everything.

"They just got here," I said, walking with Walt around the precipitous edge of the parking lot. "They only just got here, man, and look at what they've done with the land. All those houses—they're just our kind of tepees, that's all. They pitched their tents here because they couldn't go any further west, then they built their houses on top of their tents. Millions of them... one after the other, most of them right next to each other. Most of the people down there are no different from Neolithic man. That's just a concept they came up with for setting themselves apart. But even if you go along with the concept, a lot of them are downright *Paleolithic*. They don't know who they are—do they even know what they're doing?"

"Can they learn to live with each other like that has been the question all along," said Walt.

There in the Twin Peaks parking lot, people in their cars were pulling in, parking, pulling out, laughing, yakking, playing radios, drinking Cokes, tossing beer cans...

"Let's go somewhere quiet," I suggested.

"I know just the place," Walt said.

We drove back down to Golden Gate Park, left the car parked by the Stow Lake boat house, and headed for Strawberry Hill. The hill was an island in the middle of the lake and could be reached only by two arched stone bridges, one on either side. A heavy mist was rising from the lake. A mallard suddenly emerged from the grayness and came in for a wing-braking landing, his feet cutting a silent, widening swath of blackness in the water. Some tentative bird-song could be heard in the trees. Now the sky was showing the first pink signs of

*"I'm stoned
on acid.
I didn't take
any acid
tonight.
Do you
understand
what that
means?"*

dawn. The top of the hill hung suspended and visible above the mist, like an island itself, wholly disconnected from the earth.

As we approached the nearest stone bridge, the figures of two men already standing on the bridge coalesced out of the mist. We could see them, but it appeared that they didn't see us. They remained fixed in a kind of tableau, whose essence I soon grasped in a flash of recognition.

One of them, wearing a scarf, was casually leaning back against one of the bridge's low rock walls. Arms folded, he was looking out in front of him at nothing in particular, in an overall mind-and-body expression of attentive patience, with maybe a little

struggle to stave off sleep. The other was leaning over the top of the other wall and staring intently down into the water, barely supporting himself with stiff, outstretched arms. He was still, unmoving—not spaced, but *rapt*—as if hypnotized, or possessed.

He was on acid, of course. Instantly I *knew* it. There was no doubt in my mind that he was not drunk and barfing into the lake, not depressed and contemplating suicide, but was totally, psychedelically blown. I don't know how I knew it, but I *knew* it to the marrow of my bones. I figured it must be that if you were on acid yourself you could recognize whoever else around you was on acid—within a certain radius.

It was like seeing yourself in passing in the mirror. I even felt that he knew I was close by, and that he knew I was stoned like him, but that he chose not to turn and make a face-to-face connection that would get us more involved in each other's trips than we wanted to be. *And then our two heads agreed on that.*

Walt and I allowed them enough space to avoid the need for nods of acknowledgement, and we walked around the lake to the other bridge.

"That was amazing," I said, in hushed tones that seemed appropriate to the hallowed grounds of the park. "I felt sure one of those guys was stoned just like me."

"Both of them," said Walt. "Just as sure as you and I are both stoned."

"Walt, there must be a lot of people stoned like us right now, right this very moment."

"All over the world, Gene. Leary and those guys have been broadcasting the psychedelic message for years now. It's had a ripple effect across all cultures. It still is. It's become a wave—a revolution in consciousness."

Containing the whole earth in my mind, I could feel the tidal waves of new awareness sweeping around the globe, purifying the human mind and leaving enlightenment in their wake.

"This is how the world will get saved—if it gets saved," I said. "Isn't it?"

"We're still on the same wavelength, Gene," said Walt. "You're right on the money. But don't even think about it—the less you think about it the more right on you are. Just keep walking."

By the time we had climbed the winding path to the top of the hill, the orange glow of an imminent sunrise was spread out across the horizon. I

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BARROW

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chapel of flesh. The dust of years overlies us. But the child, bursting new upon the dim world of Karma, trails clouds of glory from the beatific vision. So Wordsworth held; so the Masters of Tibet taught us, long ages before Wordsworth."

"It's curious," Professor Spence put in, with a scientific smile restrained at the corners, "that all this should have happened to Joyce and to our friend Reeve at a long barrow. For you've seen MacRitchie's last work, I suppose? No? Well, he's shown conclusively that long barrows, which are the graves of the small, squat people who preceded the inroad of Aryan invaders, are the real originals of all the fairy hills and subterranean palaces of popular legend. You know the old story of how Childe Roland to the dark tower came, of course, Cameron? Well, that dark tower was nothing more or less than a long barrow; perhaps Pallinghurst Barrow itself, perhaps some other; and Childe Roland went into it to rescue his sister, Burd Ellen, who had been stolen by the fairy king, after the fashion of his kind, for a human sacrifice. The Picts, you recollect, were a deeply religious people, who believed in human sacrifice. They felt they derived from it high spiritual benefit. And the queerest part of it all is that in order to see the fairies you must go round the barrow *widershins*—that is to say, Miss Quackenboss, as Cameron will explain to you, the opposite way from the way of the sun—on this very night of all the year, Michaelmas Eve, which was the accepted old date of the autumnal equinox."

"All long barrows have a chamber of great stones in the center, I believe," Cameron suggested tentatively.

"Yes, all or nearly all; megalithic, you know; unwrought; and that chamber's the subterranean palace, lit up with the fairy light that's so constantly found in old stories of the dead, and which Joyce and you, alone among moderns, have been permitted to see, Reeve."

"It's a very odd fact," Dr. Porter, the materialist, interposed musingly, "that the only ghosts people ever see are the ghosts of a generation very, very close to them. One hears of lots of ghosts in eighteenth-century costumes, because everybody has a clear idea of wigs and small-clothes from pictures and fancy dresses. One hears of far fewer in Elizabethan dress, because the class most given to beholding ghosts are seldom acquainted with ruffs and farthingales;

and one meets with none at all in Anglo-Saxon or Ancient British or Roman costumes, because those are only known to a comparatively small class of learned people; and ghosts, as a rule, avoid the learned—except you, Mrs. Bruce—as they would avoid prussic acid. Millions of ghosts of remote antiquity must swarm about the world, though, after a hundred years or thereabouts, they retire into obscurity and cease to annoy people with their nasty cold shivers. But the queer thing about these long-barrow ghosts is that they must be the spirits of men and women who died thousands and thousands of years ago, which is exceptional longevity for a spiritual being; don't you think so, Cameron?"

"Europe must be chock-full of them!" the pretty American assented, smiling, "though Amurrica hasn't had time, so far, to collect any considerable population of spirits."

But Mrs. Bruce was up in arms at once against such covert levity, and took the field in full force for her beloved specters. "No, no," she said, "Dr. Porter, there you mistake your subject. You should read what I have written in *The Mirror of Trismegistus*. Man is the focus of the glass of his own senses. There are other landscapes in the fifth and sixth dimensions of space than the one presented to him. As Carlyle said truly, each eye sees in all things just what each eye brings with it the power of seeing. And this is true spiritually as well as physically. To Newton and Newton's dog Diamond what a different universe! One saw the great vision of universal gravitation, the other saw—a little mouse under a chair, as the wise old nursery rhyme so philosophically puts it. Nursery rhymes summarize for us the gain of centuries. Nothing was ever destroyed, nothing was ever changed, and nothing new is ever created. All the spirits of all that is, or was, or ever will be, people the universe everywhere, unseen, around us; and each of us sees of them those only he himself is adapted to seeing. The rustic or the clown meets no ghosts of any sort save the ghosts of the persons he knows about otherwise; if a man like yourself saw a ghost at all—which isn't likely—for you starve your spiritual side by blindly shutting your eyes to one whole aspect of nature—you'd be just as likely to see the ghost of a Stone Age chief as the ghost of a Georgian or Elizabethan exquisite."

"Did I catch the word 'ghost'?" Mrs. Bouverie-Barton put in, coming up unexpectedly with her angry glower. "Joyce, my child, go to bed. This is no

talk for you. And don't go chilling yourself by standing at the window in your nightdress, looking out on the Common to search for the light on the Old Long Barrow, which is all pure moonshine. You nearly caught your death of cold last year with that nonsense. It's always so. These superstitions never do any good to anyone."

And, indeed, Rudolph felt a faint glow of shame himself at having discussed such themes in the hearing of that nervous and high-strung little creature.

In the course of the evening Rudolph's head began to ache, as, to say the truth, it often did, for was he not an author? and sufferance is the badge of all our tribe. His head generally ached: the intervals he employed upon magazine articles. He knew that headache well, it was the worst neuralgic kind—the wet-towel variety—the sort that keeps you tossing the whole night long without hope of respite. About eleven o'clock, when the men went into the smoking room, the pain became unendurable. He called Dr. Porter aside. "Can't you give me anything to relieve it?" he asked piteously, after describing his symptoms.

"Oh, certainly," the doctor answered, with that brisk medical confidence we all know so well. "I'll bring you up a draught that will put that all right in less than half an hour. What Mrs. Bruce calls Soma—the fine old crusted remedy of our Aryan ancestor. There's nothing like it for cases of nervous inanition."

Rudolph went up to his room, and the doctor followed him a few minutes later with a very small phial of a very thick green viscid liquid. He poured 10 drops carefully into a measured medicine glass, and filled it up with water. It amalgamated badly. "Drink that off," he said, with the magisterial air of the cunning leech. And Rudolph drank it.

"I'll leave you the bottle," the doctor went on, laying it down on the dressing table, "only use it with caution. Ten drops in two hours if the pain continues. Not more than ten, recollect. It's a powerful narcotic—I daresay you know its name: it's *Cannabis indica*."

Rudolph thanked him inarticulately, and flung himself on the bed without undressing. He had brought up a book with him—that delicious volume, Joseph Jacobs' *English Fairy Tales*—and he tried in some vague way to read the story of Childe Roland, to which Professor Spence had directed his attention. But his head ached so much he could hardly read it; he only gathered with difficulty that Childe Roland had been instructed

by witch or warlock to come to a green hill surrounded with terrace rings—like Pallinghurst Barrow—to walk round it thrice, widershins, saying each time—

"Open door, open door,
"And let me come in,"

and when the door opened to enter unabashed the fairy-king's palace. And the third time the door did open, and Childe Roland entered a court, all lighted with a fairy light or gloaming. And then he went through a long passage till he came at last to two wide stone doors, and beyond them lay a hall—stately, glorious, magnificent—where Burd Ellen sat combing her golden hair with a comb of amber. And the moment she saw her brother, up she stood, and she said—

"Woe worth the day, ye luckless fool,
"Or ever that ye were born; -
"For come the King of Elfland in
"Your fortune is forlorn."

When Rudolph had read so far, his head ached so much he could read no further; so he laid down the book, and reflected once more in some half-conscious mood on Mrs. Bruce's theory that each man could see only the ghosts he expected. That seemed reasonable enough, for according to our faith is it unto us always. If so, then these ancient and savage ghosts of the dim old Stone Age, before bronze or iron, must still haunt the grassy barrows under the waving pines, where legend declared they were long since buried; and the mystic light over Pallinghurst moor must be the local evidence and symbol of their presence.

How long he lay there he hardly quite knew; but the clock struck twice, and his head was aching so fiercely now that he helped himself plentifully to a second dose of the thick green mixture. His hand shook too much to be puritanical to a drop or two. For a while it relieved him, then the pain grew worse again. Dreamily he moved over to the big north oriel to cool his brow with the fresh night air. The window stood open. As he gazed out a curious sight met his eye. At another oriel in the wing, which ran in an L-shaped bend from the part of the house where he had been put, he saw a child's white face gaze appealingly across to him. It was Joyce, in her white nightdress, peering with all her might, in spite of her mother's prohibition, on the mystic Common. For a second she started. Her eyes met his. Slowly she raised one pale forefinger and pointed. Her lips opened to frame an inaudible word: but he read it by sight.

"Look," she said simply. Rudolph looked where she pointed.

A faint blue light hung lambent over the Old Long Barrow. It was ghostly and vague, like matches rubbed on the palm. It seemed to rouse and call him.

He glanced towards Joyce. She waved her hand to the barrow. Her lips said, "Go." Rudolph was now in that strange semimesmeric state of self-induced hypnotism when a command, of whatever sort or by whomever given, seems to compel obedience. Trembling, he rose, and taking his bedroom candle in his hand, descended the stair noiselessly. Then, walking on tiptoe across the tile-paved hall, he reached his hat from the rack, and opening the front door stole out into the garden.

The Soma had steadied his nerves and supplied him with false courage, but even in spite of it he felt a weird and creepy sense of mystery and the supernatural. Indeed, he would have turned back even now, had he not chanced to look up and see Joyce's pale face still pressed close against the window and Joyce's white hand still motioning him mutely onward. He looked once more in the direction where she pointed. The spectral light now burnt clearer and bluer, and more unearthly than ever, and the illimitable moor seemed haunted from end to end by innumerable invisible and uncanny creatures.

Rudolph groped his way on. His goal was the barrow. As he went, speechless voices seemed to whisper unknown tongues encouragingly in his ear; horrible shapes of elder creeds appeared to crowd round him and tempt him with beckoning fingers to follow them. Alone, erect, across the darkling waste, stumbling now and again over roots of gorse and heather, but steadied, as it seemed, by invisible hands, he staggered slowly forward, till at last, with aching head and trembling feet, he stood beside the immemorial grave of the savage chieftain. Away over in the east the white moon was just rising.

After a moment's pause he began to walk round the tumulus. But something clogged and impeded him. His feet wouldn't obey his will; they seemed to move of themselves in the opposite direction. Then all at once he remembered he had been trying to go the way of the sun, instead of widershins. Steadying himself, and opening his eyes, he walked in the converse sense. All at once his feet moved easily, and the invisible attendants chuckled to themselves so loud that he could almost hear them. After the third round his lips

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"I'll leave you
the bottle,"
the doctor
went on,
"only use
it with
caution. It's
a powerful
narcotic—I
daresay you
know its
name: it's
*Cannabis
indica*."

A Monthly Report on Drugs and the Law

Written in consultation with Kevin Zeese, NORML Chief Counsel

A EULOGY FOR THE EXCLUSIONARY RULE

The high court pulls the teeth of the Fourth Amendment. by Bob LaBrasca

BACK IN THE LATE 1960S AND EARLY '70s, thousands of us used to demonstrate or party—much the same thing to us—in a place called Miffland. It was a middle-class neighborhood gone to seed in the heart of idyllic, lily-white Madison, Wisconsin—a sort of ghetto occupied by assorted long-hairs: students, activists, communarians, hedonists, etc.

In response to crucial outrages of the Vietnam War, or just because the weather was good or the time seemed ripe, we'd hit the streets and celebrate our defiance of the System. We'd listen to political speeches, make plans for resistance, play loud music, dance, drink and get stoned. A high old time it was.

It was also a screaming insult to the conservative establishment who still ran the town then. Their employees, the police, would patrol our bacchanal with vengeance in their eyes. To them we were filthy, daughter-corrupting dipshits and hippie whores. To us they were the hired thugs of the status quo—pigs, plain and simple.

We were always under-dressed and lighthearted—filled with the spirit of Revolution, wine and controlled substances. They stood around grim-faced, sweating miserably in their riot gear, waiting for some "provocation," which would invariably develop, and the day would end in a shitstorm of billy clubs and tear gas. Often, driven to distraction by the good time we were having at their expense, they would literally break into people's houses and bust everyone in sight—ostensibly because of the joint in somebody's hand or the Baggie of weed on the coffee table, but in fact they were just getting revenge.

Because of the "exclusionary rule," a goodly number of the resulting dope cases were tossed out of court by the more conscientious members of the local judiciary. Evidence the cops had obtained by illegally entering our homes, we learned, could not be used to prosecute us. So, over the next few years, the embarrassed cops were forced to learn the limits of their power. They were tutored in the warrant require-

ments of the Fourth Amendment, the criteria for "probable cause" and the rest of the "technicalities"—to the point where you practically had to commit a crime to get arrested. The exclusionary rule was the wrinkle in the fabric of the System that had saved our necks and civilized the cops.

We were small potatoes, of course. Further up the hierarchy of activism the radical, left-wing organizations ran the gauntlet of illegal wiretaps, government-ordered burglaries, agent-provocateurism—the works. At the center of many of the court fights spawned by these abuses was a young New York attorney named Gerald Lefcourt. With clients like the Chicago Eight, the Black Panthers and the Weather Underground, to name a few, he found himself nose to nose with illegal conspiracies, sometimes hatched in the highest offices of the federal government.

In the 1972 Detroit indictment of various members of the Weather Underground, Lefcourt says, the defense team was able to show that government agents had employed "illegal wiretaps, burglaries, sabotage—against not only the defendants in the case, but their lawyers." The case was dismissed in '73, because, recalls Lefcourt, "the government refused to disclose all the illegal acts involved in gathering evidence"—but only after the defense had made motions to suppress under the exclusionary rule.

But informed parties seem to agree that, by the time you read this, the U.S. Supreme Court will have instituted the "good-faith exception" to the exclusionary rule—declaring that evidence acquired by cops who "reasonably believe" they are acting legally shall be acceptable in court. A majority of the court has already expressed the conviction that there are "sufficient disincentives" to police lawlessness in "the possibility of departmental discipline and civil liability."

Chew on that one for a while. When you get convicted on the basis of illegally obtained evidence, you can sue the cops from your cell. And if the rest of us want the police, the *law enforcers*, to

stop breaking the law, we are asked to depend on police officials to discipline underlings who bring in convictions!?

Oh, it is *possible* to sue the cops; the Black Panthers did so after their New Haven bust. Here's Lefcourt's account of that sweet victory: "The police conducted wholesale illegal wiretapping of the Black Panthers, and they admitted it. A lawsuit was brought approximately ten years ago, and it is now being settled in 1984. The wiretapping occurred in 1972, it was disclosed and admitted to in 1974, and the suit is not quite finished now in 1984. These so-called civil-rights suits to redress grievances are totally ineffectual. Nobody was removed from their job up there, and the top police people were involved. That provides no remedy."

And where are the victims of these police crimes 10 years later? "Some of them are dead, some of them are in jail; some of them are paranoid. Who knows?" says Lefcourt. "It's totally ineffectual to say, 'Go bring a lawsuit.'"

Part of the beauty of this good-faith business, of course, is that it's an easy thing for police to lie about. No witnesses can contradict someone's testimony that he *thought* what he was doing was legal. Lefcourt, who has seen his share of police perjury, opines dismally, "This will make their perjury more acceptable."

But this is just the latest chapter in what he calls "a Machiavellian plot" by the Nixon-Reagan Supreme Court "to dismantle every concept of the Fourth Amendment... Fifth Amendment, Sixth Amendment."

It's an important chapter, though. The police may now safely guide themselves, not by the light of the Constitution, but by the glow of their own "good faith"; and in an era when drugs have replaced radicalism as the root cause of all this country's social ills, it's the drug criminals they'll be coming after.

Meanwhile, I keep having these flashbacks to the police riots in Miffland. I didn't like the way those Madison cops behaved, but they may well have been acting in "good faith." □

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BARROW

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parted, and he murmured the mystic words: "Open door! Open door! Let me come in." Then his head throbbed worse than ever with exertion and giddiness, and for two or three minutes more he was unconscious of anything.

When he opened his eyes again a very different sight displayed itself before him. Instantly he was aware that the age had gone back upon its steps 10,000 years, as the sun went back upon the dial of Ahaz; he stood face to face with a remote antiquity. Planes of existence faded; new sights floated over him; new worlds were penetrated; new ideas, yet very old, undulated centrally towards him from the universal flat of time and space and matter and motion. He was projected into another sphere and saw by fresh senses. Everything was changed, and he himself changed with it.

The blue light over the barrow now shone clear as day, though infinitely more mysterious. A passage lay open through the grassy slope into a rude stone corridor. Though his curiosity by this time was thoroughly aroused, Rudolph shrank with a terrible shrinking from his own impulse to enter this grim black hole, which led at once, by an oblique descent, into the bowels of the earth. But he couldn't help himself. For, O God! looking round him, he saw, to his infinite terror, alarm and awe, a ghostly throng of naked and hideous savages. They were spirits, yet savages. Eagerly they jostled and hustled him, and crowded round him in wild groups, exactly as they had done to the spiritual sense a little earlier in the evening, when he couldn't see them. But now he saw them clearly with the outer eye; saw them as grinning and hateful barbarian shadows, neither black nor white, but tawny-skinned and low-browed, their tangled hair falling unkempt in matted locks about their receding foreheads, their jaws large and fierce, their eyebrows shaggy and protruding like a gorilla's, their loins just girt with a few scraps of torn skin—their whole mien inexpressibly repulsive and bloodthirsty.

They were savages, yet they were ghosts. The two most terrible and dreaded foes of civilized experience seemed combined at once in them. Rudolph Reeve crouched powerless in their intangible hands; for they seized him roughly with incorporeal fingers, and pushed him bodily into the presence of their sleeping chieftain. As they did so

they raised loud peals of discordant laughter. It was hollow, but it was piercing. In that hateful sound the triumphant whoop of the Red Indian and the weird mockery of the ghost were strangely mingled into some appalling harmony.

Rudolph allowed them to push him in; they were too many to resist, and the Soma had sucked all strength out of his muscles. The women were the worst: ghastly hags of eld, witches with pendulous breasts and bloodshot eyes, they whirled round him in triumph, and shouted aloud in a tongue he had never before heard, though he understood it instinctively. "A victim! A victim! We hold him! We have him!"

Even in the agonized horror of that awful moment, Rudolph knew why he understood those words, unheard till then. They were the first language of our race—the natural and instinctive mother tongue of humanity.

They haled him forward by main force to the central chamber, with hands and arms and ghostly shreds of buffalo hide. Their wrists compelled him as the magnet compels the iron bar. He entered the palace. A dim phosphorescent light, like the light of a churchyard or of decaying paganism, seemed to illumine it faintly. Things loomed dark before him, but his eyes almost instantly adapted themselves to the gloom, as the eyes of the dead on the first night in the grave adapt themselves by inner force to the strangeness of their surroundings. The royal hall was built up of cyclopean stones, each as big as the head of some colossal Sesostris. They were of ice-worn granite and a dusky gray sandstone, rudely piled on one another, and carved in relief with representations of serpents, concentric lines, interlacing zigzags and the mystic swastika. But all these things Rudolph only saw vaguely, if he saw them at all; his attention was too much concentrated on devouring fear and the horror of his situation.

In the very center a skeleton sat crouching on the floor in some loose, huddled fashion. Its legs were doubled up, its hands clasped round its knees, its grinning teeth had long been blackened by time or by the indurated blood of human victims. The ghosts approached it with strange reverence, in impish postures.

"See! We bring you a slave, great king!" they cried in the same barbaric tongue—all clicks and gutturals. "For this is the holy night of your father, the Sun, when he turns him about on his yearly course through the stars and goes south to leave us. We bring you a slave to renew your youth. Rise! Drink

his hot blood! Rise! Kill and eat him!"

The grinning skeleton turned its head and regarded Rudolph from its eyeless orbs with a vacant glance of hungry satisfaction. The sight of human meat seemed to create a soul beneath the ribs of death in some incredible fashion. Even as Rudolph, held fast by the immaterial hands of his ghastly captors, looked and trembled for his fate, too terrified to cry out or even to move and struggle, he beheld the hideous thing rise and assume a shadowy shape, all pallid blue light, like the shapes of his jailers. Bit by bit, as he gazed, the skeleton seemed to disappear, or rather to fade into some unsubstantial form, which was nevertheless more human, more corporeal, more horrible than the dry bones it had come from. Naked and yellow like the rest, it wore round its dim waist just an apron of dry grass, or, what seemed to be such, while over its shoulders hung the ghost of a bearskin mantle. As it rose, the other specters knocked their foreheads low on the ground before it, and groveled with their long locks in the ageless dust, and uttered elfin cries of inarticulate homage.

The great chief turned, grinning, to one of his spectral henchmen. "Give a knife!" he said curtly; for all that these strange shades uttered was snapped out in short, sharp sentences, and in a monosyllabic tongue, like the bark of jackals or the laugh of the striped hyena among the graves at midnight.

The attendant, bowing low once more, handed his liege a flint flake, very keen-edged, but jagged, a rude and horrible instrument of barbaric manufacture. But what terrified Rudolph most was the fact that this flake was no ghostly weapon, no immaterial shred, but a fragment of real stone, capable of inflicting a deadly gash or long torn wound. Hundreds of such fragments, indeed, lay loose on the concreted floor of the chamber, some of them roughly chipped, others ground and polished. Rudolph had seen such things in museums many times before, with a sudden rush of horror, he recognized now for the first time in his life with what object the savages of that far-off day had buried them with their dead in the chambered barrows.

With a violent effort he wetted his parched lips with his tongue, and cried out thrice in his agony the one word "Mercy!"

At that sound the savage king burst into a loud and fiendish laugh. It was a hideous laugh, halfway between a wild

/ continued on next page

beast's and a murderous maniac's: it echoed through the long hall like the laughter of devils when they succeed in leading a fair woman's soul to eternal perdition. "What does he say?" the king cried, in the same transparently natural words, whose import Rudolph could understand at once. "How like birds they talk, these white-faced men, whom we get for our only victims since the years grew foolish! 'Mu-mu-mu-moo!' they say; 'Mu-mu-mu-moo!' more like frogs than men and women!"

Then it came over Rudolph instinctively, through the maze of his terror, that he could understand the lower tongue of these elfish visions because he and his ancestors had once passed through it; but they could not understand his, because it was too high and too deep for them.

He had little time for thought, however. Fear bounded his horizon. The ghosts crowded round him, gibbering louder than before. With wild cries and heathen screams they began to dance about their victim. Two advanced with measured steps and tied his hands and feet with a ghostly cord. It cut into the flesh like the stab of a great sorrow. They bound him to a stake which Rudolph felt conscious was no earthly and material wood but a piece of intangible shadow, yet he could no more escape from it than from the iron chain of an earthly prison. On each side of the stake two savage hags, long-haired, ill-favored, inexpressibly cruel-looking, set two small plants of Enchanter's Nightshade. Then a fierce orgiastic shout went up to the low roof from all the assembled people. Rushing forward together, they covered his body with what seemed to be oil and butter, they hung grave-flowers round his neck, they quarreled among themselves with clamorous cries for hairs and rags torn from his head and clothing. The women, in particular, whirled round him with frantic Bacchanalian gestures, crying aloud as they circled: "O great chief! O my king! we offer you this victim; we offer you new blood to prolong your life. Give us in return sound sleep, dry graves, sweet dreams, fair seasons!"

They cut themselves with flint knives. Ghostly ichor streamed copious.

The king meanwhile kept close guard over his victim, whom he watched with hungry eyes of hideous cannibal longing. Then, at a given signal, the crowd of ghosts stood suddenly still. There was an awesome pause. The men gathered outside, the women crouched low in a ring close up to him. Dimly at that moment Rudolph noticed almost with-

out noticing it that each of them had a wound on the side of his own skull, and he understood why: they had themselves been sacrificed in the dim long ago to bear their king company to the world of spirits. Even as he thought that thought, the men and women with a loud whoop raised hands aloft in unison. Each grasped a sharp flake, which he brandished savagely. The king gave the signal by rushing at him with a jagged and sawlike knife. It descended on Rudolph's head. At the same moment the others rushed forward, crying aloud in their own tongue. "Carve the flesh from his bones! Slay him! Hack him to pieces!"

Rudolph bent his head to avoid the blows. He cowered in abject terror. Oh! what fear would any Christian ghost have inspired by the side of these incorporeal pagan savages! Ah! mercy! mercy! They would tear him limb from limb! They would rend him in pieces!

At that instant he raised his eyes, and, as by a miracle of fate, saw another shadowy form floating vague before him. It was the form of a man in 16th-century costume, very dim and uncertain. It might have been a ghost—it might have been a vision—but it raised its shadowy hand and pointed towards the door. Rudolph saw it was unguarded. The savages were now upon him, their ghostly breath blew chill on his cheek. "Show them iron!" cried the shadow in an English voice. Rudolph struck out with both elbows and made a fierce effort for freedom. It was with difficulty he roused himself, but at last he succeeded. He drew his pocketknife and opened it. At sight of the cold steel, which no ghost or troll or imp can endure to behold, the savages fell back, muttering. But 'twas only for a moment. Next instant, with a howl of vengeance even louder than before, they crowded round him and tried to intercept him. He shook them off with wild energy, though they jostled and hustled him, and struck him again and again with their sharp flint edges. Blood was flowing freely now from his hands and arms—red blood of this world; but still he fought his way out by main force with his sharp steel blade towards the door and the moonlight. The nearer he got to the exit, the thicker and closer the ghosts pressed around, as if conscious that their power was bounded by their own threshold. They avoided the knife, meanwhile, with superstitious terror. Rudolph elbowed them fiercely aside, and lunging at them now and again, made his way to the door. With one supreme effort he tore himself madly out, and stood once more on the open

heath, shivering like a greyhound. The ghosts gathered grinning by the open vestibule, their fierce teeth, like a wild beast's, confessing their impotent anger. But Rudolph started to run, all wearied as he was, and ran a few hundred yards before he fell and fainted. He dropped on a clump of white heather by a sandy ridge, and lay there unconscious till well on into the morning.

When the people from the Manor-house picked him up next day, he was hot and cold, terribly pale from fear, and mumbling incoherently. Dr. Porter had him put to bed without a moment's delay. "Poor fellow!" he said, leaning over him, "he's had a very narrow escape indeed of a bad brain fever. I oughtn't to have exhibited Cannabis in his excited condition, or, at any rate, if I did, I ought, at least, to have watched its effect more closely. He must be kept very quiet now, and on no account whatever, Nurse, must either Mrs. Bruce or Mrs. Bouverie-Barton be allowed to come near him."

But late in the afternoon Rudolph sent for Joyce.

The child came creeping in with an ashen face. "Well?" she murmured, soft and low, taking her seat by the bedside, "so the King of the Barrow very nearly had you."

"Yes," Rudolph answered, relieved to find there was somebody to whom he could talk freely of his terrible adventure. "He nearly had me. But how did you come to know it?"

"About two by the clock," the child replied, with white lips of terror, "I saw the fires on the moor burn brighter and bluer: and then I remembered the words of a terrible old rhyme the gypsy woman taught me—

" 'Pallinghurst Barrow—Pallinghurst Barrow!

" 'Every year one heart thou'lt harrow!

" 'Pallinghurst Ring—Pallinghurst Ring!

" 'A bloody man is thy ghostly king.

" 'Men's bones he breaks, and sucks their marrow,

" 'In Pallinghurst Ring on Pallinghurst Barrow,'

and just as I thought it, I saw the lights burn terribly bright and clear for a second, and I shuddered for horror. Then they died down low at once, and there was moaning on the moor, cries of despair, as from a great crowd cheated, and at that I knew that you were not to be the Ghost-King's victim." □

ASK ED

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Dear Ed,

What do you think is the best indicator of the optimum time to harvest plants?

—Antoine

Los Angeles, Calif.

The best time to harvest is when the flowers start to change shape, and the ovary (found underneath the flower) begins to swell as if it were fertilized.

Dear Ed,

I read in Marijuana Botany that many times the color of a cola can be induced artificially through plant and soil techniques which raise or deplete nutrient levels, giving rise to new colors and highs that would not be present without the techniques. For instance, it is known that gold has a nitrogen deficiency and that it can be induced by girdling the trunk when the buds start to mature. Orange has normal N, but high boron and bronze seems to give you a plant with too much N. Please tell me exactly how the cannabis farmers in Colombia and elsewhere girdle plants to make gold, so we can make true gold in the USA. Also, what plant/soil techniques are needed to induce red, black or blue colors?

—Anonymous

Bronx, N.Y.

Dear Ed,

After a plant is fully matured but still in the soil, what is the best way to eliminate the green color caused by chlorophyll and the ever-so-unpopular minty green taste?

—J.N.

Claymont, Pa.

Most sinsemilla retains quite a bit of chlorophyll, and American tastes have adapted to the fresh taste of homegrown. Still, the minty taste of chlorophyll can detract from the overall smoke and make it harsher, so some of the green should be eliminated.

If the plants are being grown in containers, the soil can be leached a few days before harvest so that most of the nitrogen (N) in the soil is eliminated. After leaching, the soil should be treated with a low N, high phosphorus (P), medium potassium (K) fertilizer. Without N the plants cannot produce chlorophyll. If this is done a week before harvest and the plants are still producing new growth, many of the fan leaves will wither and fall as the plants transfer N from the old growth to the new.

I do not recommend girdling the plants. This causes the plant parts to die and then turn color as the chlorophyll is destroyed by light. The same effect can be produced by withholding water and letting the buds dry on the plant. The buds will look golden or brown but have a harsh taste and a loss of potency.

In Colombia the plants are green when they are picked, but the buds turn color during the curing process. They are fermented in piles in the hot sun. Anaerobic fermentation and bleaching occur and the chlorophyll is destroyed. However, the buds lose quite a bit of potency since a fair percentage of the THC turns to CBN or CBL, which are less active cannabinoids. In addition, many of the glands on the surface of the buds are knocked off. The glands trapped in the compressed buds are relatively protected by the dense vegetation so that further deterioration is prevented.

Sinsemilla is best cured by letting it dry slowly in a humid space with plenty of fresh air and air movement. As long as the vegetation retains most of its moisture, the plant cells remain alive and continue to function. The cells convert many of the starches back to sugars and also metabolize some of the chlorophyll so that the bud smokes smoother and has a smooth rather than minty taste.

The *Ridge Review* is a quarterly publication. Each issue is devoted to a single topic. The Spring 1984 issue features marijuana. It contains 16 articles on the subject, including features on law, economics and legalization. I found it truly interesting. And it looks good, too. For a copy of the issue send \$2.75 to the *Ridge Review*, Box 90, Mendocino, CA 95460. Ask for the Spring 1984 issue, vol. IV, no. 1.

I welcome tips, comments and questions regarding marijuana and marijuana cultivation. Also, photos for the Garden, Plant and Bud of the Month. These photos may be used in this column for subsequent publication. If your photo or comment is used you will receive a copy of the *Marijuana Growers Guide*. Please send all material to "Ask Ed," HIGH TIMES Magazine, 17 W. 60 St., New York, NY 10023.

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PEAS

/ continued from page 57

was being carried out through perversion of Hindu rituals. Thus, today, Buddhists and Jains are still largely vegetarian, with few exceptions.

The Vedic scriptures of India, which predate both Buddhism and Jainism, also stress nonviolence as the ethical foundation of vegetarianism. Many scholars believe that this is where the vegetarian ideal originates. Thus, modern-day Hinduism, as well as all other forms of spirituality based on the Vedas, propounds the meatless diet. In fact, this author bases his vegetarianism upon the teachings of the Vedic literature.

One final point should be addressed. Vegetarians are sometimes charged for being hypocritical. Not realizing the multifarious health reasons for a vegetarian diet, meat-eaters often point the finger and say, "You don't eat meat—but you *do* eat plants! Killing is still killing!"

But even if we neglect the health reasons for turning to a vegetarian diet, this argument can still be answered. First of all, the vegetarian never claims that by taking to a vegetarian diet he becomes exempt from all killing. Actually, that isn't possible. Even when we breathe, we kill thousands upon thousands of microorganisms. But a vegetarian diet *does* minimize the amount of killing we do, and that's about all we can hope for. Animals have to eat about 10 times as much vegetable food to return a single unit of food value as meat. Thus, a vegetarian diet means less destruction of plants. Also, most vegetarian food can be obtained without killing the plant; this includes ripe fruits and nuts, berries, melons, seeds, legumes, tomatoes, squash, cucumbers and pumpkins. A vegetarian need not be an extremist.

Here's a case in point: Approximately 30 or 40 photographs in articles and advertisements are printed in every issue of HIGH TIMES. For each of these photographs Kodak or Agfa processed a thin layer of gelatin to adhere the light-sensitive emulsion to the film. And for this gelatin, Swift or Armour slaughtered another horse for its hooves or another hog for its bones. Should we, then, revoke our subscription to HIGH TIMES? Of course not—at least not for this reason...

Better that we are in the darkroom than in the dark. Let us be thankful that the gelatin is at least—in this case—being expended for the promotion of vegetarianism. □

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1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS

FORTY-SIXTH OF A MONTHLY SERIES

547 REFLECTIONS ON ICE-BREAKING

Candy
Is dandy
But liquor
Is quicker.

Ogden Nash,
Many Long Years Ago, 1945

548 PAUL & LINDA BUSTED IN BARBADOS

Smiling and suntanned, he was unrepentant about his fourth drug bust in 12 years, telling newsmen at the airport: "This [marijuana] substance is a whole lot less harmful than rum punch, whisky, nicotine and glue—all of which are perfectly legal. I'd like to see it decriminalized. I don't think that in the privacy of my own room I was doing any harm whatsoever.

"Let's get this straight. I don't think I'm setting an example to anyone. I'm just being my own self in my own time. What about the example an alcoholic is setting? But alcohol is perfectly legal. All I ask is to be allowed, in the privacy of my own room, like homosexuals, to be allowed to do something which I reckon is not very harmful."

Paul's first drug bust came in 1972 when he was arrested for trying to smuggle pot into Sweden. Later that year he was arrested for growing marijuana on his farm in Scotland. In 1975, Linda was arrested for possession of marijuana in her handbag in Los Angeles. In 1980, McCartney was arrested and jailed for nine days after a bag full of pot was found in his suitcase in Tokyo. He was deported and a series of concerts was cancelled.

Meanwhile, he is No. 1 on the British charts with "The Pipes of Peace."

P. Roura and T. Poster,
New York Daily News,
Jan. 18, 1984

549 AS WASHINGTON MAY BE CALLED the headquarters of tobacco-tinctured saliva, the time is come when I must confess, without any disguise, that the prevalence of those two odious practices of chewing and expectorating began about this time to be anything but agreeable, and soon became most offensive and sickening. In all the public places of America, this fil-

thy custom is recognized. In the courts of law, the judge has his spittoon, the crier his, the witness his, and the prisoner his; while the jurymen and spectators are provided for, as so many men who in the course of nature must desire to spit incessantly. In the hospitals, the students of medicine are requested, by notices upon the wall, to eject their tobacco juice into the boxes provided for that purpose, and not to discolor the stairs. In public buildings, visitors are implored, through the same agency, to squirt the essence of their quids, or "plugs," as I have heard them called by gentlemen learned in this kind of sweetmeat, into the national spittoons, and not about the bases of the marble columns. But in some parts, this custom is inseparably mixed up in every meal and morning call, and with all the transactions of social life. The stranger who follows in the track I took myself, will find it in its full bloom and glory, luxuriant in all its alarming recklessness, at Washington. And let him not persuade himself (as I once did, to my shame), that previous tourists have exaggerated its extent. The thing itself is an exaggeration of nastiness, which cannot be outdone.

On board this steamboat, there were two young gentlemen, with shirt-collars reversed as usual, and armed with very big walking-sticks; who planted two seats in the middle of the deck, at a distance of some four paces apart; took out their tobacco-boxes; and sat down opposite each other to chew. In less than a quarter of an hour's time, these hopeful youths had shed about them on the clean boards, a copious shower of yellow rain; clearing, by that means, a kind of magic circle, within whose limits no intruders dared to come, and which they never failed to refresh and re-refresh before a spot was dry. This being before breakfast, rather disposed me, I confess, to nausea; but looking attentively at one of the expectorators, I plainly saw that he was young in chewing, and felt inwardly uneasy, himself. A glow of delight came over me at this discovery; and as I marked his face turn paler and paler, and saw the ball of tobacco in his left cheek, quiver with his suppressed agony, while yet he spat, and chewed, and spat again, in emulation of his older friend, I could have fallen on his neck and implored him to go on for hours.

Charles Dickens,
American Notes, 1842

550 HEROIN-RELATED DEATHS— DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, 1980-1982

In the period January 1980-December 1982, 266 deaths occurred in the District of Columbia because of intravenous heroin use. These deaths represented a substantial increase in numbers beginning in the second quarter of 1979. The median age of all decedents for this 2-year period was 30 years; 93% were black, and 82% were male. These deaths constituted 96% of all deaths due to abuse of narcotics in the District of Columbia during the study period; they clustered significantly in the spring and summer, on Friday and Saturday, and from 6 P.M. through 12 midnight. The median age at which the decedents in this group first used heroin was 19. Analyses of heroin preparations sold on the street indicated that quinine was the only other pharmacologically active substance consistently present in packages of heroin associated with these heroin-related deaths (HRDs)...

Although the mechanisms for the epidemiologically identified risk factors have not been firmly established, the data from the District of Columbia study support the adoption of public health education measures aimed at reducing heroin-related mortality. The following recommendations should be considered for use by public health care providers:

1) Heroin users should be continually reminded of the well-documented elevation in the risk for death associated with using heroin in any context, using heroin after a period of postaddiction abstinence, and using heroin for recreational (nonaddictive) purposes.

2) The risk of combining heroin use with ethanol ingestion should be made clear to all heroin users. Addiction treatment programs should also address the problem of substituting addiction to ethanol for addiction to heroin, methadone, or other drugs. Heroin addicts under treatment who have problems with ethanol abuse should be treated for both drug problems.

3) Measures should be considered to decrease the ready availability of quinine. Heroin users should also be apprised of the potential risks involved when quinine is used as a diluent in preparations of heroin.

Morbidity & Mortality
Weekly Report,
July 1, 1983

HIGH TIMES welcomes reader contributions to this clever column. Address correspondence to:
Dope Lore, HIGH TIMES, 17 West 60th Street, New York, NY 10023.

TALES FROM THE BATHROOM
© BY SANTIAGO COHEN
"FRANK THE WIENER"
SAUSAGE WHO CRAVED TO BE THE ONE DAY ALL THIS'LL BE MINE

FRANK WAS A VERY AMBITIOUS BEST WIENER IN AMERICA...

SO HE SPENT LONG HOURS DOING HARD EXERCISE...

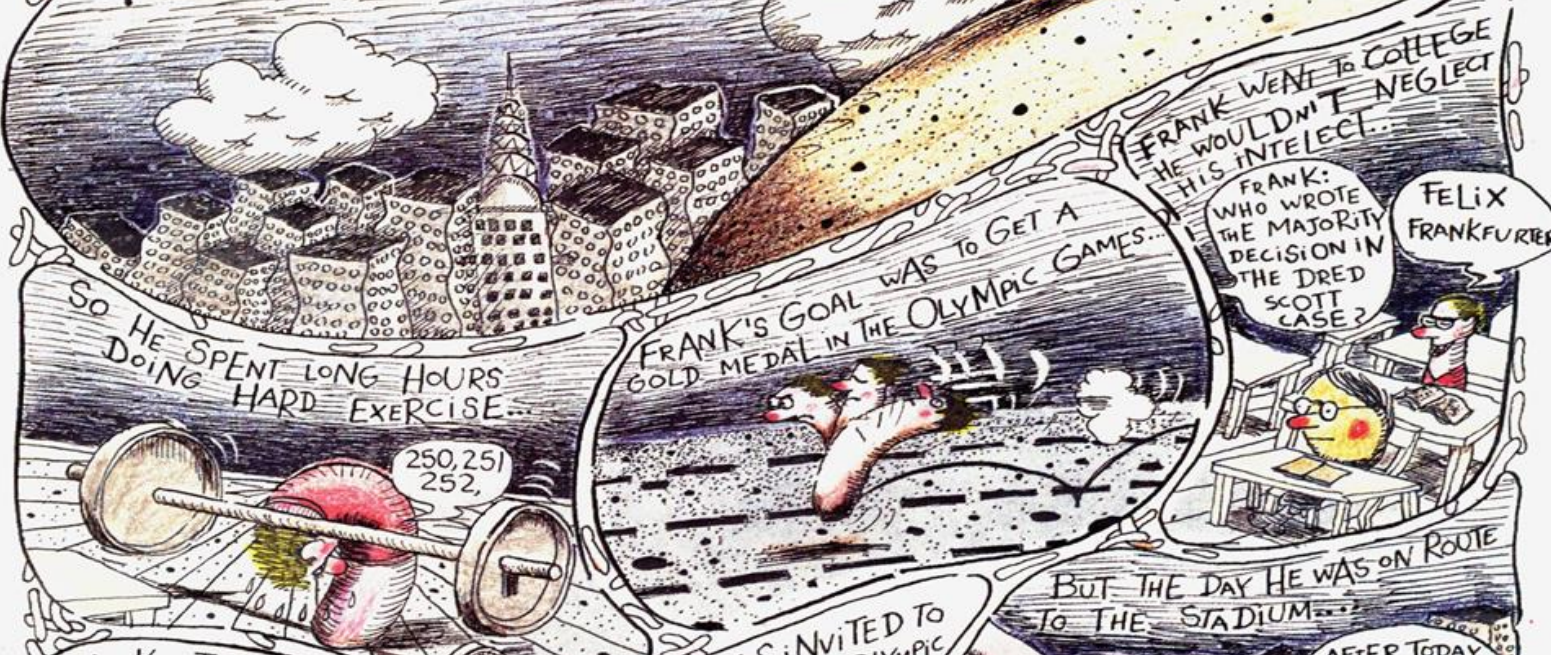
250, 251, 252,

FRANK'S GOAL WAS TO GET A GOLD MEDAL IN THE OLYMPIC GAMES...

FRANK WENT TO COLLEGE HE WOULDN'T NEGLECT HIS INTELECT...

FRANK: WHO WROTE THE MAJORITY DECISION IN THE DRED SCOTT CASE?

FELIX FRANKFURTER



FRANK STARTED DOING VERY WELL IN NATIONAL COMPETITIONS AND EVEN RECEIVED THE KETCHUP AWARD...

AT LAST HE WAS INVITED TO COMPETE IN THE OLYMPIC GAMES...

OH YEEEA!!!

NO WEAT

BUT THE DAY HE WAS ON ROUTE TO THE STADIUM...

AFTER TODAY I WILL BE KNOWN AS THE BEST SAUSAGE IN THE WORLD.



FRANKIE WAS KIDNAPPED BY A CHINESE CHEF...

HA HA HA

HELP HELP

WHO USED HIM TO MAKE A HUNAN-STYLE FU YONG...

THAT DAY THE PATRONS WEREN'T SATISFIED WITH THE FOOD...

IS THIS CHICKEN OR BEEF?

IF YOU ASK ME IT'S CAT

POOR FRANK... HE NEVER GOT TO BE A HOT DOG...

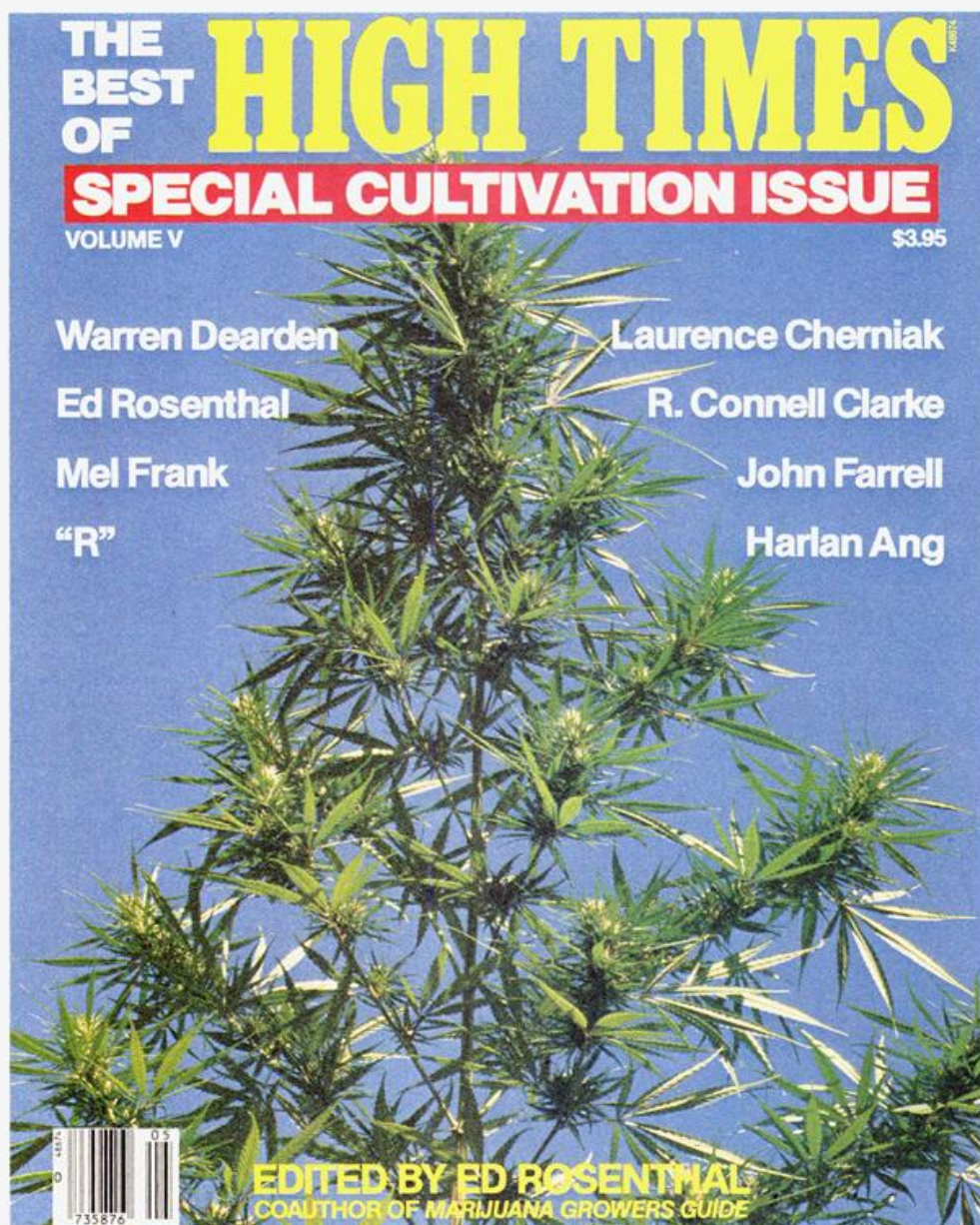


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REDFORD AT THE BAT...

...Gibson on the *Bounty* and Goldie Goes to Work.
Plus a few offerings for those who prefer subtitles.



New skin for the old ceremony: Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins in *The Bounty*.

The Bounty (D: Roger Donaldson. With Anthony Hopkins and Mel Gibson)—Captain Bligh and Fletcher Christian (anal-compulsive despot and courageous libertine) from the apparently deathless pages of Nordhoff and Hall's historical novel once more wage their eternal struggle over the souls and freedom of the men of H.M.S. *Bounty* and its cargo of breadfruit and bondage. This, of course, is the much-announced, much-delayed Dino De Laurentiis remake of *Mutiny on the Bounty*. What's different here, beyond the obvious opportunity for increased sexual frankness, is the socio-psychological analysis. Bolt's Bligh (impressively done by Hop-

kins) is not a monster, nor, indeed, is he even a captain (the film restores him to an ambitious ship's lieutenancy). He is, instead, a rather decent, even approachable chap, albeit a bit infatuated with Fletcher Christian, who becomes crazed by the social pressures of rising in Her Majesty's Navy. And Christian (Gibson, at his sexiest) is not really a romantic hero; he is an adventurer and voluptuary who, along with the crew, is too seduced by the carefree hedonism of the islands to want to return to Britain. The film has a potential for social tragedy that it never quite reaches, and the direction of New Zealander Donaldson (who made the excellent *Sleeping Dogs*

and *Smash Palace*), though muscular and spontaneous, is a bit less certain with the upper classes than it is with the lower. But even though *The Bounty* tends to vanish off your mind's palate a bit rapidly, it's a pleasant evening's entertainment; and, largely because of Bolt's crisply elegant script, it compares favorably with its two predecessors.

Swing Shift (D: Jonathan Demme. With Goldie Hawn)—The failures of hacks or incompetents can be amusing; the failures of talented people usually only make you groan. *Swing Shift* is the work of a talented director, talented writers, talented actors, cinematographers, and art and set designers. And the result is bland, dumb, frazzled, vaguely chaotic and straining at the seams. We're back in the '40s—the era of the Andrews Sisters, war bonds, the Flat Foot Floogie and Rosie the Riveter—in a stretch of Santa Monica where the men are off to fight and the women are "manning" the homefires: pounding the rivets, making the planes and, incidentally, discovering a new independence, new sexual lives and a new community—a community which will evaporate when the war is over. It's a rich theme, and we see it in microcosm—through the experiences of Goldie Hawn as a typical housewife. And here's where the film begins to go wrong; the focus is so insistently, romantically, on Goldie that we lose any sense of community. One might tend to blame director or actors here—or the way *Swing Shift* was cut—except for the

fact that the lines themselves are *terrible*; folksy, empty, cutesy, dull, and almost totally lacking in depth, resonance or even simple humor. *Swing Shift* is as disconnected, flat and dysfunctional as a plane before it hits the assembly line. It doesn't fly, and you can only appreciate it in sections and pieces, if at all.

The Natural (D: Barry Levinson. With Robert Redford, Robert Duvall, Glenn Close)—The first thing that has to be said about the new movie adaptation of Bernard Malamud's superb baseball novel, *The Natural*, is that the screenwriters have made a ludicrous alteration of the book's climax—almost as absurd as if, in adapting *War and Peace*, they had decided to try this new, "improved" ending: Napoleon triumphant. But the *second* thing that has to be said is that this incredibly foolish ending is one of the few things in the movie that really, unequivocally *works*, that doesn't tend to be paralyzed by overreverence, sapped by grand ambitions or drowned in misapplied expertise and virtuosity. Malamud's novel is a sort of Faustian view of the Great American Pastime—with its quirky, fantastic, darkly humorous study of Roy Hobbs, an aging pro outfielder, derailed from greatness, and now in middle age, desperately reaching for one last stab at immortality. The novel is cynical and romantic in the best American-Gothic tradition, brilliantly sharp and funny, poetic and touching. It should have made a wonderful movie. And certainly, this *Natural* is a showcase for some of the best talent in Hollywood. Cinematographer Caleb Deschanel lights it exquisitely; Randy Newman proves he's as good a film composer as his uncles, and the cast looks like a registry of Hollywood's reigning aristocracy of acting—Robert Redford (perfect as Hobbs), Robert Duvall, Glenn Close (both wasted), Wilford Brimley, Richard Farnsworth, Kim Basinger and Joe Don Baker (doing an excellent bit as a proto-Ruthian slugger named "The Whammer"). But everything seems to be in a state of fudgy confusion. The only good dialogue is transplanted directly from Malamud, and (even if you swallow hard and *accept* the new resolution), Roger Towne and Phil Dusenberry's script is badly structured and full of seams. As for Barry (Diner) Levinson, he has succumbed to a sort of *Rigor Rembrandt* in the compositions (always a temptation when working with a talent like Deschanel),



Robert Redford as the aging rookie outfielder in Barry Levinson's *The Natural*.

and he never really generates a consistent rhythm, spontaneity or style. The menace tends to be unmenacing, the romance overchic, and the humor arch. But I don't want to sound *too* harsh. There are many good moments in *The Natural*, and I wouldn't want, however infinitesimally, to fuel any studio head's insistence that writers like Malamud (or Doctorow or Bellow) should be avoided, all the better to crank out 50 new versions of *Fiends on the Loose* or *MTV: The Movie*. After all, it's always seemed to me that a movie adaptation of Malamud's *The Assistant* (say, by Sidney Lumet), well-cast (say, with De Niro), would have a clear shot at greatness. And so, under the right circumstances, would *The Natural*.

Sugar Cane Alley—A beautiful film. A classic. One that will stay lodged forever in the hearts and minds of its audiences (much as *Bicycle Thieves* or *Pather Panchali* did before it). Based on an autobiographical novel by Martinican Joseph Zobel, *Sugar Cane Alley*, or *La Rue Cases Negres* (the novel's original title, which translates more accurately as "Black Shack Alley" or "Ghetto"), tells the story of a young boy named José, who lives with his grandmother, M'an Tine, in the Martinique of the 1930s. M'an Tine toils in the sugar-cane fields; José is an industrious, prodigiously intelligent student-child. Around them is a countryside both lush and enticing, and riddled with injustice. The cane waves in the heat and wind, the sun-



Sugar Cane Alley: A film that will remain in the hearts and minds of its audiences.

light sparkles, the palm trees shed a welcome coolness, crickets and bells sing in the evening—but the French colonizers own Martinique, and the blacks, mulattos or West Indians are their mostly docile, occasionally furious servants. The boy, José, is anything but a rebel—and neither is his massively good, self-abnegating and generous grandmother. But it is through *their* eyes and experiences that we witness Martinique's (and the world's) injustice. In the course of the story, we see—casually and without any obvious moral preachments—many social strata and levels of this happy, miserable land. And we witness an example of self-sacrifice and love, so real and wounding that it is almost impossible not to cry as it unfolds. The direction and acting—almost exclusively by nonprofessionals (this is the first fiction-feature in Martinique's history)—is a revelation. The only two “professional” actors—Senegal's great Dut Douka Seck as Medouze and Darling Legitimous as M'an Tine—provide true dramatic epiphanies. There is one small bit of contrivance and narrative compression toward the end of *Sugar Cane Alley*; otherwise I can't find a thing to object to in it. It's a lovely film—radiant and genuine and, most of all, humane—and I hope everyone within reach of this magazine will see it.

Entre Nous (Coup de Foudre) (D: Diane Kurys. With Isabelle Huppert and Guy Marchand)—*Entre Nous*, the third (and best) in writer-director Kurys' semiautobiographical series on her childhood and youth (*Peppermint Soda*, *Cocktail Molotov*), is set in Lyons and Paris in the early '50s. It is a child's eye-

view of a disintegrating marriage—between Lena (Huppert), who has a provincial's dream of Paris, and her mercurial, violently sentimental husband, Michel (Marchand), who runs a garage and worships the commonplace. But it is also a love story between two women—Lena and her best friend, Made-



Entre Nous: Paris through the eyes of a precocious French girl.

leine (Miou Miou), and their quirky, intense relationship, which inspires Michel to fits of mad, murderous jealousy. The bond between the women is disarmingly subtle, and brilliantly observed by Kurys; it is set against a backdrop—Lyons right after World War II—which, in its utter bourgeois complacency and traditionalism, throws it into a relief that is even sharper, more dramatic. More remarkable, perhaps even than the high skill and tremendous honesty of *Entre Nous*, is the sympathy

shown this film's “villain,” the tormented husband and father (a superb performance by Marchand—full of prickly nerves and bounding, childish passions). At the end, Kurys leaves us with a scene, an image, a culmination that truly recalls that sadly resigned phrase of Renoir: “*Tout le monde a ses raisons.*” (“Everybody has his/her reasons.”)

Love Letters (D: Amy Jones. With Jamie Lee Curtis and James Keach)—Jamie Lee Curtis has a striking erotic presence on the screen: in the right part she radiates a kind of offhand, unabashed, clean-limbed and amusingly blunt sexiness (nothing coy, nothing precious or faked) that can leave a susceptible male (this susceptible male, anyway) slack-jawed and a little glassy-eyed. In her new film *Love Letters*, Jones is trying something radically different—and because the film is serious and well-intentioned, an often quiet and unforced piece of low-key social realism that tries to do justice to a difficult and often exploited subject (marital infidelity in two generations), I wish I'd liked it better. But intentions don't ennoble execution: *Love Letters*,

except for some genuinely steamy love scenes with Curtis and Keach, is mostly pallid stuff. It's not mawkish or cheap, and it tries to show the pricks, pain and passion of adultery with intelligence and candor, but perhaps in the end it's too tasteful, too *muted*—and too mild and low-key to triumph over writer-director Jones' thin, one-note dialogues. But Curtis, even in this pastel, febrile tale, sets off lots of sparks. Someday, in the right movie, she'll make the screen blaze. □

freshest-looking stuff I've ever seen. But it was definitely brownish Gold. I smoked a little. I wasn't very impressed. I didn't want to damage my brain by smoking any more bogus Gold. In fact, in situations like these, I make it a habit of taking only one tiny, tentative puff. I've grown confident I can spot the tell-tale moldy taste of fool's gold from the very first few molecules that enter my system. In fact, don't tell anyone, but I've grown quite adept at *faking* smoking a whole joint in tasting situations like this. I pretend to take a puff, pass it around, the joint gets smoked, it looks like I'm being polite and conscientious, but I don't have to waste my time recovering from a stupid, stuporous garbage-weed "high."

So, after a few polite fake puffs, I made my excuses, absent-mindedly pocketed the rest of the joint and walked out, glad to have escaped another depressing pseudo-Gold high. It wasn't until a couple days later that I came across the joint in my pocket in a very different kind of situation. I'm not going to explain the situation, but suffice to say it was part of being sociable and I actually smoked this alleged Gold. Didn't fake it. And the amazing thing is, I actually got high.

Actually got high, in a pleasant, dreamy, lighthearted, euphoric, exhilarating, energetic, playful, sensual way. The way I hadn't gotten high from "Colombian Gold" in almost a decade. Suddenly, I realized—how nice it used to be to get high, how awful the situation is now. How no grass—domestic or foreign, with the exception of occasional exotic oddities from volcanoes and weird botanists; oddities that never reach the general public—basically, no grass gets you high anymore.

The next day I went back to the place that had that amazing Gold ounce. Only to be told it was gone. The whole supply had gone overnight. There was no more left. No prospect of getting any more. The connection had disappeared.

I began to wonder if the whole experience was a dream. If that ounce was some kind of phantom, the Flying Dutchman of dope, a fleeting vision that only served to remind me of the bleakness of the present. It might have been the Last Real Grass in the Western Hemisphere. And now it was gone for good. Still, more in sorrow than in anger, I believe it deserves an award, and so I'm giving the Phantom Gold Ounce the Best Foreign Grass award this year. And the Herbie for Best Domestic Grass goes to California Neo-Colombian. □

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DYLAN REVISITED

With another gold album (*Infidels*) under his belt and more apocalyptic visions on his mind, Bob Dylan remains the penultimate songwriter.

There have been a slew of picture books on the Minnesota Bard, but Dylan is far and away the best of the lot. The photographs, spanning 20-odd years, document Dylan's chameleonlike persona, and Jonathon Cott's sensitive text sheds new light on the enigmatic songwriter. In this excerpt, Cott discusses Bob's folk-rock period, when in two short years and with three albums, Dylan forever changed the face of popular music.

In the period from 1965 to 1966, Dylan's dress and appearance again changed, and he now seemed somehow more androgynous. As writers Nora Ephron and Susan Edmiston described him during a mid-1965 interview: "He was wearing a red and navy op-art shirt, a navy blazer, and pointy high-heeled boots. His face, so sharp and harsh when translated through the media, was then infinitely soft and delicate. His hair was not bushy or electric or Afro; it was fine-spun soft froth like the foam of a wave. He looked like an underfed angel with a nose from the land of the Chosen People."

And during these two years Dylan released three albums—*Bringing It All Back Home*, *Highway 61 Revisited* and *Blonde on Blonde*—that not only defined himself for his generation but also helped to reveal his generation to itself. It is important to recall that the mid-'60s were a time of extraordinary counter-cultural ferment and subversiveness. Haight-Ashbury hippies, American and French radical students, anti-Vietnam War demonstrators, Black Panthers, Maoist militants, free-love anarchists, Hindu and Buddhist converts, apocalyptic ecologists, commune dwellers, the Weathermen (who of course took their title from "Subterranean Homesick Blues")—all found their focus and energy expressed in rock music, of which Bob Dylan was one of the most influential exemplars. Even though,

throughout his career, he continually avoided the role of "shepherd" or "leader" ("It's never been my duty/To remake the world at large/Nor is it my intention/To sound a battle charge"—"Wedding Song"), people took from his songs his passion and perceptions and made them part of their lives. It was his words and music that inspired them. And indeed, Dylan *did* change the course of rock music by enlarging the possibilities of its range and significance. As the critic Paul Nelson wrote about the second of Dylan's mid-'60s albums (though he might as well have been speaking about all three of them), "With the advent of *Highway 61 Revisited*... Bob Dylan has exploded... the entire city folk music scene into the incredibly rich fields of modern poetry, literature and philosophy. That he did it with his own personal blend of a popular music style, rock 'n' roll, is all the more joyful and remarkable."

I still remember the howls of outrage from many professors of literature when they heard of critic Ralph J. Gleason's remark that, in his opinion, Bob Dylan was America's greatest contemporary poet. (Dylan himself had once remarked, "You don't necessarily have to write to be a poet. Some people work in gas stations and they're poets. I don't call myself a poet because I don't like the word. I'm a trapeze artist.") But the West Coast poet and critic Kenneth Rexroth was one of several nonacademic writers who clearly understood Gleason's remark and who went on to explain the situation in a marvelous essay entitled "Back to the Sources of Literature": "Most people do not even notice what is happening in the art of poetry for the simple reason that it never occurs to them that what is happening is poetry... As in the days before the city and the alphabet, poetry has become once again an art of direct communication, one person speaking or singing directly to others. Along with this change has

come, in the words of the poems themselves, a constant, relentless, thoroughgoing criticism of all the values of industrial, commercial civilization. Poetry today is people poetry as it was in tribal society, and it performs the same function in a worldwide counterculture. It is the most important single factor in the unity of that counterculture and takes the place of ideologies and constitutions, even of religious principles. As such, those whose lives are identified past recall with the older dominant culture are justified in seeing it as profoundly subversive. Where is this poetry? It is in the lyrics of rock singers, protest singers, folksingers and the singers of gathering places like the French *cafés chantants* now spread all over the world." The roots of this poetry, of course, went back to the troubadours, *Carmina Burana* (the large collection of medieval student songs of love and protest), and François Villon, whom Rexroth calls "the poet laureate of five hundred years of the counterculture." And Dylan himself acknowledged this tradition and extended it to our day in one of his 11 *Outlined Epitaphs*:

with the sounds of François Villon
echoin' through my mad streets
as I stumble on lost cigars
of Bertolt Brecht
an' empty bottles
of Brendan Behan
the hypnotic words
of A.L. Lloyd
each one bendin' like its own song...
the cries of Charles Aznavour
with melodies of Yevtushenko
through the quiet fire of Miles Davis
above the bells of William Blake
an' beat visions of Johnny Cash
an' the saintliness of Pete Seeger...
it's all endless
an' it's all songs
it's just one big world of songs

As far as "exploding this folk-music scene into philosophy" was concerned,



Dylan told the journalist Joseph Haas in 1965, "Philosophy can't give me anything that I don't already have. The biggest thing of all, that encompasses it all, is kept back in this country. It's an old Chinese philosophy and religion... There is a book called the *I Ching*, I'm not trying to push it... but it's the only thing that is amazingly true, period, not just for me... You don't have to believe in anything to read it, because besides being a great book to believe in, it's also very fantastic poetry."

"Change: that is the unchangeable" is the paradoxical notion of the *I Ching*; and connected with this notion is the belief in the essential relativity of Yin and Yang. Compare Dylan's "My love she speaks like silence,/Without ideals or violence,/She doesn't have to say she's faithful,/Yet she's true, like ice, like fire" ("Love Minus Zero/No Limit") to the Chinese sage Lao Tzu's "When everyone recognizes beauty as beautiful,/There is already ugliness;/When everyone recognizes goodness as good,/There is already evil," and one can readily perceive the connection. And strangely, Dylan's "philosophy" is also uncannily similar to that of the 16th-century Chinese philosopher Li Chih, who has been called the "greatest heretic and iconoclast in China's history." In his essay "Childlike Mind," Li had this to say: "Once people's minds have been given over to received opinions and moral principles, what they have to say is all about these things, and not what would naturally come from their childlike minds. No matter how clever the words, what have they to do with oneself? What else can there be but phony men speaking phony words, doing phony things, writing phony writings? Once the men become phonies, everything becomes phony. Thereafter, if one speaks phony talk to the phonies, the phonies are pleased; and if one does phony things as the phonies do, the phonies are pleased; and if one discourses with the phonies through phony writings, the phonies are pleased. Everything is phony, and everyone is pleased." And this is simply Bob Dylan set in prose: "Obscenity, who really cares/Propaganda, all is phony"—"It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)."

In the three albums he released between 1965 and 1966, moreover, Dylan mercilessly put down everything he saw as phony, deadening and lifeless: "guilty undertakers," "drunken politicians," people who lived in "vaults" and who depended on "useless and pointless information," critics like the Mr.

Joneses of the world, debutantes who knew what you needed but not what you wanted. When in the song "I Want You" he sang: "Now all my fathers, they've gone down,/True love they've been without it./But all their daughters put me down/'Cause I don't think about it," Dylan was suggesting that real desire is stronger than frustration or guilt. As he wrote in *11 Outlined Epitaphs*:

*desire... never fearful
finally faithful
it will guide me well
across all bridges
inside all tunnels
never failin'...*

I have read excellent and convincing psychological, philosophical, sociological, literary, cabalistic and other spiritual interpretations of Dylan's lyrics. Yet the one thing to remember is that, before they are anything else, Dylan's songs begin as the free and open expression of an unprogrammed and unconditioned artist—with Li Chih's "childlike" mind—exploring his own deepest perceptions about himself and the world ("I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready for to fade/Into my own parade, cast your dancing spell my way,/I promise to go under it"—"Mr. Tambourine Man") and coming back to have them confirmed by a generation of young people trying to find its way in the midst of social and personal unrest. As the novelist John Clellon Holmes then commented about Dylan, "He has the authentic mark of the bard on him, and I think it's safe to say that no one, years hence, will be able to understand just what it was like to live in this time without attending to what this astonishingly gifted young man has already achieved." Dylan's songs from the mid-'60s, moreover, are as powerful and relevant today as when they were written:

*Ah get born, keep warm
Short pants, romance, learn to dance
Get dressed, get blessed
Try to be a success
Please her, please him, buy gifts
Don't steal, don't lift
Twenty years of schoolin'
And they put you on the day shift
—"Subterranean Homesick Blues"*

*Advertising signs that con you
Into thinking you're the one
That can do what's never been done
That can win what's never been won
Meanwhile life outside goes on
All around you...*

*For them that must obey authority
That they do not respect in any degree
Who despise their jobs, their destinies
Speak jealously of them that are free
Cultivate their flowers to be
Nothing more than something
They invest in...*

—"It's Alright, Ma
(I'm Only Bleeding)"

*How does it feel
To be on your own
With no direction home
Like a complete unknown
Like a rolling stone?*

—"Like a Rolling Stone"

"Chaos is a friend of mine," Dylan said during this period. And he unhesitatingly entered the world of Chaos—his Desolation Row, his Juarez, his Mobile. In more romantic terms, Dylan was following the poet Arthur Rimbaud's advice about becoming a *seer*. Rimbaud wrote, "The Poet makes himself a *seer* by a long, immense and reasoned process of *disordering the rules of all the senses*. All the forms of love, suffering, madness; he personally seeks out and exhausts in himself all the poisons, to save and keep only their quintessences." And it is hardly a secret that during this period Dylan was experimenting with drugs. "They just bend your mind a little," he stated in *Playboy* in 1966, and added, "I think *everybody's* mind should be bent once in a while."

In "Subterranean Homesick Blues," Dylan was "mixing up the medicine," and in songs like "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues" and "Stuck Inside of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again" he upped the dosage and described the scene and the results: "Now the rainman gave me two cures,/Then he said, 'Jump right in./The one was Texas medicine,/The other was just railroad gin./And like a fool I mixed them/And it strangled up my mind,/And now people just get uglier/And I have no sense of time.'"

And during this time when *everyone*, it seemed, was getting stoned, another, less angelic, less ingratiating side of Dylan's personality seemed to emerge. Dylan's reported arrogance, aggressiveness, furtiveness and mistrustfulness (qualities that can be glimpsed in the film *Don't Look Back* and which, according to many of his friends and ex-friends, had always lain hidden beneath the surface of his personality) now exploded. His enormous fame and influence with their impossible demands, his mind-bending experiments with drugs, the difficulty he may have had handling his irrepressible and exigent



The Freewheelin' Dylan: his mid-'60s albums revolutionized the rock genre.

perceptions and insights, his constant concertizing—all blocked Dylan's path of self-discovery, a path that demanded observation and attention and calmness and the time and space to be a light to oneself. In *11 Outlined Epitaphs* he had written:

"I'm happy enough now"
"why?"

"'cause I'm calmly lookin' outside an'
watchin' the night unwind"

But now it was *he* who was beginning to unwind. As he had written on the jacket notes to *Bringing It All Back Home*, "i accept chaos. i am not sure whether it accepts me." It didn't. And it was undoubtedly inevitable (and probably a blessing in disguise) that in 1966 he have a motorcycle accident, suffering several broken vertebrae, a concussion and lacerations of his face and scalp. For months on end he was forced to recuperate in the quiet of his Woodstock home with his wife, Sara Lowndes, whom he had secretly married in 1965, and his new family life.

During his long recuperation he spoke to no one in the press. But in May 1967 Dylan broke his silence and told the *New York Daily News*, "What I've been doin' mostly is seein' only a few close friends, readin' little about the outside world, porin' over books by people you never heard of, thinkin' about where I'm goin', and why am I runnin', and am I mixed up too much, and what am I knowin', and what am I givin', and what am I takin'. And mainly what I've been doin' is workin' on gettin' better and makin' better music, which is what my life is all about." And early in 1968 he told *Newsweek*, "I used to think that myself and my songs were the same thing. But I don't believe that anymore. There's myself and there's my song, which I hope is everybody's song." Or, as the Chinese would put it, Dylan had gone from unwitting *identity* with the Tao to *knowing* the Tao, like passing from unconsciousness to consciousness, from a total reliance on intuition to a more distanced sense of control. He was now *writing* songs and not *living* them.

In an especially candid moment dur-

ing the interview we were doing for *Rolling Stone* in 1978, he told me about the creative problems he had encountered since the time he recorded *Blonde on Blonde*, 12 years before: "Right through the time of *Blonde on Blonde* I was [writing songs] unconsciously. Then one day I was half-stepping, and the lights went out. And since that point, I more or less had amnesia. Now, you can take that statement as literally or metaphysically as you need to, but that's what happened to me. It took me a long time to get to do consciously what I used to be able to do unconsciously.

"It happens to everybody. Think about the periods when people don't do anything, or they lose it and have to regain it, or lose it and gain something else. So it's taken me all this time, and the records I made along the way were like openers—trying to figure out whether it was this way or that way, just what it is, what's the simplest way I can tell the story and make this feeling real.

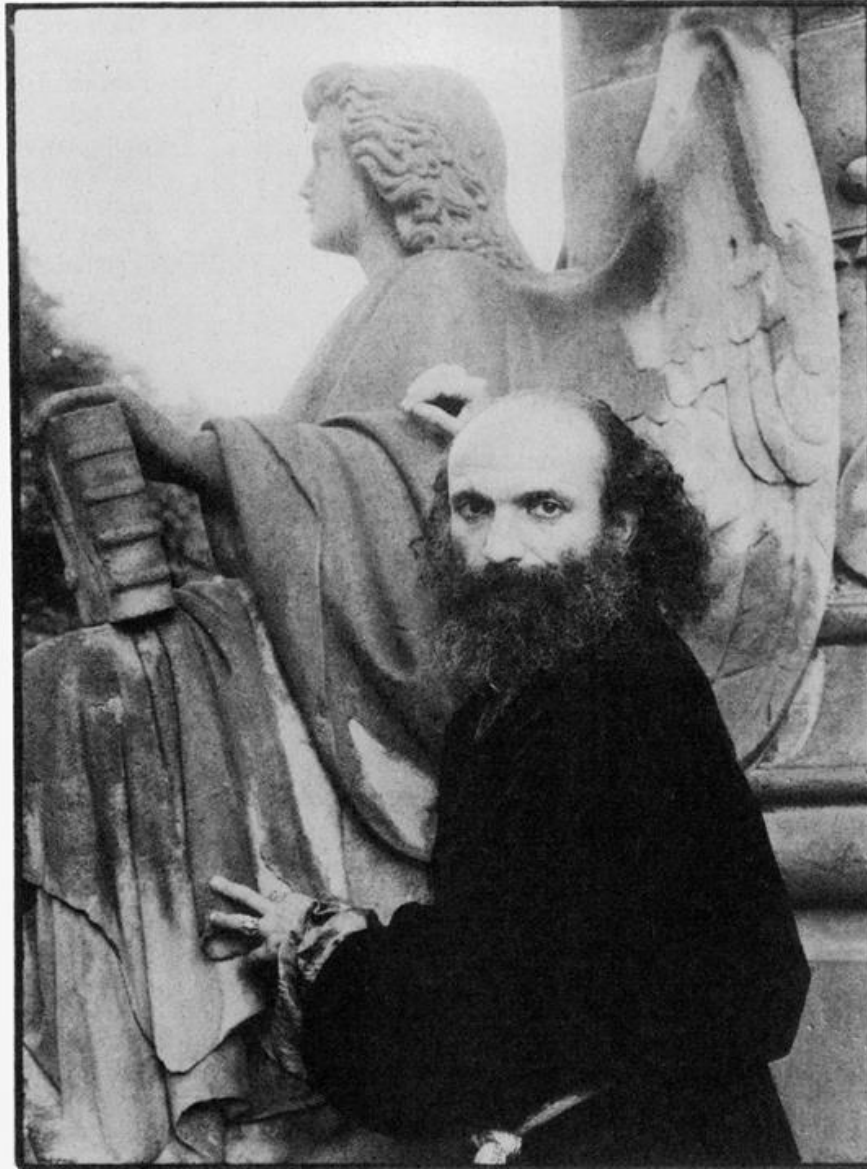
"So now I'm connected back, and I don't know how long I'll be there because I don't know how long I'm going to live. But what comes now is for real and from a place that's... I don't know, I don't care who else cares about it.

"*John Wesley Harding* was a fearful album—just dealing with fear [laughing], but dealing with the devil in a fearful way, almost. All I wanted to do was to get the words right. It was courageous to do it because I could have *not* done it, too. Anyway, on *Nashville Skyline* you had to read between the lines. I was trying to grasp something that would lead me on to where I thought I should be, and it didn't go nowhere—it just went down, down, down. I couldn't be anybody but myself, and at that point I didn't know it or want to know it.

"I was convinced I wasn't going to do anything else, and I had the good fortune to meet a man in New York City who taught me how to see. He put my mind and my hand and my eye together in a way that allowed me to do consciously what I unconsciously felt. And I didn't know how to pull it off. I wasn't sure it could be done in songs because I'd never written a song like that. But when I started doing it, the first album I made was *Blood on the Tracks*. Everybody agrees that that was pretty different, and what's different about it is that there's a code in the lyrics and also there's no sense of time. There's no respect for it: you've got yesterday, today and tomorrow all in the same room, and there's very little you can't imagine not happening." □

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SEE "KINGS WITH STRAW MATS" IN THIS ISSUE.

/ continued from page 71

was already speechless at the sight of the natural world coming into full-color, three-dimensional focus in the brightening morning light. There were no words I could think of that could adequately express the beauty of the world itself—*Reality, the Diamond Jewel in the Lotus*, they called it in the Buddhist scriptures—or my joy at being able to see it and apprehend it more and more clearly.

I had paused to gaze, enraptured, at the golden morning light that was falling on one side of a large Monterey pine and turning the luxuriant moss that was growing on its bark a bright yellow-green. "Look at the colors, Walt," I said.

"Don't stop now, old buddy," he said, puffing and heaving from the climb. "Just a little further to the top—let's not get distracted. When we're there, we can sit, and meditate. But not here. Not yet."

"Lead on," I said.

There was a clearing at the top, and we found a place to sit in a bed of damp but drying mesembryanthemum—stiff and fleshlike to the touch—with only a couple of eucalyptus trees between us and the rising sun.

Or rather, the emergence of a giant red star from beyond the edge of the earth's diurnal turning.

"That's our sun," said Walt. He had taken a Mexican blanket out of his pack and wrapped himself up in it. It made a kind of pyramid shape around him as he assumed the full-lotus position for his meditation. He hadn't yet closed his eyes, but his thumbs and forefingers were touching, his hands resting on his knees, and he was gazing fixedly into space. His hair seemed to have grown much longer overnight.

"I'm not sure I know what to do," I said, feeling content to watch the ants run around on the ground, the sun having risen, but not wanting to get too disconnected from my guide.

He slowly turned his eyes on me. "Just sit," he said. "That's what any Zen master would probably tell you. Just sit—and be, with your thoughts. Let them all go, and keep sitting. Let them all go, until there's nothing—and everything."

"I'll try," I said.

"Try OM'ing with me. That might help."

"Try what?"

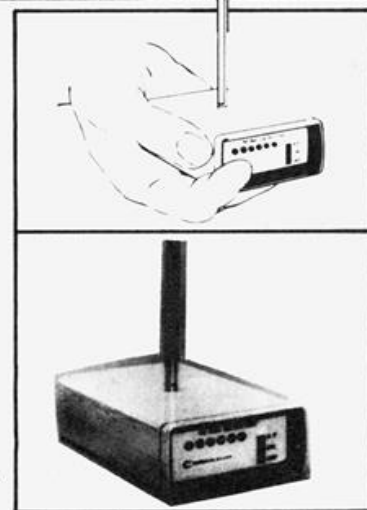
"OM'ing. You know. OM. Pronounce it like A-U-M. It's a Buddhist chant. They have this idea

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TOBACCO

/ continued from page 67

Wharf is—well—fishy. This writer is happy to report that tobacco smokers are fighting back. They have formed a committee of Citizens Against Government Intrusion; that is the issue.

This reminds me of a story. About a year ago I was giving a poetry reading in Baltimore, and while waiting to be introduced I sat down in the audience and started smoking a cigarette. The man next to me said:

"I have asthma."

A *hypochondriac*, I thought, and murmured, "Oh, yeah?!"

"I had a bad attack this morning," he continued.

By now I believed I had sat down next to a sentimental drunk who next would tell me his wife left him and they just repossessed his car, ending in a pitch for drink money and/or a ride home. "I'm sorry to hear that," I replied, trying to sound sincere.

"What I mean is—stop smoking that cigarette!" he snapped.

"If it bothers you, why don't you move to another seat?" I suggested, pointing. "There are a few empty ones across the aisle." Just as I finished, he grabbed my wrist with one hand, took the cigarette with the other and smashed it on the floor, contorting his face into an ugly grimace.

The poor thing: a soul-sick, violent lunatic. Later I was reading my poem "Crippled Warlords." When I got to the part where I reveal that John Kennedy and Pope John XXIII got America into Vietnam to protect their partnership in the heroin trade, this same man jumped up and started screaming at me. He was about to storm the platform and had to be physically restrained.

Then there are the new witch-hunters. American efficiency consultant William L. Weiss argues in "Can You Afford to Hire Smokers?" (*Personnel Administrator*, May 1981) that "staring"—I repeat, "staring"—among tobacco smokers is a major factor in on-the-job time loss. These materialists against contemplation will just never understand. Lord Byron wrote: "Sublime tobacco! which from east to west/Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest." Smokers meditate in blue smoke, a hidden source of joy in programmed societies; the greatest poverty is not to live in the physical world.

Who tells us that tobacco smoking may be dangerous to our health? Government doctors. Other doctors, from the same governments, tell us not to worry about nuclear radiation. What's a poor boy to believe? There's more nonsense heard at scientific conventions than at all the parliaments in the world. And if the government is receiving money in taxes from the sale of something they claim is detrimental to the public good—then isn't that immoral earnings?

It makes my head reel. I think I'll light one up. Let's give the last word to Oscar Wilde, he wouldn't have it any other way: "A cigarette is the perfect type of a perfect pleasure. It is exquisite, and it leaves one unsatisfied. What more can one want?" □

William Levy is our European Correspondent. He is the author of Natural Jewboy, and editor of Certain Radio Speeches of Ezra Pound. Die Kunst des Flirtens, a book of poems, and Oh Amsterdam: Ein Reiseführer have just been published in Germany.

that it's the basic sound of the universe that you hear when you break on through to the other side. And they say that chanting it is a good way to achieve a breakthrough. If you OM real hard and long, bringing up all the *prana* energy from deep inside your abdomen, and up and out the top of your head, you'll get incredibly stoned—maybe even beyond yourself. Want to try it? Just do it with me."

"Okay," I said, crossing my legs and closing my eyes, "but I *am* incredibly stoned." On the backs of my eyelids white light was endlessly exploding. Throbbing, globular purple orbs were slowly descending. With my eyes open, I was gazing at the trees and shrubs and flowers growing there on the top of Strawberry Hill—all turned to variations on sugarplums and sweetmeats by the sheer sensuality of my acid vision—and saw everything illuminated by the light of the risen sun as though it were the first morning of creation.

I OM'd with Walt for a while, but dropped off eventually and let him continue on. My attention had been caught again by the bird-song in the air, the sound of rabbits and squirrels rustling in the brush . . . and the distant blare of horns and sirens and squealing tires from the surrounding city.

I was Adam in Paradise—but a paradise preserved, exploited and severely delimited by the fossil-fuel world, the despoiling but irresistible and absolute master that had long ago assumed control of the planet. Was it not in complete command? Just listen to its perpetual sound . . . not merely the isolated squeals and roars from the nearby traffic, but the all-pervading, never-ceasing, mighty drone of the city and its vast assemblage of engines. *That* had become the heartbeat of human culture—post-Neolithic.

There was the real, pristine, organically evolved world—heart-breaking in its fragile purity and beauty. And there was the fossil-fuel world, with its bastard spawn, atomic power—the world of black and gray radioactive sludge, which was surrounding, covering and engulfing the natural world at an ever more rapid rate; poisoning the land and densensitizing its inhabitants with surfeit and speed. We had evolved out of one; we were responsible for the other. That didn't say very much for us.

The sun was warm on my face, and the sharp smell of eucalyptus was in the blue morning air. A breeze brought the fragrance of sweet alyssum.

"I could sit here forever, or I could go anytime," I said, looking over at Walt.

He exhaled an explosive sigh and opened his eyes. He said, in a peculiar, distant voice, "It doesn't really matter now, anyway, where we go or what we do."

"Yes, it does," I said, without thinking, but knowing anyway that I was right. *Everything* mattered. John Donne knew that. The Buddha knew that. Why didn't Walt know that? I wondered where his head could have gone.

He just smiled at me with a very knowing but benign smile and pulled his blanket closer around him. We got to our feet to go back down the hill.

"This is a very important time for us, Gene," he said. "We're going to be coming down now—gradually coming down. We'll soon be entering the imprint stage. But we should be extremely careful what we imprint on, and do what we can to come down the right way—as gently and mindfully as possible."

"How's that?" I asked.

"Hot water," he said. "Healing hot water."

"Where?"

"The Swedenborg Sauna." He glanced at his watch. "I've already made an appointment for us, and it should be about time. Barb is going to meet us there. You won't mind that, I hope."

"Not at all," I said, his short, vivacious girlfriend springing up in my mind. "I like Barb. But I've never been to a sauna. I have no idea whether I'll get into it or not."

"You'll get into it," he said.

As we made our way back down the steep side of Strawberry Hill—leaving behind the hanging gardens of paradise—I remembered Meryl, as though she'd been locked in a back room of my mind, where I wouldn't have to confront her until I was ready.

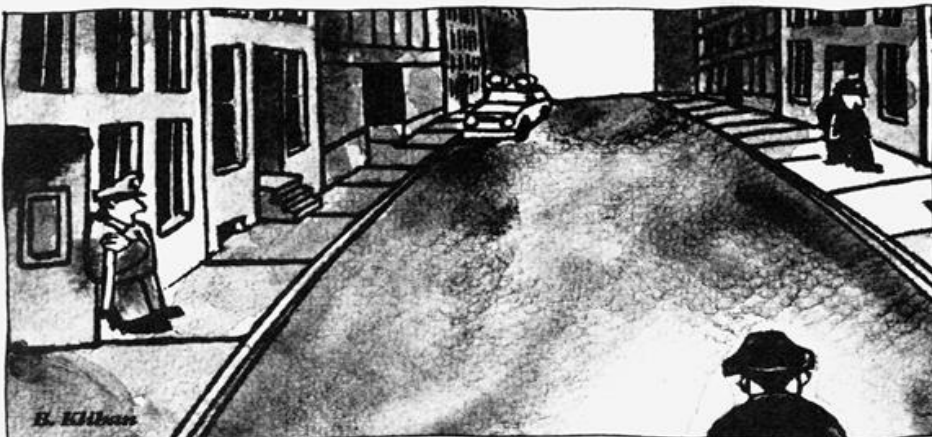
"I should be getting back home," I said. "I still need to talk to Meryl. She'll be getting up soon."

"Just another hour," said Walt. "Give it another hour. Believe me, Gene, it'll make all the difference in the world."

"All right." □

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NEXT MONTH: Part III (Conclusion)



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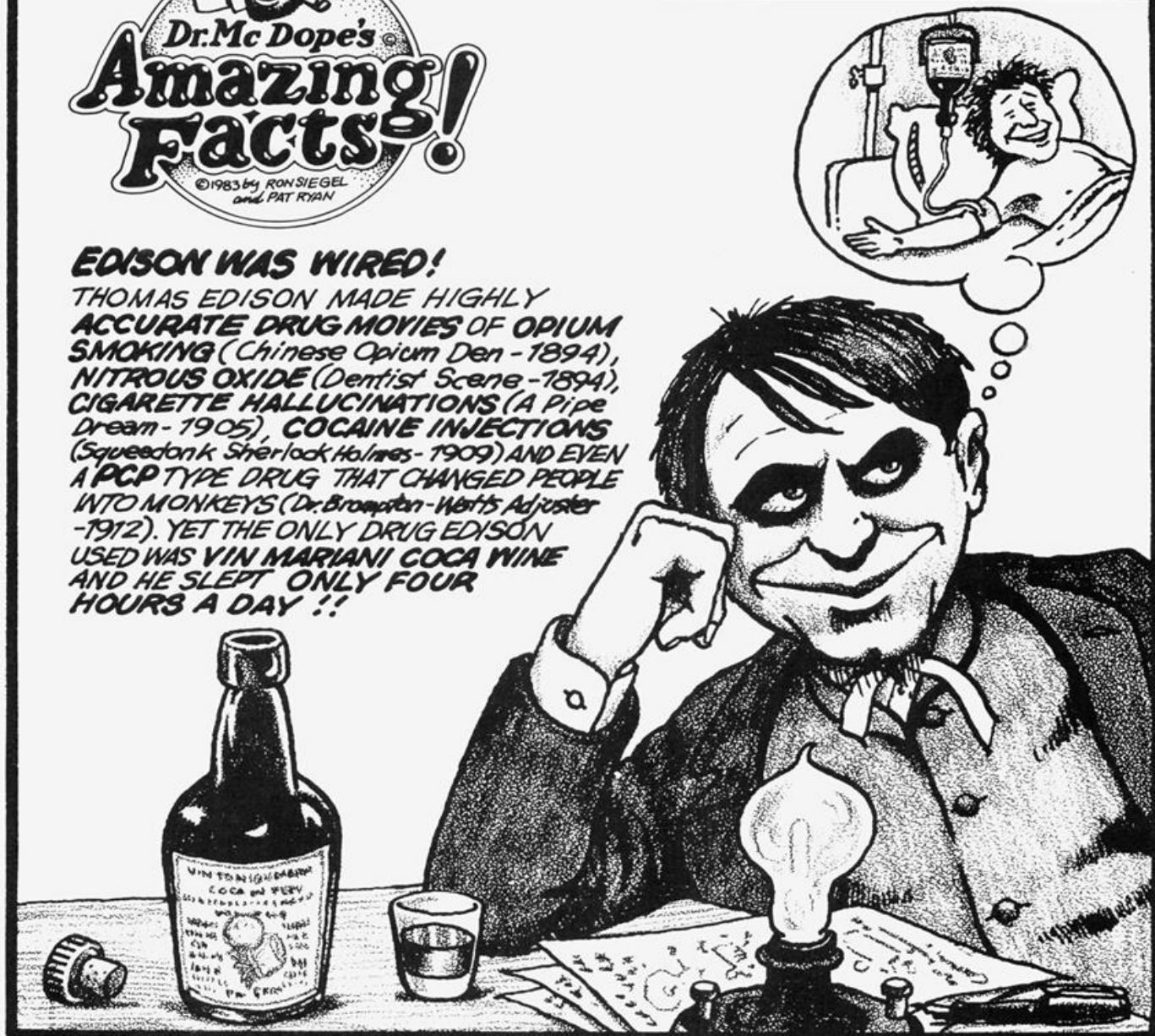
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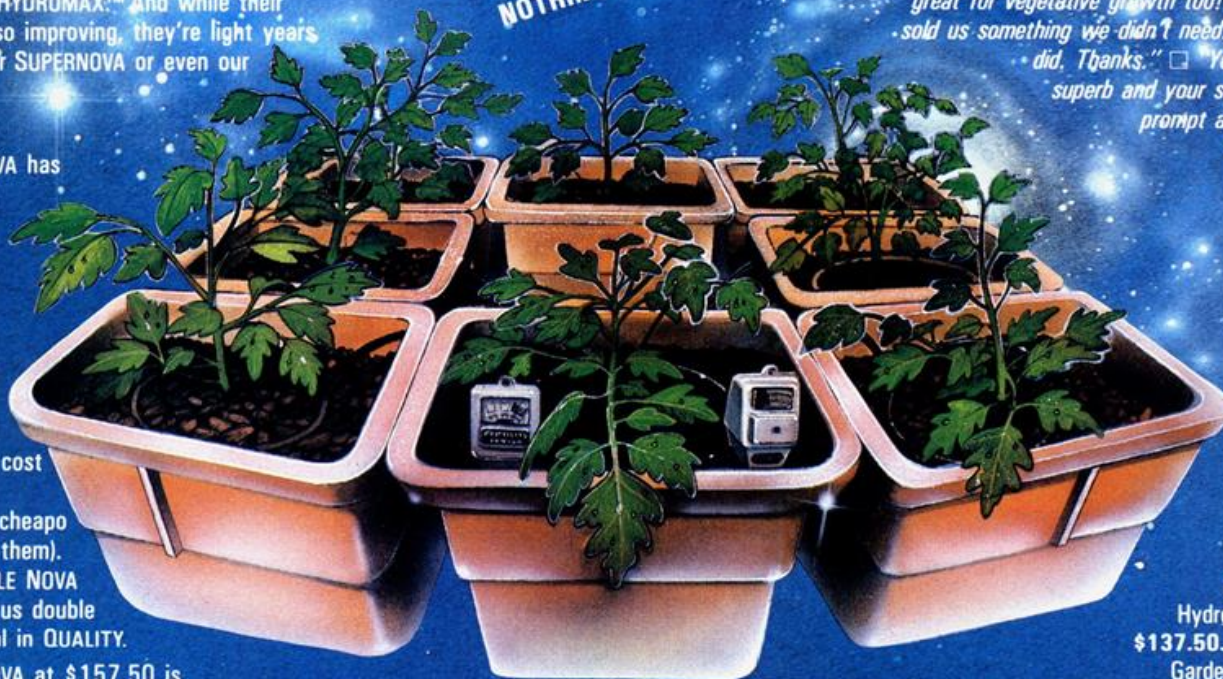
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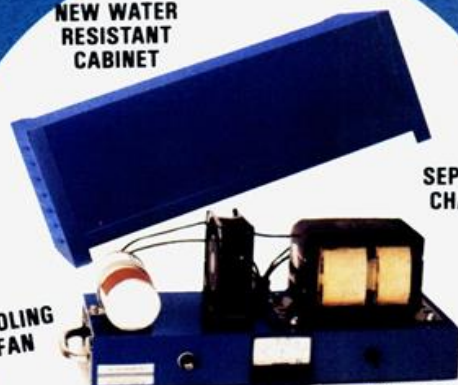
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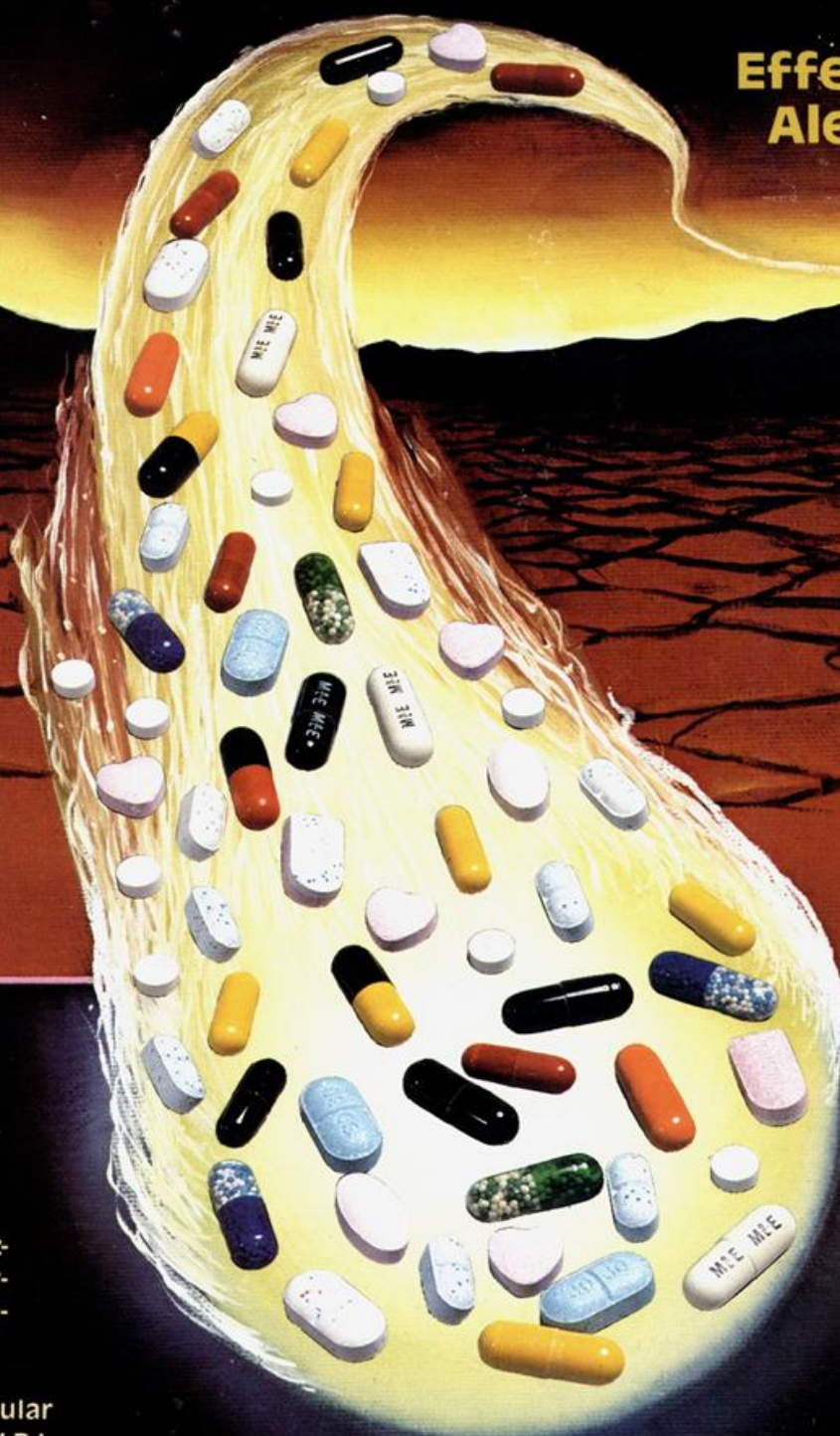
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